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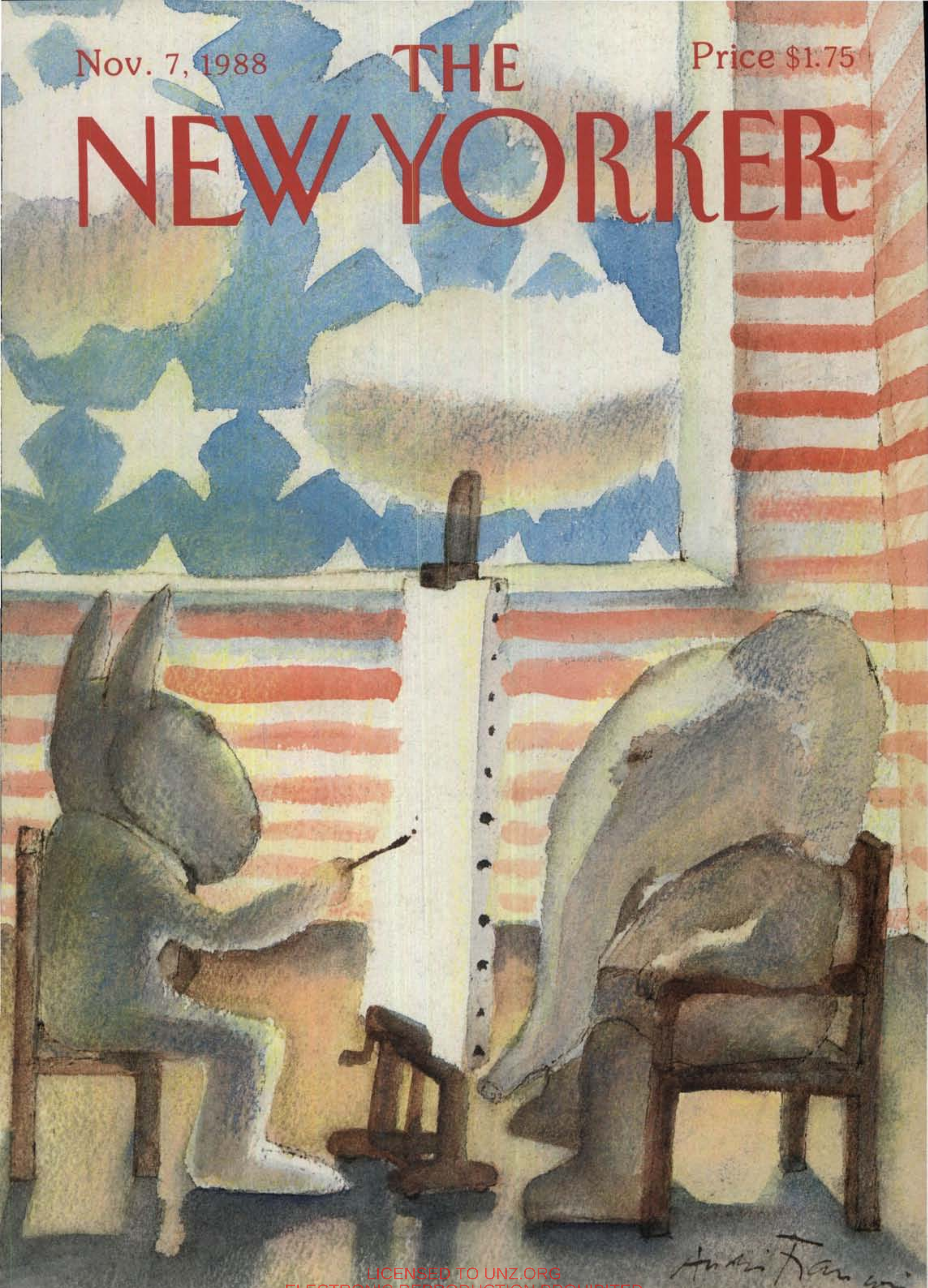
THE NEW YORKER



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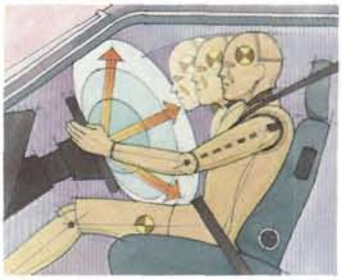

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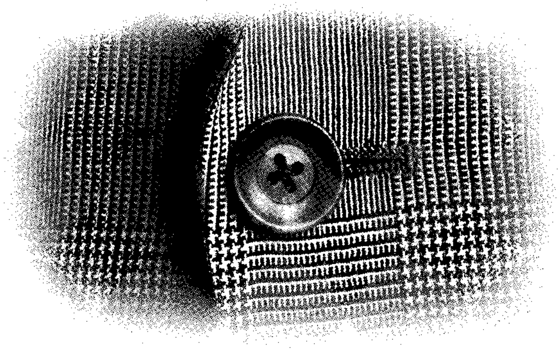

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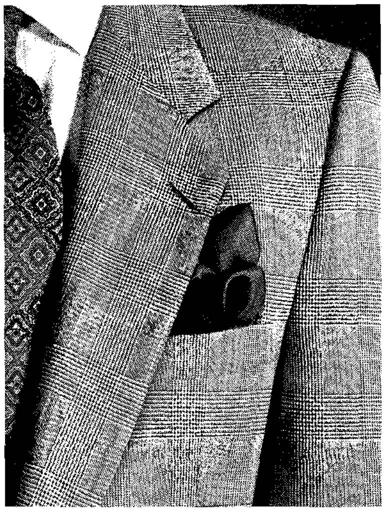

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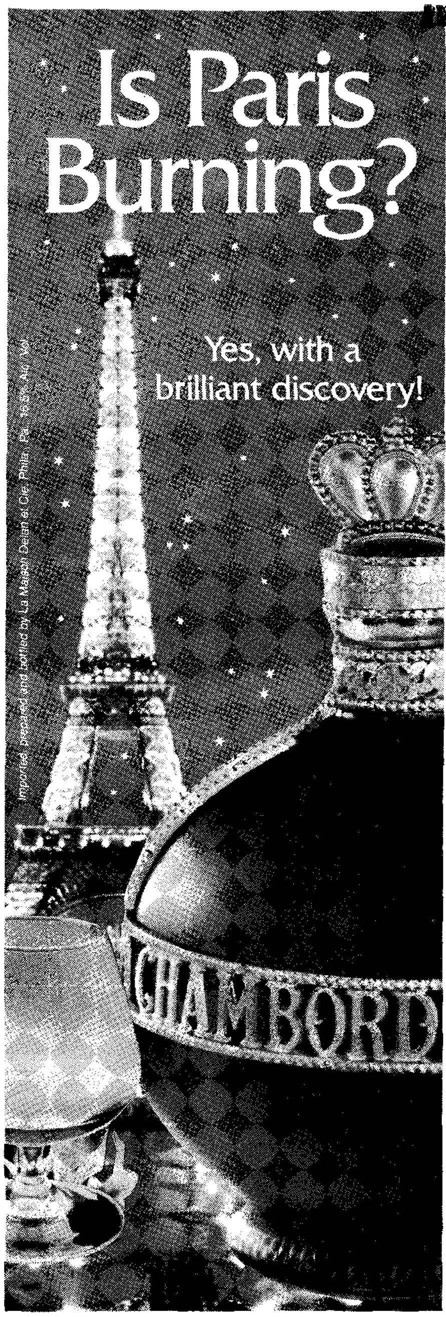
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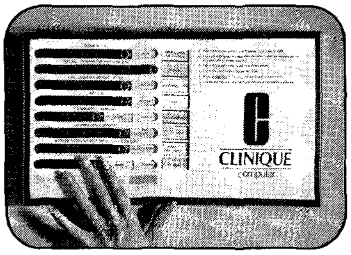

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

A Burning Beach—A play by Eduardo Machado. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 1-2. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 3. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cafe Crown—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson head the large cast of Hy Kraft's play, which is directed by Martin Charnin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

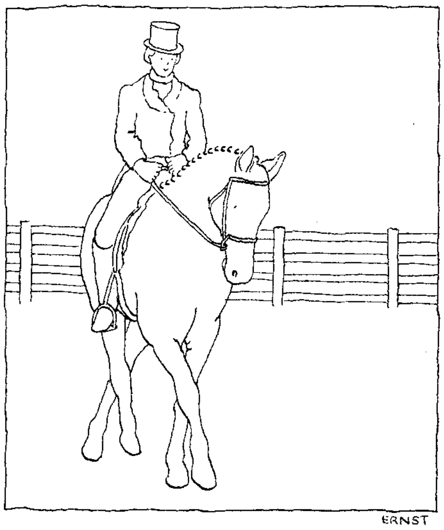
Circle Repertory Company—**reckless,** a new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling or his characters more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1959 musical **fiorello!** (book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Forbidden Broadway 1988—The funniest show in town is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way, as conceived by Gerard Alessandrini, who directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)



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Ghosts—Fionnula Flanagan and David McCallum in Ibsen's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Black . . .—A play by Rob Penny. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Haifa Municipal Theatre—An Israeli company of Jewish and Arab actors in its first appearance here. Presenting two works: Joshua Sobol's play "Soul of a Jew" (Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 5, at 9; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2), and "Collage," a program of excerpts from the group's repertory (Saturday, Nov. 5, at 5:30, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:30). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Italian American Reconciliation—A play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Just Say No—Larry Kramer's new play attempts to mix farce with political satire. It qualifies as neither, largely because nothing about it is even remotely clever. Only Kathleen Chalfant, as a promiscuous First Lady, and Joseph Ragno, as the loudmouthed mayor of a large Northeastern city, are occasionally funny. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. *Tuesday through Friday* at 8, *and Saturday* at 6 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **sweethearts.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they ar both charged with being spies—discover that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin giv them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugen O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

Michael Feinstein in Concert: Isn't It Romantic—A program of popular songs of the twenties thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge o the genre is exhaustive; he knows all the ol songs and their intros, so the show becomes meeting place for the timeless and th charmingly dated. (5/9/88) (Booth, 222 W 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov 6.)

Rameau's Nephew—*An adaptation by* Shelley Berc and Andrei Belgrader of Diderot's play (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, Nov. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian, which had a brief workshop production last June. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

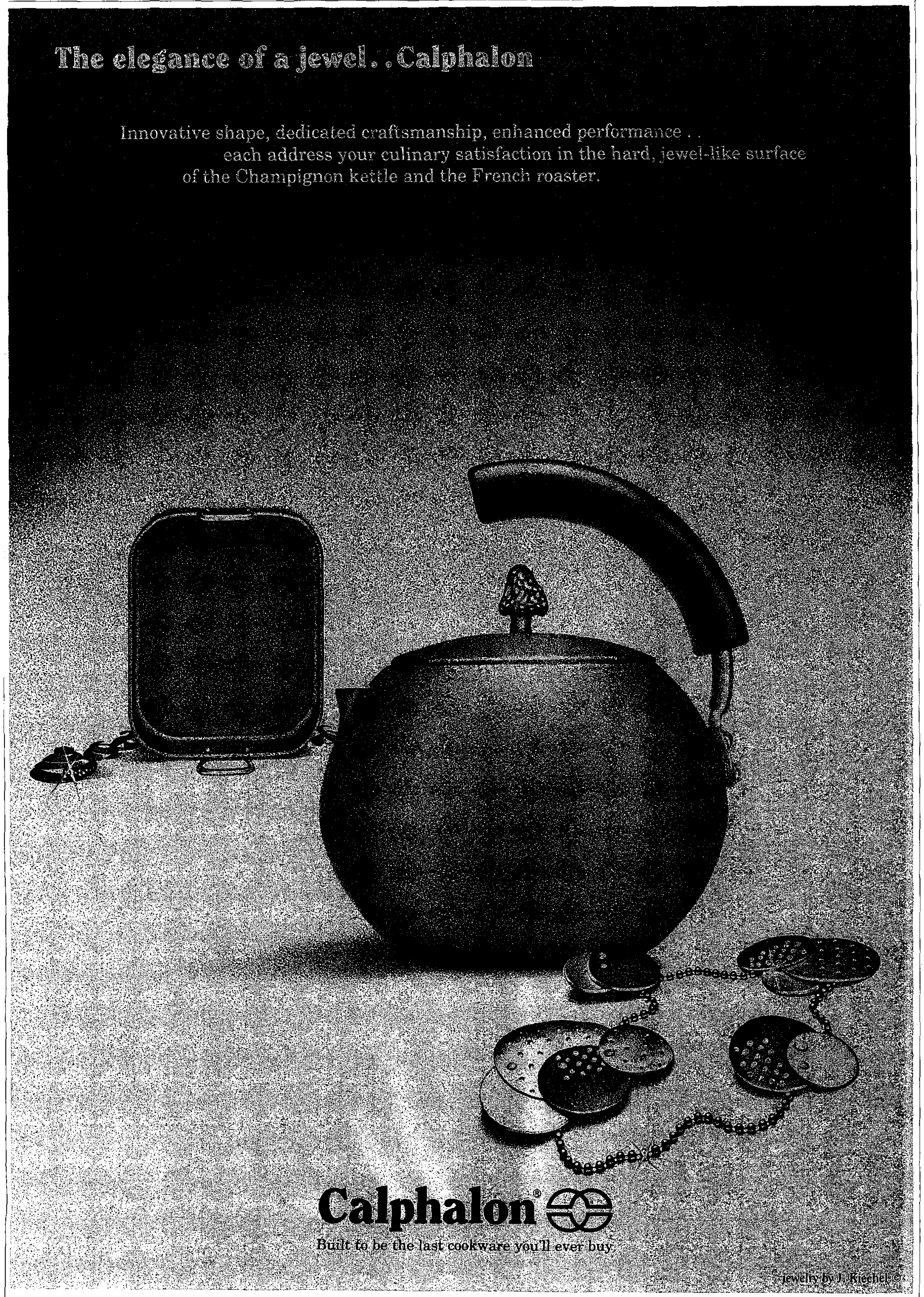
The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. A deadpan script pokes gentle fun at the Eisenhower era, and some very silly songs are perfectly performed. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea with Mommy and Jack—A play by Shela Walsh, with Sylvia Miles and David Groh. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

York Theatre Company—Final performances of **sing for your supper: a rodgers and hart musical celebration.** (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday, Nov. 2,



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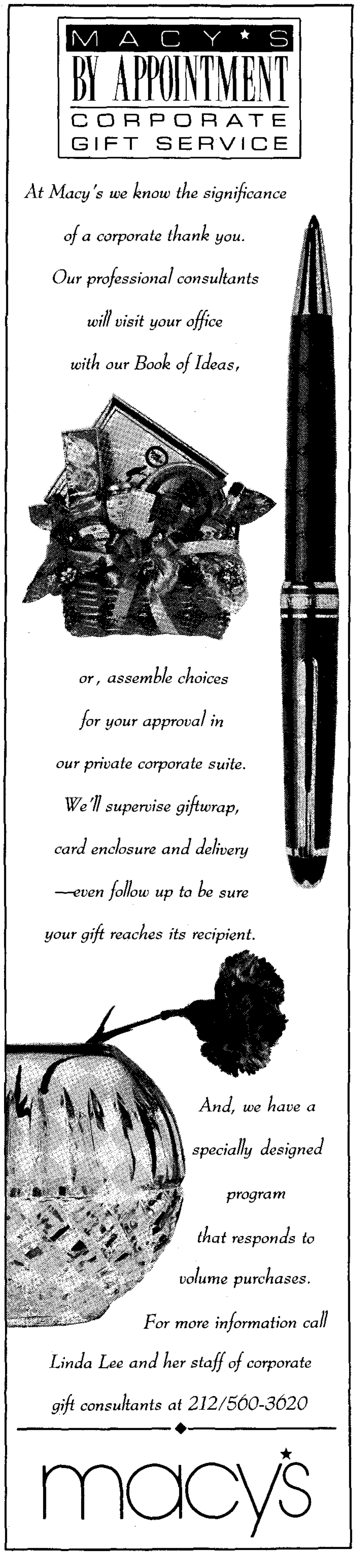

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

and Friday, Nov. 4, at 8. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

Long Runs—**ANYTHING GOES:** This exuberant revival is primarily a tribute to Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, and Patti LuPone, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny —sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, through Saturdays at 8.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM O THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andre Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're no bothered by theatre that cares not a whit fo words and contains not one ghost of an idea Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson) everything about the show is negligible (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** Thi South African musical, an explosion of talent was conceived, written, and directed b Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hug Masekela, composed and arranged the score The acting, dancing, and singing, to a loca form of popular music called Mbaqanga, ar a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought an deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wise-cracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—**BOB BERKY** in "The Power Project." Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 2-5, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. . . . **"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE,"** a video-and-music performance by Peter Gordon and Kit Fitzgerald. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Love Songs," and "Cotillon." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Reflections," "Billy the Kid" (company première), and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "The Clowns," "Round of Angels," "Remembrances Pas De Deux," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Petrouchka," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Cotillon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 6: "Petrouchka," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 6: "Reflections," "Billy the Kid," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Petrouchka," "Billy the Kid," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Concerto Grosso," "Love Songs," and "Cotillon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Three performances of "Holberg Suite," "The Greatest," "Manifestations," and "Forces of Rhythm." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Garth Fagan Bucket Dance—A two-week engagement of contemporary dance. Program A: Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 2, and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Program B: Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:30;

and Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Ohad Naharin Dance Company—Presenting "Safe Tradition," a new evening-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—In a program of new and repertory works. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** a singer-actress (she was Woody Allen's girlfriend in "The Front") who specializes in torch songs and lays them on plenty thick, can be found in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** and her repertoire change little from year to year, but here she was the other evening with a new hairdo (the blond pageboy had given way to a perm) and a couple of new songs. One of them, a kind of love letter from a fan in New Zealand, is called "Blossom," and asks how such a delicate flower can survive "in that city of chaos and crime." (It's easy, she suggests, striking a kittenish pose and playing a little one-handed piano.) She also sang "I Won't Dance," her customary batch of Dave Frishberg songs (plus his less well known "Wheelers and Dealers," on which she plays some percussive, loud-pedal piano), two funny Sheldon Harnick songs, and her own "I Like You, You're Nice." She's here at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. The tall and sleek **KAREN AKERS,** a model of cabaret chic, sings at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, an avian logo (two long-billed, long-legged fowl taking it easy), and jazz people of various modern schools. Drummer **MEL LEWIS,** the boss of one of New York's most durable big bands, will be here Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, with a five-man detachment from that orchestra. **SHARON FREEMAN,** a pianist who doubles on French horn, leads a trio on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **JOE WILLIAMS** begins a week-long visit on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Williams is only a month shy of seventy, but his big voice remains flexible and buoyant, and whatever he sings—an Ellington song, a Big Joe Turner blues, a supper-club warhorse—he sings with ease and gentlemanly cool. Even his occasional yodels and growls seem politely matter-of-fact—asides rather than events. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, C. & W. fans, and followers of **SONNY ROLLINS.** Rollins, one of the most formidable of modern saxophonists, leads his quintet on Friday and Saturday Nov. 4-5. Bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** brings in his **QUARTET WEST** on Monday, Nov. 7, and Laurel Massé, a former Manhattan Transfer-ite, sings on Wednesday, Nov. 9. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, off and on, horn players compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **PETER WASHINGTON** work together through Saturday, Nov. 5; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** leads a trio on Sunday, Nov. 6; and on Monday, Nov. 7, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** threesome moves in. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **LESTER BOWIE,** a waggish St. Louis trumpeter famous for his onstage uniform (a lab technician's white jacket) and the assortment of squawks, shouts, and sighs he gets out of his horn, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. **CLARK TERRY,** an older St. Louis trumpeter, who also has something of the cutup in him, will be here starting Tuesday, Nov. 8, with a band that includes his fellow Ellington alumni **JIMMY HAMILTON** (clarinet) and **NORRIS TURNEY** (alto saxophone). Music from nine-thirty.

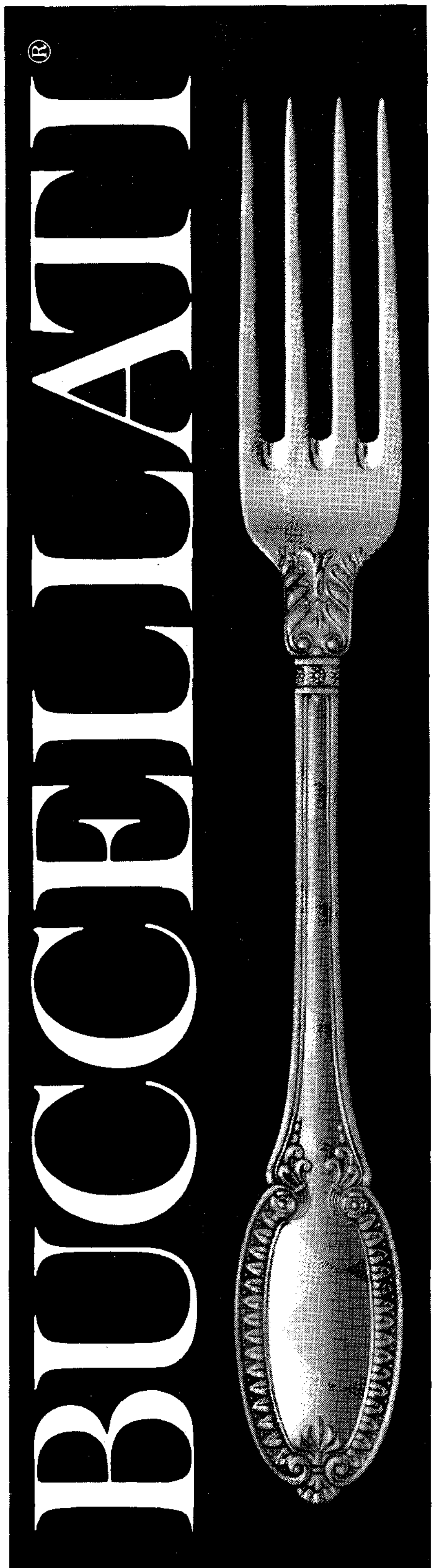
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is back in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, singing Cole Porter and other old gilt-edged material. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these gatherings, and on Nov. 6 it brings in Bill Conway's eleven-piece band. Music from eight to midnight.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a pop-jazz singer who can glide through "Cheek to Cheek" and boom-boom "Slap That Bass" and soft-pedal a bossa nova and rattle off a hectic, boppish Oscar Brown, Jr., number, performs Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. **SHIRLEY HORN,** a soft-voiced singer and pianist who was championed by Miles Davis in the early sixties and then drifted out of sight, comes in on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. **GEORGE CABLES,** a New York-born pianist known for his work with hard boppers and Coltrane followers, teams up with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. **HAROLD NICHOLAS,** the old Cotton Club dancer who used to walk up walls and jump over orchestras with his brother Fayard, keeps his feet on the ground nowadays and sings; he'll be here for a week starting Tuesday, Nov. 8. Monday, Nov. 7, belongs to pianist **DICK HYMAN** and cornettist **RUBY BRAFF.** Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Tuesdays, Nov. 1 and 8, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, Nov. 2, violinist **ANDY STEIN'S** quartet, featuring guitarist and singer **MARTY GROSZ;** Thursday, Nov. 3, guitarist and singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; and Saturday, Nov. 5, clari-



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NIGHT LIFE–*Cont'd*

nettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI's** foursome. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The duo of singer **JUDY KRESTON** and pianist-songwriter **DAVID LAHM** performs on Saturday, Nov. 5. **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** an encyclopedia of show songs from long ago, will be here on Monday, Nov. 7. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans pianist and singer who likes to wear smart, bop-era suits and wide, splashy ties and to refashion old songs in the style of Monk, performs Sundays and Mondays. **KENNY BARRON** will be at the piano and **PAUL WEST** on bass Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 1-5. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a recently annexed downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. The schedule: Monday, Oct. 31, the Chills, a New Zealand rock band; Thursday, Nov. 3, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON's** quartet; Saturday, Nov. 5, ex-dB **CHRIS STAMEY,** current dB **PETER HOLSAPPLE,** and **TIREZ TIREZ,** a downtown rock group; Tuesday, Nov. 8, the Go-Betweens, an Australian rock band; and Wednesday, Nov. 9, saxophonist **MARTY EHRLICH's** ensemble, along with a Hoboken pop band called Tiny Lights. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Lubbock honky-tonker **DELBERT MC CLINTON** holds forth on Wednesday, Nov. 2, along with **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a spirited jump band from Rhode Island. **IRMA THOMAS,** a veteran New Orleans soul singer, shouts her pleasures and displeasures on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 3-4; **KATIE WEBSTER,** a Texas-born R. & B. pianist and singer, will also be around on Thursday. **DAN HICKS,** the eloquent San Francisco folk-swing man who wrote "How Can I Miss You (When You Won't Go Away)" and "Hell, I'd Go" (a song about interplanetary travel), will be here with his Acoustic Warriors on Wednesday, Nov. 9. Music after nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller-beer banners, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. Tuesday, Nov. 1, belongs to Dixie rock guitarist **DICKEY BETTS;** Friday, Nov. 4, to rockabilly devotee **ROBERT GORDON;** and Monday, Nov. 7, to Kenny Vance (who sang with the early-sixties vocal group Jay & the Americans). Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** on the bandstand. Miss McGovern has a swell set of pipes, and while she sings her glamorous semi-operatic material with ease, she tends to turn a simple pop song into a big dramatic number; she wants to slay you with her pure tones and sincerity. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY,** a blue-eyed-soul man from the Jersey shore, sings with his **ASBURY JUKES** on Monday, Oct. 31; the **ROYAL CRESCENT MOB,** a jivey funk band from Columbus, Ohio, holds forth on Saturday, Nov. 5, along with **LIVING COLOUR,** a Gotham hard-rock outfit; **HUNTER S. THOMPSON,** the highly regarded guerrilla journalist, Nixon scholar, and stand-up comedian, has the floor on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

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Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The lineup: Tuesday, Nov. 1, **MALOMBO,** a South African folk-jazz trio; Thursday, Nov. 3, reggae singer **SISTER CAROL;** Friday, Nov. 4, Barbadian soul singer John King; and Saturday, Nov. 5, **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **ELLEN MC ILWAINE,** a blues-minded singer and guitarist, performs on Friday, Nov. 4. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **JIM HALL,** a guitarist who usually comes in on tiptoe and departs the same way and in between fills the air with soft, beautiful sounds, will be around with his quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. **RON CARTER** brings in his two-bass quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hepcat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. Activity after nine. On Sunday, Nov. 6, at four and eight-thirty, a Russian jazz quartet led by a pianist named Igor Bril shares the stage with a local combo run by drummer **MEL LEWIS.** . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** pick and pluck Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6; singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist **BOB FIELD** go to work on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **TEDDY EDWARDS,** a bop-era tenor man (L.A. wing), will be here with a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6; trumpeter **RED RODNEY,** a Charlie Parker sidekick of the late forties, plays some of Parker's music with his quintet starting Tuesday, Nov. 8. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding semiotician from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **DAKOTA STATON,** who broke in thirty years ago as a big-voiced Dinah Washington disciple, sings blues and ballads Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 2-6. **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** the former Basie-band trumpeter (1937-50), whose muted-horn work is as handsomely turned out as ever, brings in a combo on Wednesday, Nov. 9. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Stuffed baby pheasant and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **RUBY BRAFF,** who speaks softly and lyrically on his cornet, is in charge of a trio through Saturday, Nov. 5. Sundays are in the graceful hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Iggy Pop—With Murphy's Law. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

LadyGourd SanGoma—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8.

Kenny Loggins—With Craig Shoemaker. (Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 1-3, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Bulgarian State Radio and Television Female Vocal Choir—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30.

Yolande Bavan—Dance Theatre Workshop. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 7-8, at 8.

Third Annual Festival of Women Improvisers—Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: Jin Hi Kim, Barbara Chang, and the Melford-Brandis duo. . . . Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: Terry Jenoure, Sally Silvers, Jill Burton, and others. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 9: Ikue Mori, Shelley Hirsch, and the Valerie Naranjo Marimba Ensemble. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Blues Concerts—Friday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: B. B. King, John Lee Hooker & the Coast to Coast Blues Band, John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers, and Li'l Ed & the Blues Imperials. . . . Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:30: Etta James, Albert King, Albert Collins & the Icebreakers, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8: Koko Taylor, Little Milton, and Tyrone Davis. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 749-5838.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings done between 1981 and 1984. Through Nov.

Photographer: Minh Nguyen

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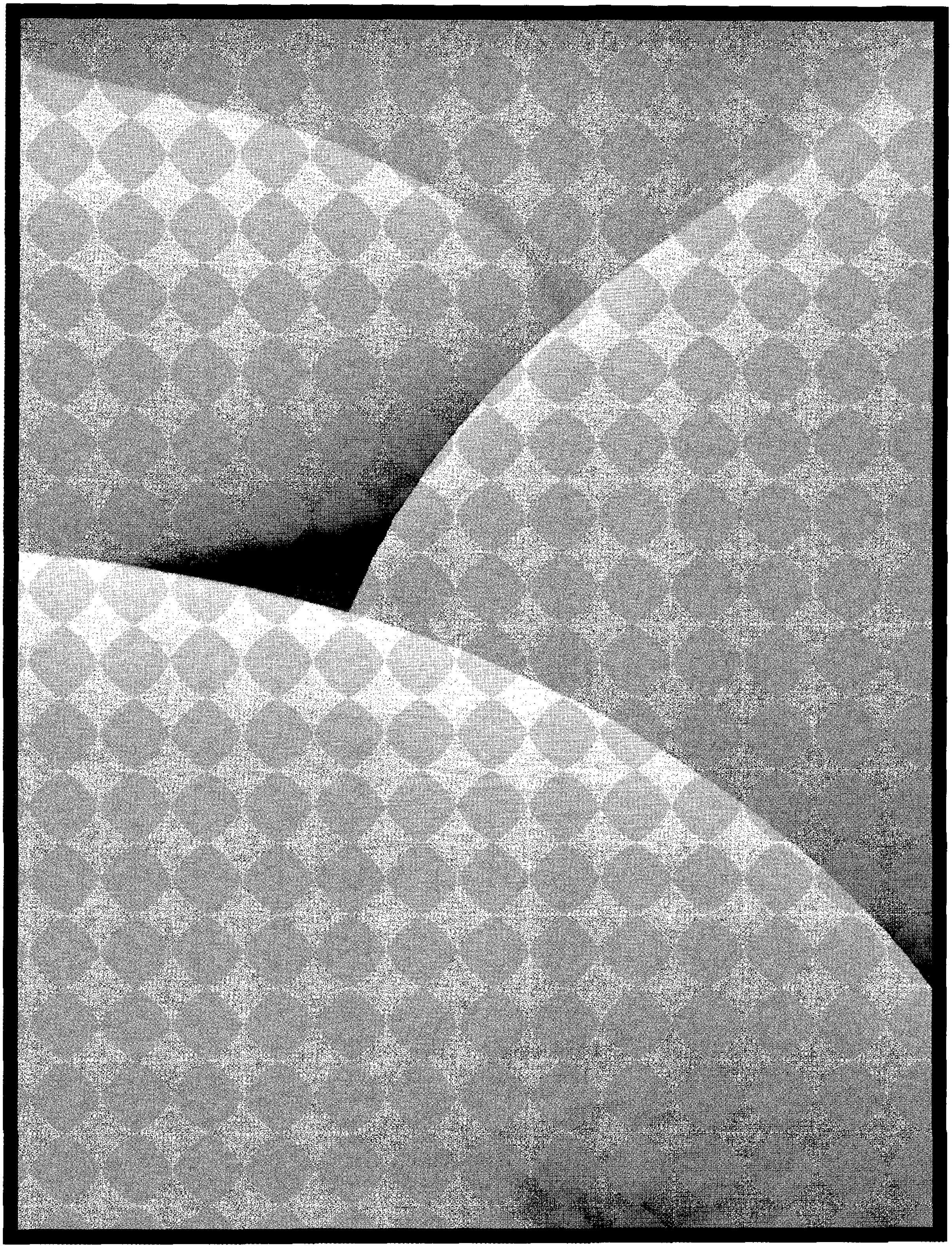

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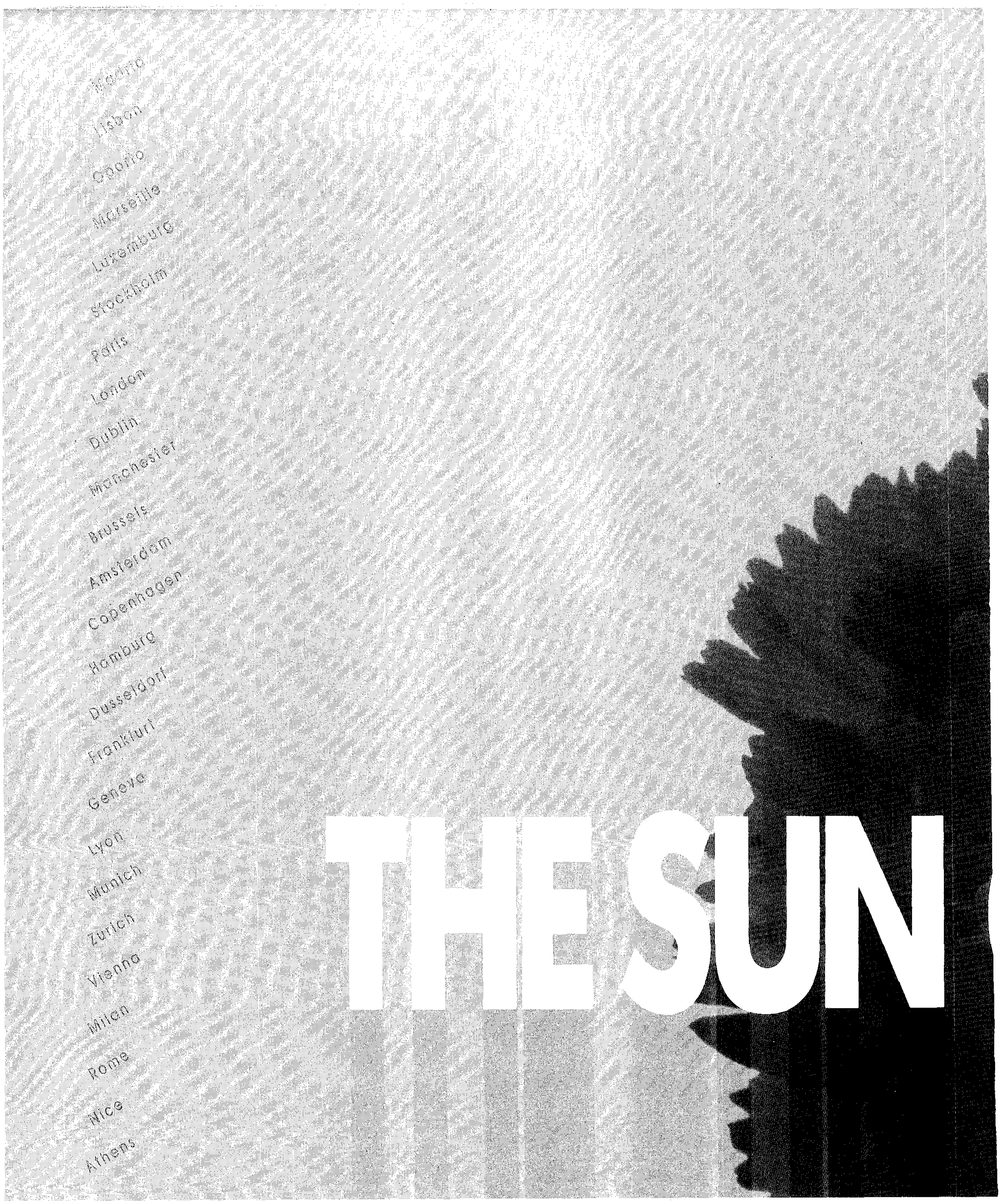
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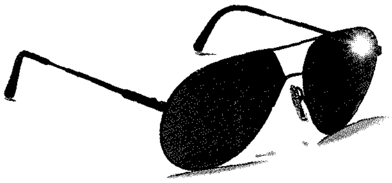

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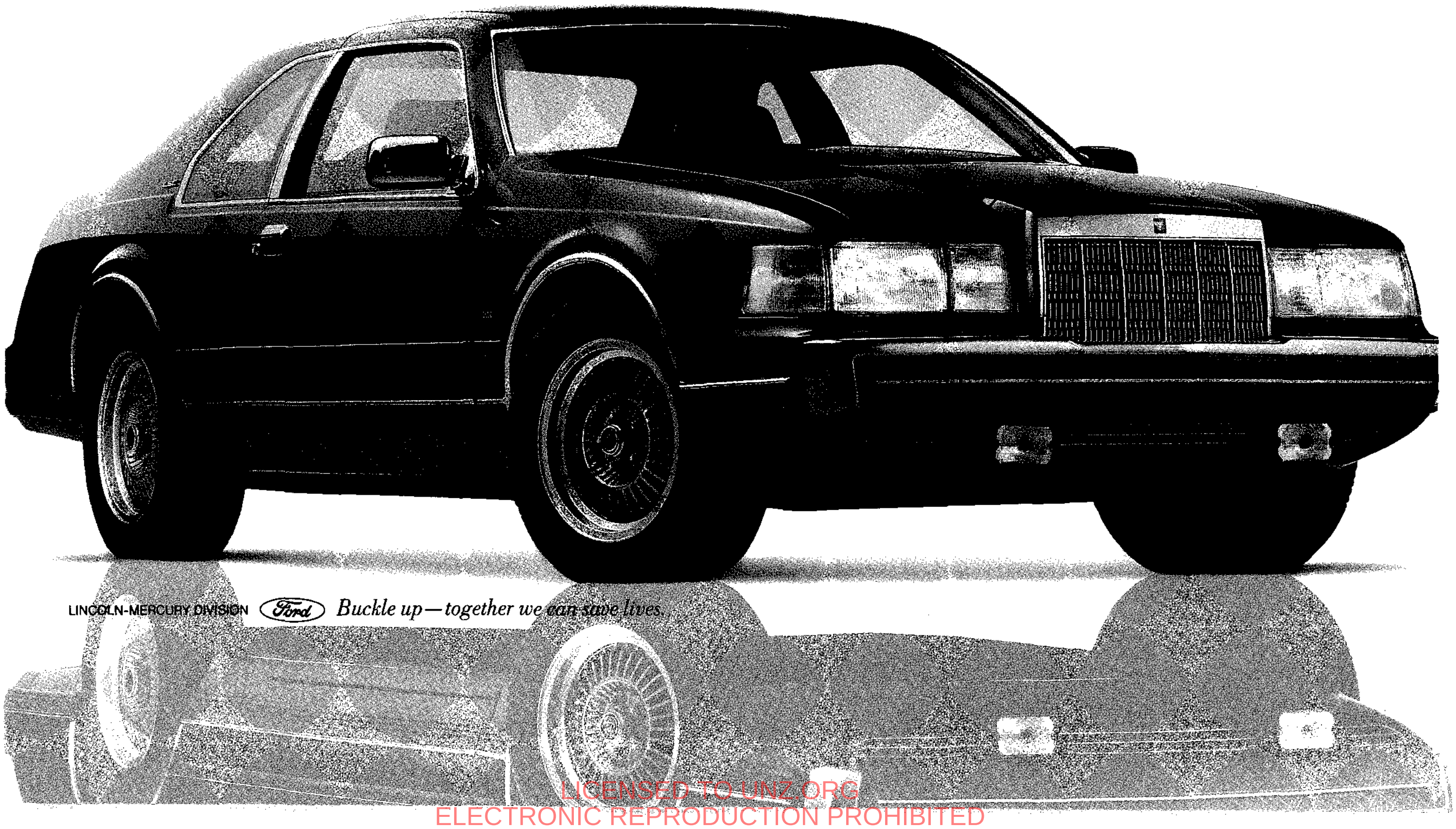

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ART—Cont'd

30. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Large-scale paintings and drawings steadfastly confronting urban anomie. Through Nov. 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Stephen De Staebler—New bronzes by an artist whose figurative sculptures have the fragmentary look of fossils. Through Nov. 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Scott Duncanson (1821-72)—Landscapes by a black artist of the Hudson River School. Through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

Richard Erdman—Recent nonobjective sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edgar Franceschi—Works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Howard Hodgkin—New abstract paintings, several of which continue onto the frame. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—At the heart of this show is a group of drawings of Gloucester and Cape Cod, many of them, such as "Cape Cod Morning," studies for major paintings. The gallery owns the drawings; related paintings have been borrowed from public and private collections. Through Nov. 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Donald Judd—Wall-mounted boxes made with metal and Plexiglas; they date from 1969 to 1986. Through Nov. 12. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays. The Whitney Museum currently has a Judd retrospective.)

Roger Mühl—Recent landscapes and interiors. Through Nov. 19. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Francisco Ribalta (1565-1628)—Paintings from Valencia and Madrid. Through Dec. 8. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Tropical paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 12. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Group Shows—**ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delacroix, Ernst, Seurat, De Kooning, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** at a new address, at 21 E. 67th St.: Chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, including works by Ugo da Carpi and Antonio da Trento. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings from 1908 to the present by Hockney, Miró, Nevelson, Modigliani, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works in various mediums by Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney, Cy Twombly, and others. Through Dec. 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—An installation. Through Dec. 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Bills—New lead-and-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Troy Brauntuch—Drawings and paintings based on photographs the artist culled from magazines and newspapers. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—New paintings and sculptures from the artist's "Golden Age" series, which was inspired by Mayan art. Through Nov. 19. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Buck—Headless bare-wood figures balancing icons on their shoulders: a globe, an obelisk, a blossoming tree. Many of the works are accompanied by paintings with related imagery. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—New watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Leon Kossoff / William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877)—Recent figurative paintings. / Photographs. Through Nov. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Miniature houses that include such elements as beeswax and rice. Through Dec. 3. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Lechay—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Lucero—New bronzes that incorporate found objects. Through Nov. 26. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras and Erwin Blumenfeld—Photographs by each artist. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A show of Samaras's recent work: boxes and a walk-in mirrored cube. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) Both shows through Nov. 26.

Harold Tovish—Ink drawings of hands. Through Nov. 19. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Nudes (one titled "Bedroom Blonde with Necklace") and still-lifes done in brightly painted cutout metal. Through Nov. 19. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Oil-on-cotton paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Magic Realist paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Black-and-white paintings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Kline, Motherwell, Nevelson, and others. Through Nov. 12. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures in various mediums by Alice Cooper, William Zorach, and Vincent Glinsky, among others. Through Nov. 16. . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract reliefs from the thirties by Charles G. Shaw, Jean Arp, Alexander Calder, and others. Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arakawa—Paintings you "walk into"—there are panels on the floor and ceiling as well as on the walls. The works are primarily abstract, but some panels have Photo-Realist patches. Through Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Bill Barrell—Expressionist paintings, deliberately childlike in execution. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš / Joseph Piccillo—New works by an artist who embellishes his found-object constructions with shredded cash. / Colored-pencil portraits of this artist's favorite subject—athletes, especially divers, in action. Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Marc Blane—A cement-and-iron sculptural work entitled "Playground/Landscapes," which includes the artist's signature basketball backboards. Through Nov. 26. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—New paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 19. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Farrell Brickhouse—Abstract Expressionist paintings on irregularly shaped panels. Through Nov. 19. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Wall sculptures incorporating marble, wood, granite, and concrete. Through Dec. 3. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Paul Caranicas—Shaped canvases that contrast the sky with architectural ruins and are accompanied by pieces of actual rubble. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Hank De Ricco—New sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures. Through Nov. 13. (Hill, 109 Spring St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

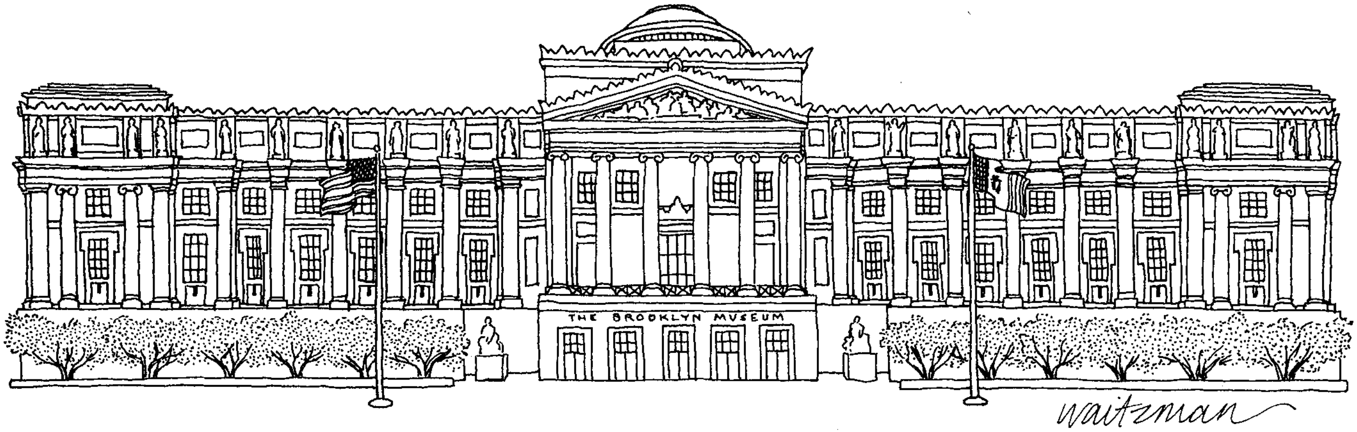
Stephen Greene—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Steven Katz / Michael Harnett—Realist paintings and drawings of New York. / Still-lifes on narrow vertical canvases. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale wall sculptures; one includes twenty spinning gold-leafed oil drums. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Michael Mazur—Paintings and other works with motifs taken from the Chinese garden. Through Nov. 19. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Will Mentor—Paintings and sculptures by an



ART—Cont'd

artist who works in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 12. (Rubin, 155 Spring St.)

Max Miller—New paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman and Richard Serra—Sculptures and drawings by both artists. Through Nov. 12. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Pino Pascali (1935-68)—In the Ala gallery's first room, you'll find what looks like the beginnings of a giant, precarious house of cards. In the second, you'll see a thematically related vista: canvas-on-wood sculptures representing "decapitated" giraffes and rhinoceroses. If you're wondering what decapitated them, a good guess would be the missile launchers and cannons assembled at the other end of the room. The artillery is made from scrap metal and wood. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert and mountain paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Geometric abstractions from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 12. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

George Rickey—A small retrospective of kinetic sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Judy Rifka—"History of Sculpture," a new series of grisaille paintings comprising syncopated repetitions of classical heads, profiles of winged Nike, and Parthenon columns. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Edwin Ruda / Mark Williams—Works on paper. / Painted wood constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Ed Ruscha—Early paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ken Sofer—Recent works by an artist who paints on plywood boxes and then joins them with girders and bolts. Through Nov. 12. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Elaine Sturtevant—Drawings after Beuys, Johns, Warhol, Rosenquist, Duchamp, and others, dating from 1965 to 1973, and a new series of drawings after Lichtenstein. Through Nov. 16. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Rosemarie Trockel—Sculptures and knit paintings (machine-woven wool is the medium) by a German artist having her first solo gallery show here. Through Nov. 12. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Peter Voulkos—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties and works on paper from throughout his career. Through Nov. 16. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Sculptures and drawings. Through Nov. 19. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Stephen Westfall—New nonobjective paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

William T. Wiley—Recent paintings and works on paper ranging from realistic to semi-abstract. Through Dec. 3. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Michele Zalopany—Paintings done in black, white, and gray. The subjects vary (two boys on a beach, a trellised porch, the Hotel Astor), but many of the works seem nostalgic for a long-gone time. Through Nov. 12. (Audiello, 142 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

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Group Material—The second installation in a series of four, all of which are loosely concerned with the idea of democracy. This one is titled "Politics and Election" and incorporates works by Leon Golub, Christy Rupp, Martin Wong, and others. Through Nov. 12. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Works by Jasper Johns, Bruce Nauman, and David Salle. Through Nov. 12. . . . **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: Drawings by artists whose work, as the Center puts it, "derives from primitive, folk, and naive sources." Alison Saar, Tom Duncan, and Denis Gaston are among those represented. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Francesco Clemente / Robert Ryman—"Funerary Paintings," all about six feet tall and sixteen feet long. / Primarily white paintings exhibited in rooms the artist designed for the show. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Carol Kreeger Davidson—Recent abstract sculptures. Through Nov. 13. (Humphrey, at both 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Matt Mullican—Sculptural works in various mediums. Through Nov. 12. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Mirror-based objects predominate in a show covering three decades of this Arte Povera artist's output. Through Nov. 27. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings whose frames are encrusted with semiprecious jewels. Through Nov. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Installations by Dan Flavin, Robert Gober, and Yves Klein. Through Nov. 27. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lois Conner—*Platinum prints of panoramic* landscapes in China, Hawaii, Louisiana, and New York. Through Nov. 17. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-six North American landscape photographs. Through Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Richard Ross—Diptychs and triptychs that contain photographs of sections of Old Master paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

George Tice—Photographs of the home towns of Mark Twain, James Dean, and Ronald Reagan. Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Raoul Ubac (1909-85)—Photographs by this Belgian Surrealist. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut.* Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. . . . ¶ A selection of watercolors and drawings by Paul Cézanne from the last thirty years of his life. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings, except Election Day, until 8:45; Election Day, 9:30 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** About a hundred prints by Nicholas Nixon. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. . . . ¶ Douglas Davis, the subject of a show here, once borrowed the Houston Astrodome to send private messages via satellite to every nation on earth. At other times, the video-performance artist has settled for less: the tri-continental satellite broadcast "Ménage à Trois," for instance, and the merely *bi*-continental "Double Entendre." The works on view include artifacts from such events, two TV sets painted black and tuned in to static, and a photograph done in conjunction with Komar & Melamid. Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. A complementary show is at Vivian Horan Fine Art, 35 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by David Park, a member of the Bay Area School who turned to figuration from Abstract Expressionism midway in his career. Starts Friday, Nov. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty *(305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of* stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, silver vessels, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet, the independent-minded nineteenth-century French depicter of everyday life, who, when asked to incorporate angels in a church painting, replied, "I have never seen angels. Show me an angel and I will paint one." Starts Friday, Nov. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—In the seventeenth century, the cupboards and drawers of Burghley House, in Devonshire, were filled with Renaissance jewelry, pitchers with diamonds and rubies embedded in them, and gold and silver tableware. Sixty of these objets de vertu, preserved as heirlooms, have been brought here for display. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Several hundred drawings by the German architect Erich Mendelssohn, a contemporary of Mies

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and Gropius. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Soldier Poets of the Great War," a show devoted to the work of the sixteen poets whose names were inscribed on a memorial stone in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day, 1985. The manuscripts and first editions are by, among others, Julian Grenfell, Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke, and Robert Graves. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish journalism in the United States is the topic of an exhibition of newspapers, comic strips and other drawings, and photographs from the past hundred and fifty years. The newspapers are in English, German, Ladino, Hebrew, and Yiddish. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of roughly a hundred music scores by, among others, Bach, Mahler, Arthur Sullivan, and Mozart (several by the last; the work on view that he composed at age five is in his father's hand). Through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Malcolm McLaren, the subject of what the museum describes as "an unconventional art exhibition," has been called many things—most generously, rock producer, fashion designer, and cultural theorist. This collection of clothes, posters, album covers, cassettes, and videotapes follows McLaren's career as it bounced from the Sex Pistols to Adam and the Ants to a British fashion / bondage shop called Let It Rock. Through Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor*, and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Election Day, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings, except Election Day, until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Aprile Millo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Lamberti, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Arthur Fagen. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 6: "Götterdämmerung," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, Wolfgang Neumann, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Gino Quilico; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 12:30: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Kathryn Harries, Christa Ludwig, Wolfgang Neumann, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Gino Quilico; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert.

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Cheek, and Otoniel Gonzaga; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Dale Smith, and William Parcher; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Leigh Munro, Robert Orth, Michael Cousins, and Joseph McKee; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Sheryl Woods, Elizabeth Hynes, Cynthia Rose, Dean Peterson, and Thomas Woodman; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Ron Peo; and "Pagliacci," with Frances Ginsberg, John Absalom, and Richard J. Clark. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Erie Mills, Michael Sylvester, and Kenneth Shaw; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 6: "The Turn of the Screw," with Wendy Hill, Phyllis Treigle, and Peter Kazaras; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 6: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Frederic Kalt; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Sheryl Woods, Elizabeth Hynes, Gwendolyn Jones, Dean Peterson, and Thomas Woodman; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Cheek, and Stephen O'Mara; Sergiu Comissiona. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

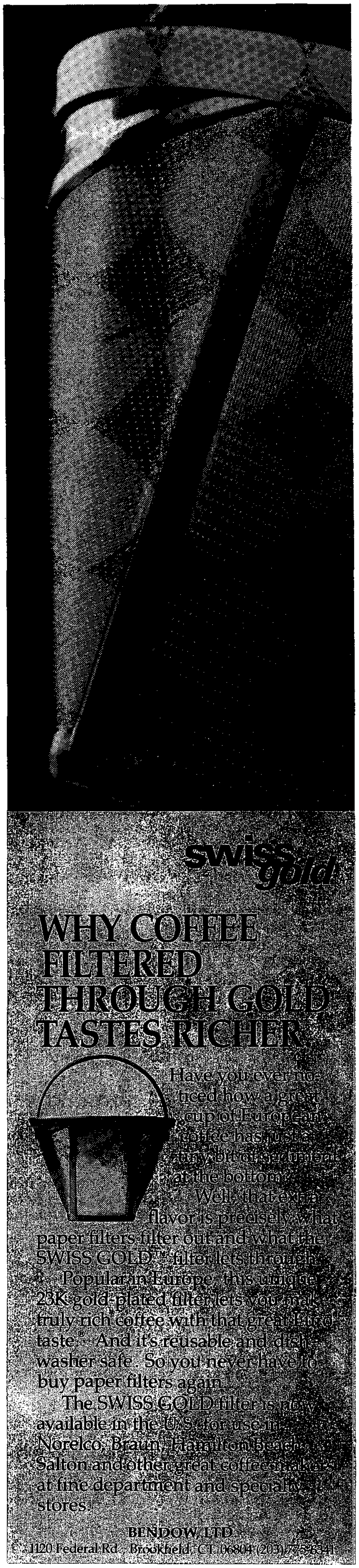
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7:30: Raymond Leppard conducting a program of music by Handel, Britten, and Dvořák. With Ida Haendel, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Rachmaninoff-Beethoven program, with Joaquin Achucarro, piano.

Vienna Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting. Tuesday, Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: A Bernstein-Beethoven-Brahms program, with Wolfgang Schulz, flute. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2: Mahler's Sixth Symphony.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting music by Dvořák, Steven Stucky, and Ravel. With Kyung Wha Chung, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conduct-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC—Cont'd

ing. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting four works for two string orchestras. With Paul Peabody, violin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Presenting the Yale Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Eleazar de Carvalho, in an all-Beethoven program. With Eugene Fodor, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting. With Jaime Laredo, violin; Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Cynthia Clarey, mezzo-soprano; Roger Roloff, baritone; and Werner Klemperer, narrator. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Peter Maxwell Davies conducting two of his own works and two works by Mozart. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—Patricia Handy directing twentieth-century works. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Beethoven's Ninth—Performed by the Manhattan Symphony, the Riverside Choir, the Riverside Choral Society, and the Manhattan Chamber Chorus, and conducted by Roger Nierenberg. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RECITALS

Ruth Laredo—Piano, performing works by Scriabin and talking about them. (Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Playing chamber works by Haydn, Jan Ditmas Zelenka, and Villa-Lobos. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Anton Nel—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Aston Magna—Playing two concerti by Bach and works by his contemporaries. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano. The second in a series of concerts presenting the complete Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Josef Suk—Violin. (Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Edmund Battersby—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Mischa Maisky—Cello. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Ned Rorem Birthday Concert—Vocal chamber music by Mr. Rorem, performed by musicians from the Curtis Institute and the Juilliard School. Mr. Rorem will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

Paula Robison—Flute, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, and assisting artists. (Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Empire Brass—This quintet will play music from the Renaissance. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The first in a six-concert series. The ensemble will perform works by Brahms and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

NAC–U.S.A.—Presenting seven pieces composed in the last ten years. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing a program of music by composers from North and South America. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

Alison Deane—Piano. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in an all-Bach concert. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

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Gidon Kremer—Violin, with assisting artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:30.)

Christina Kiss and Andres Liigand—Playing solo piano works by Chopin and Liszt. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting "Tri-Helio-Metatheses XII," a new work by Joseph Jarman. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Arto Noras—Cello, in his recital début here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Atlanta Hawks, Friday, Nov. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.

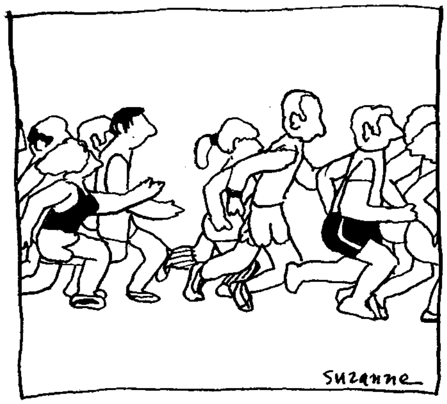
Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1.)

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Sunday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Games begin at 7:45.) . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Competitions Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 1-2, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 3, at 1 and 7:30; and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 4-6, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Nov. 6, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows bridge in Staten Island and end in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green. The lead runners will cross the finish line shortly after 12:30.



Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 8; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Daniel Halpern and Stanley Plumly reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Patricia Storace and Jay White reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ John Cage reading from his own work. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—Japanese chrysanthemums—single-stemmed, in masses, bonsai-pruned—are on display in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Tennis—At Madison Square Garden: Virginia Slims Championships, Nov. 14-20. . . . ¶ Nabisco Masters, Nov. 30-Dec. 5.

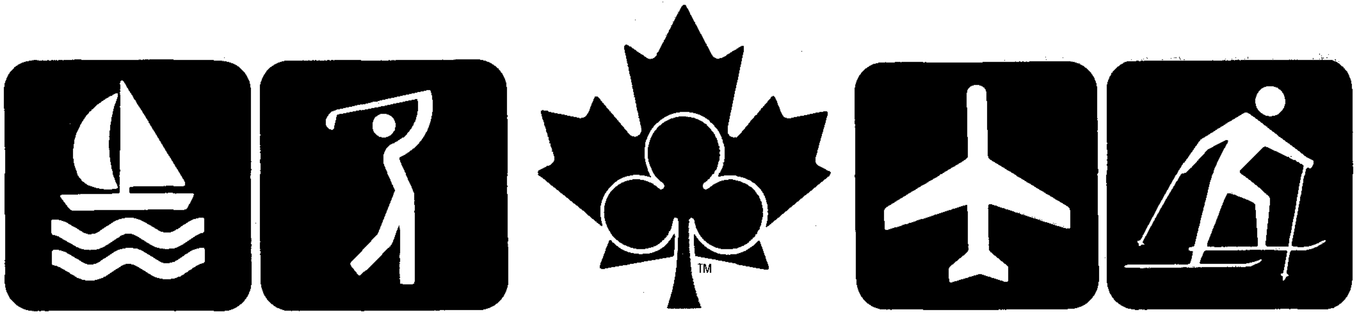
Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through May 6. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Moscow State Symphony, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Horacio Gutiérrez and Elmar Oliveira, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ I Solisti Veneti, Dec. 4. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Moscow State Symphony, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Orpheus, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ San Francisco Symphony, Dec. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Rudolph Serkin, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Chung Trio, Dec. 8. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Waverly Consort, Nov. 10 and 12. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Kronos Quartet, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Tatiana Troyanos and James Levine, Dec. 4. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 15-16. . . . ¶ Peter Orth, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony, Nov. 26 and Dec. 3 and 4. . . . ¶ Heinrich Schiff, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ David Jolley, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Andrew Rangell, Dec. 7. . . . **metropolitan museum** (570-3949): Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 12 and Dec. 3. . . . ¶ *Music from Marlboro*, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, Nov. 18 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Les Arts Florissants, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Cleveland String Quartet, Dec. 8. . . . **town hall** (840-2824): Timothy Eddy and Gilbert Kalish, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Ransom Wilson, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Meredith Monk and Nurit Tilles, Dec. 10.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Spoils of War," a play by Michael Weller, which was seen last season at Second Stage; with Kate Nelligan, Jeffrey De Munn, and Christopher Collet. . . . ¶ A production of Shaw's 1897 play "The Devil's Disciple," with Philip Bosco. . . . ¶ "Rumors," a comedy by Neil Simon. . . . ¶ Peter Allen's new musical, "Legs Diamond," starring Mr. Allen and Julie Wilson.

Dance—The New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 22-Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at City Center, Dec. 7-Jan. 1.

Other Dates—Veterans Day is Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ A Georgia O'Keeffe show at the Metropolitan Museum Nov. 19-Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Nov. 24.

International symbols.



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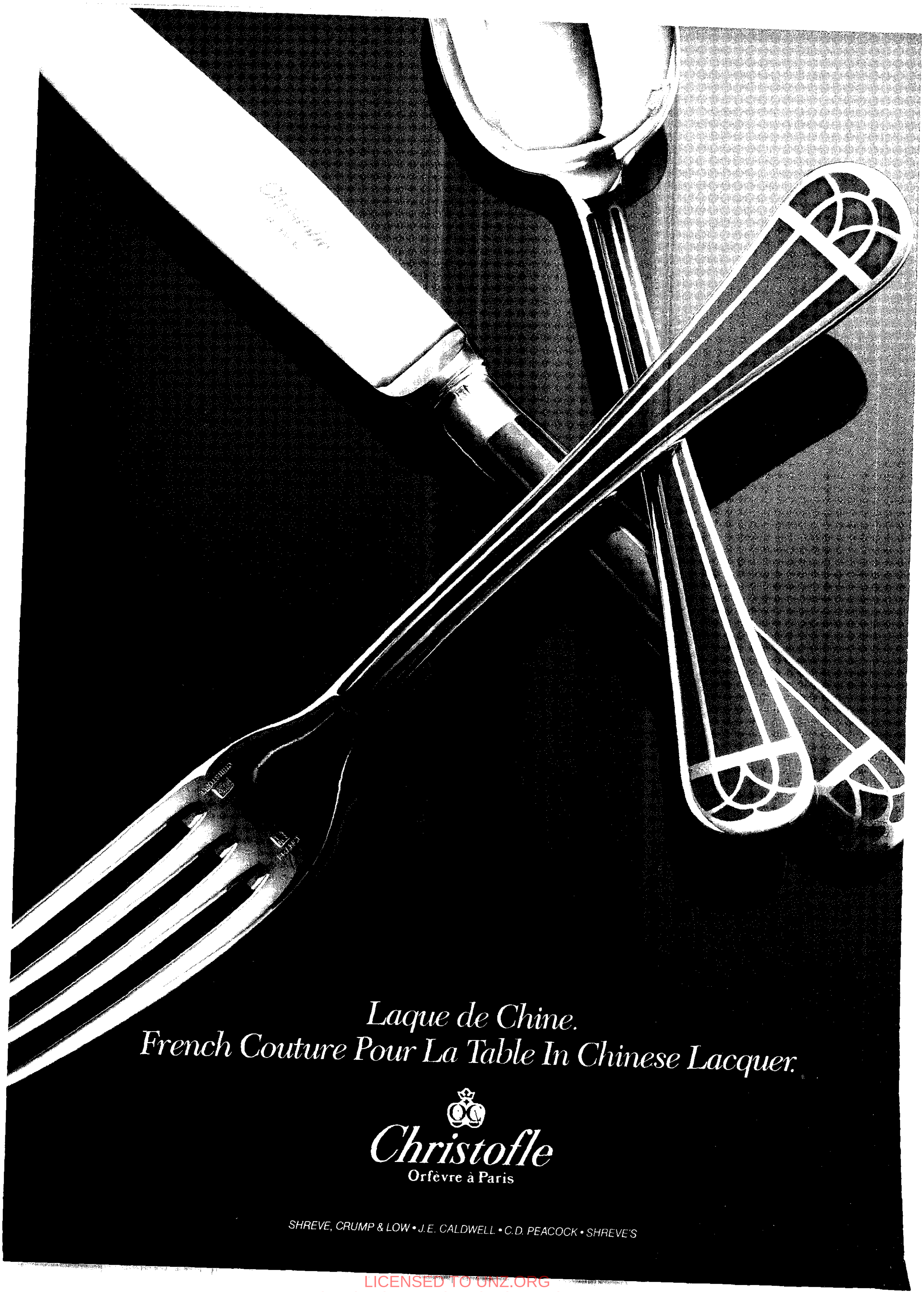

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

ublic Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Nov. 1: "The Human Condition, Part 1: No Greater Love" (1959; directed by Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Nov. 2-3: (Separate admissions) "Gonza the Spearman" (1986; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Pale Flower" (1964; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).

Nov. 4: (Separate admissions) "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); "River of Fireflies" (1986; Eizo Sugawa; in Japanese); and "Black Lizard" (1968; Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese).

Nov. 5-6: (Separate admissions) "She Was Like a Wild Chrysanthemum" (1955; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese); "Tora-San Goes North" (1987; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); "Tokyo Story;" "River of Fireflies;" and "Black Lizard."

Nov. 8: "The Human Condition, Part 2: Road to Eternity" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

From Nov. 9: (Separate admissions) "Night Drum" (1957; Tadashi Imai; in Japanese); "River of Fireflies;" and "Operation Negligee" (1968; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover. From Nov. 4: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.

Theatre 3: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Nov. 3: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†). From Nov. 4 (tentative): "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Theatre 3: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Nov. 3: "Punchline" (†).

From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Things Change" (David Mamet), with Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Bird" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin. From Nov. 4: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Nov. 4: "They Live" (John Carpenter).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Theatre 2: "Punchline" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

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Michelle Murphy

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

Theatre 1: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover. From Nov. 4: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Nov. 3: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

From Nov. 4: "The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Punchline" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover. From Nov. 4: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little). From Nov. 4: "They Live" (John Carpenter).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor.

Theatre 2: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Streams of Consciousness: New American Animation" (†). From Nov. 9: "Hello Actors Studio" (1987; directed by Annie Tresgot).

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).

Theatre 2: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Theatre 2: "Bird" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Punchline" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: The 21st International Tournee of Animation.

Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: "A Winter Tan" (Jackie Burroughs, Louise Clark, John Frizzell, John Walker, and Aerlyn Weissman). From Nov. 4 (tentative): "Things Change" (David Mamet), with Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross. From Nov. 4: "They Live" (John Carpenter).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little). From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Little Dorrit" (Christine Edzard), with Derek Jacobi and Alec Guinness. A six-hour film, shown in two parts.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Film Actress" (Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).

Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).

Theatre 3: "Red Sorghum" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Theatre 2: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 3: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

From Nov. 4: "The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

Theatre 2: "Mystic Pizza" (Donald Petrie), with Julia Roberts, Annabeth Gish, and Lili Taylor.

Theatre 3: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Mick-

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

lin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 3: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula. From Nov. 4 (tentative): "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.
Theatre 5: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 6: "Bird" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Dead Ringers" (†). From Nov. 4: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
Theatre 2: "Punchline" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross. From Nov. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Nov. 4: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Halloween 4" (directed by Dwight H. Little).
Theatre 2: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross.
Theatre 4: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 3: "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (†).
From Nov. 4: "The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger. From Nov. 9: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 3: "Elvira: Mistress of the Dark" (James Signorelli), with Elvira.
From Nov. 4: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†). From Nov. 4: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Nov. 3: "Punchline" (†).
From Nov. 4: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Nov. 3: A program of sixteen new Spanish films.
Nov. 4-5: "Woman of the Year" (1942; directed by George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Pat and Mike" (1952; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.
Nov. 6-7: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Captains Courageous" (†).
Nov. 8-9: "The Lion in Winter" (†); and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 1: "Shy People" (1988; Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jill Clayburgh and Barbara Hershey; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
Nov. 2-3: "Love Is a Dog from Hell" ("Crazy Love;" 1987; Dominique Deruddere; in *Flemish); and "Barfly" (1987; Barbet* Schroeder), with Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway.
Nov. 4-5: "Fatal Attraction" (1987; Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas, Glenn Close, and Anne Archer; and "Wall Street" (1987; Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Nov. 6: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "How Funny Can Sex Be?" (1973; Dino Risi; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli.
Nov. 7-8: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "American Gigolo" (†).
From Nov. 9: "Mélo" (1988; Alain Resnais; in French), with Sabine Azéma, Fanny Ardant, and André Dussollier; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

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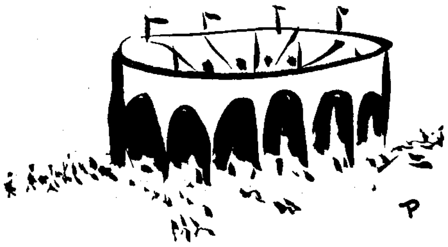
Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 31: "The Sound of Jazz" (1957; Jack Smight); and "All Night Long" (1962; Basil Rearden), with Patrick McGoohan.
Nov. 1: *"Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand* Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon; and "Jazz in Exile" (1978; Chuck France).
Nov. 2: "Saxophone Colossus" (1986; Robert Mugge); "Machito: A Latin Jazz Legacy" (1985; Carlos Ortiz); and "Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise" (1980; Robert Mugge).
Nov. 3: "Born to Swing" (1973; John Jeremy); and "The Gene Krupa Story" (1959; Don Weis), with Sal Mineo, Susan Kohner, and James Darren.
Nov. 4: A program of jazz dance on film.
Nov. 5-6: "Bird Now" (1987; Marc Huraux); and "Eastwood" (1988; Joe Hyams).
Nov. 7: "Paris Blues" (1961; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, and Diahann Carroll; and "On the Road with Duke Ellington" (1974; Robert Drew).
Nov. 8: *"Mingus" (1968; Thomas Reich*man); and "Art Pepper: Notes from a Jazz Survivor" (1982; Don McGlynn).
Nov. 9: "Ornette: Made in America" (1986; Shirley Clarke); and "The Connection" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 31: "White Zombie" (1932; Victor Halperin), with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy; "The Vampire Bat" (1933; Frank Strayer), with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, and Melvyn Douglas; "One Frightened Night" (1935; Christy Cabanne), with Charley Grapewin, Hedda Hopper, and Wallace Ford; and "The Crime of Dr. Crespi" (1935; John Auer), with Erich von Stroheim.
Nov. 1: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Convicted" (1950; Henry Levin), with Glenn Ford and Broderick Crawford.
Nov. 2: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, B Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Pap Moon" (1973; Peter Bogdanovich), wi Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal.
Nov. 3: "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), wi Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and An Heywood; and "Therese and Isabell (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), wi Essy Persson.
Nov. 4-5: "Aelita" (1924; Yakov Protazano a Russian silent film); and "Metropoli (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
Nov. 6: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935; Ab Gance; in French), with Edwige Feuillèr and "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; French).
Nov. 7: "The File on Thelma Jordon" (195 Robert Siodmak), with Barbara Stanwyc and Wendell Corey; and "Sorry, Wron Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), wit Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
Nov. 8: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Lu Godard; in French), with Jean-Pier Léaud; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Lu *Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg an* Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 9: "Tomorrow's Children" (1937); "L There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), documentary; and "Night and Fog" (195 Alain Resnais), a documentary.



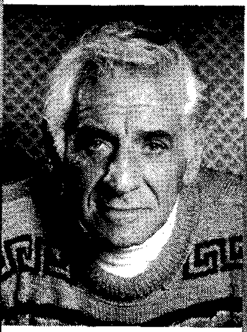
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (25 7400)
Oct. 31: "Dracula's Daughter" (1936; Lambert Hillyer), with Otto Kruger and Glori Holden; and "The Werewolf of London (1935; Stuart Walker), with Henry Hull.
Nov. 1: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph Mankiewicz), with James Mason, Joh Gielgud, and Marlon Brando; and "Th Epic That Never Was" (1965; Bill Duncalf), a documentary.
Nov. 2: "Jules and Jim" (1962; Françoi Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Morea Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Th 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Nov. 3: "Paris Blues" (1961; Martin Ritt with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodwar Sidney Poitier, and Diahann Carroll; an "Edge of the City" (1957; Martin Ritt with John Cassavetes and Sidney Poitier.
Nov. 4-5: "The Man Who Knew Too Much *(1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Lesli* Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, an Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (193 Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Rober Young.
Nov. 6: "Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharin Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jaso Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell.
Nov. 7: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingma Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Nov. 8: "The Big Knife" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino Shelley Winters, and Wendell Corey; an "The Grissom Gang" (1971; Robert Aldrich), with Kim Darby and Scott Wilson.
Nov. 9: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henr King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952 Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susa Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titu Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE I: Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Tempo Massimo' (1934; directed by Mario Mattoli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Vittorio De Sica, Milly, an Camillo Pilotto. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6: "Docto Beware" (1941; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Adriana Benetti, and De Sica. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Marcello Pagliero. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "Campo de'Fiori" (1943; Mario Bonnard; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Peppino De Filippo. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "La Vita è Bella" (1943; Carlo

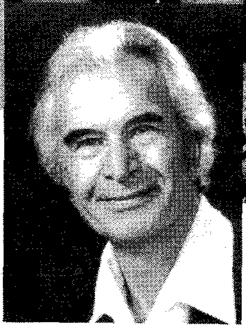
Glenn Close

Liza Minnelli



Leonard Bernstein

Joe Williams



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Ludovico Bragaglia; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Alberto Rabagliata, and Maria Mercader.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Tempo Massimo."... ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Peddlin' in Society" (1947; Gennaro Righelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Vittorio De Sica, and Virgilio Riento.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (1946; Carmine Gallone; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Tito Gobbi.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Doctor Beware."... ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Volcano" (1950; William Dieterle; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Rossano Brazzi, and Geraldine Brooks.... ¶ Nov.. 6 at 2: "Peddlin' in Society."... ¶ Nov. 6 at 5: "Il Bandito" (1946; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Amedeo Nazzari, and Carla del Poggio.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Before Him All Rome Trembled."... ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "La Vita è Bella."... ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Il Bandito."... ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "Volcano."

THEATRE 2: Nov. 1 at 2 and 6: "Pictures from the Unconscious" (1988; Leon Hirszman), a documentary.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 3: "The Bridge" (1928; a silent film), "New Earth" (1934), and "Philips Radio" (1931), all directed by Joris Ivens.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Rotterdam-Europort" (1966), "The Spanish Earth" (1937), and "Rain" (1929; a silent film), all directed by Joris Ivens.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: Nov. 2 at 3: "Bell Diamond" (1987; Jon Jost).... ¶ Nov. 3 at 3: "Silver Valley" (1984; Michel Negroponte, Peggy Stern, and Mark Erder); and "Vernon, Florida" (1981; Errol Morris).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Poto and Cabengo" (1979; Jean-Pierre Gorin).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "In the Name of the Father" (1987; Maria Marewski); and "The Ties That Bind" (1984), directed by Su Friedrich, who will be present.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: A program of films by Manuel De Landa, who will be present.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 1: "The Grandfather Trilogy" (1981; Allen Ross); and "Nicaragua: Hear-Say/See-Here" (1984; Jeffrey Skoller).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "The Chinese Typewriter" (1983; Daniel Barnett); "Reassemblage" (1982; Trinh T. Minh-ha); and "Medina" (1983), directed by Mark Lapore, who will be present.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "She Had Her Gun All Ready" (1978; Vivienne Dick); and "The Offenders" (1979; Scott B. and Beth B.).... ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "Vestibule" (1978; Ken Kobland); and "The Influence of Strangers" (1986), directed by Mark Daniels, who will be present.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Mysterious Barricades" (1987; Peter Herwitz), "Limn" (1987; Konrad Steiner), "Pneuma" (1983; Nathaniel Dorsky), and "Alaya" (1987; Nathaniel Dorsky).... ¶ Nov. 9 at 3: "Tom Goes to the Bar" (1985; Dean Parisot); and "Last Night at the Alamo" (1984; Eagle Pennell).

Warner Communications Screening Room: Nov. 2 at 1:30: "Soft Fiction" (1979; Chick Strand).... ¶ Nov. 3 at 1:15: "Bell Diamond" (1987; Jon Jost).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 3:30: "The Grandfather Trilogy" (1981; Allen Ross); and "Nicaragua: Hear-Say/See-Here" (1984; Jeffrey Skoller).... ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "Silver Valley" (1984; Michel Negroponte, Peggy Stern, and Mark Erder).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 3:30: "L'Acadie" (1979; Robert Russett), "Scrolls" (1978; Vicki Z. Peterson), "Slant or Slumber" (1987; Chika Ogura), "Diary of an Autistic Child/Part 2/The Ragged Edges of the Hollow" (1984; Edwin Cariati), and "Chuck's Will's Widow" (1982; Bill Brand).... ¶ Nov. 6 at 12:30: "A Fairy Tale" (1984; Jim Jennings), "No. 3" (1980; Ellen Gaine), "Kristallnacht" (1979; Chick Strand), "Department of the Interior" (1986; Nina Fonoroff), "Perils" (1986; Abigail Child), and "Mayhem" (1987; Abigail Child).... ¶ Nov. 9 at 1:30: "The Influence of Strangers" (1986; Mark Daniels).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Nov. 1 at 8 and 10: "Come Back, Africa" (1960; Lionel Rogosin), a semi-documentary film.... ¶ Nov. 1 at 8:30: "Prelude" (1961) and "Dog Star Man" (1962-64), both directed by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 8 and 10: "Come Back, Africa."... ¶ Nov. 2 at 8:30: "Zorns Lemma" (1970; Hollis Frampton).... ¶ Nov. 3 at 8: "Come Back, Africa."... ¶ Nov. 3 at 8:30: A program of short films by Robert Breer.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 7: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65; Stan Brakhage).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: A program of silent films by Edwin S. Porter and D. W. Griffith.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 10: "Come Back, Africa."... ¶ Nov. 5 at 4: A program of films by Bruce Elder.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 7: "The Massacre" (1914), "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" (1914), and "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), all silent films, directed by D. W. Griffith.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 10: A program of films by Hollis Frampton.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "On the Bowery" (1956; Lionel Rogosin).... ¶ Nov. 6 at 7:30: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915; D. W. Griffith; a silent film).... ¶ Nov. 7 at 7: "Sweet Love Remembered" (1980) and "Illuminated Texts" (1982), both directed by Bruce Elder.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "The Cheat" (1915; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film) and "The Tramp" (1915; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film).... ¶ Nov. 8 at 7: "Hapax Legomena" (1971-72; Hollis Frampton).... ¶ Nov. 8 at 8 and 10: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Emma Gramatica, and Paolo Stoppa.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 6:30: A repeat program of films by Bruce Elder.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916; D. W. Griffith; a silent film).... ¶ Nov. 9 at 9: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Oct. 31 at 7: "New York Portrait Chapter II" (1981; Peter Hutton); and "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.... ¶ Nov. 1 at 7: "Les Cousins" (1959; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Blain and Jean-Claude Brialy.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 7: "The Nice Neighbor" (1979; Zsolt Kézdi-Kovács; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Lászlo Szabó.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 7: "It's Alive!" (1974; Larry Cohen).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: A program of video works by Valie Export.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "The Practice of Love" (1985; Valie Export).... ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: "Menschenfrauen" (1979; Valie Export).... ¶ Nov. 7 at 7: A program of films made in and about New York City.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 7: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Isabelle Huppert.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 7: "Almanac of Fall" (Béla Tarr; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

French Institute—Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 2 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "La Passion Béatrice" (1987; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Julie Delpy and Jean-Pierre Donnadieu.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Night Zoo" (1987; Jean-Claude Lauzon; in French, with English subtitles), with Gilles Maheaux.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Nov. 4 at 6:30: "Before the Dawn" (1988; in Japanese, with English subtitles). The director, Tengo Yamada, will be present.

Reel Pieces: Film as a Collaborative Art—A series of films and lectures. Nov. 3 at 8:15: "At Close Range" (1986; James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. Mr. Walken will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Roger Angell and Terrence Rafferty.)

American Gigolo (1980)—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo.—R.A. (Cinema Village; Nov. 7-8)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. As if by magic, she begins to encounter people she used to know and to flash back to scenes from her past. And she realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, John Houseman, and David Ogden Stiers. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Bird—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. Joel Oliansky wrote the script; the cast includes Diane Venora as Chan Parker and Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie. (10/17/88) (Plaza, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of M-G-M's powerhouse "family" entertainments, it's beefy and rousing, with almost guaranteed tears and laughter for children. Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese) and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by experienced hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable

Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 6-7.)

The Connection (1961)—Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film became famous because of its four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." There's also a more experimental and more ambitious aspect to the situation: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject as well as on addiction. It's painfully obvious that the dialogue is dramatic writing, and this doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made. And there are characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphel. The music includes Charlie Parker's recording of "Marmaduke" and jazz by Freddie Redd, who is on camera, along with his group, among the addicts. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 9.)

Dead Ringers—With Jeremy Irons and Geneviève Bujold, directed by David Cronenberg.—T.R. (10/3/88) (Metro Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alan Rickman, who gives the character of the terrorists' leader a wonderful slimy elegance.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Criterion Center.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and National Twin; through Nov. 3.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. With Bryan Brown, Julie Harris, John Omirah Miluwi, and Iain Cuthbertson, who's casual and rather humorous as Dr. Louis Leakey. (10/17/88) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency; through Nov. 3.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the twelfth-century court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own 1966 play. On the Broadway stage this play seemed to be an entertaining melodrama about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters playing Freudian games of sex and power, but it was brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order, and the point of view is too limited and anachronistic to justify all this howling and sobbing and carrying on. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II—he's so robust he almost carries the role off. As Eleanor of Aquitaine, Katharine Hepburn does a gallant-ravaged-great-lady number—she draws upon our feelings for *her*, not for the character she's playing, and the self-exploitation is hard to take. With Timothy Dalton and Anthony Hopkins. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 8-9.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher, of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is—arguably—MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair—she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Baronet, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

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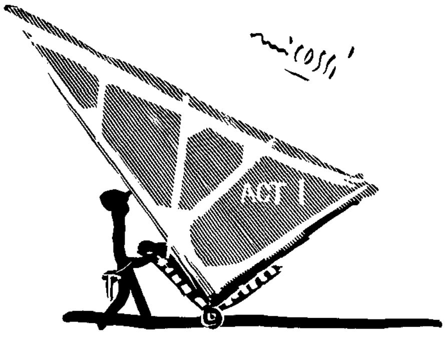
Married to the Mob—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that also features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Embassy.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Also with Nacho Martínez, Eusebio Poncela, Carmen Maura, Eva Cobo, Julieta Serrano, and Chus Lampreave. Written by the director and Jesús Ferrero; cinematography by Ángel Luis Fernández. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Punchline—Pop-psych moral uplift, about standup comics. The writer-director, David Seltzer, wants us to see Steven Gold, the compulsive young spritzer, played by Tom Hanks, as "troubled;" Seltzer points up Steven's hostility, his inability to relate to other people, his not understanding what love is. And everything that Seltzer points up is soggy and only partway believable. Sally Field plays Lilah, a New Jersey housewife and mother of three who hopes to become a comic: Lilah looks at the restless, driven Steven and sees the soft, suffering child within. The movie gives Lilah an insipid radiance while it pulls back from Steven's aggressive twisted smile and his stabbing vocal rhythms. (These two are Lenny Bruce and Erma Bombeck.) We're supposed to dislike Steven's brashness and desperation, and approve of Lilah because she has a wholesome, normal outlook. We're also supposed to be charmed by the naughty vibrator jokes that pop out of her little head and "embarrass" her. Seltzer's sitcom style of humor is just like Lilah's. The bedraggled plotting forces Hanks into maudlin situations, but he manages to get under some of his material and darken it. He's what keeps you watching. Good performances by John Goodman, Mark Rydell, and Kim Greist. (10/31/88) (Coronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Warner; through Nov. 3.)



Streams of Consciousness: New American Animation—This thirteen-film, eighty-seven-minute compilation of recent work by independent animators begins with a five-minute blast of inspired lunacy by Sally Cruikshank and ends with Jim Blashfield's darkly funny domestic nightmare "Suspicious Circumstances." Cruikshank is one of the few independents who are really interested in making *cartoons*. Her "Face Like a Frog" is a delirious romp through a Crayola-colored fun house, and its centerpiece is a deeply silly musical number called "Don't Go Near the Basement," performed by a suave fish: the film is like studio-era animation seen in distorting mirrors by a naughty-minded, giggly child. Blashfield's movie uses shifting arrangements of photocopied images to tell the story of the disappearance of an ordinary middle-aged man. Waking in the middle of the night, this pajama-clad husband enters a strange world in which household items (scissors, potatoes) float through the air and illustrations of "futuristic" vehicles from *Popular Mechanics* jump off the page. This twelve-minute exercise in kitschy surrealism is hilariously unpredictable, and the Xerox-collage technique gives the images a rich, mysterious texture. (If the style looks familiar, it's because Blashfield has since used it in his distinctive music videos for Talking Heads, Paul Simon, and Joni Mitchell.) In between Cruikshank and Blashfield, though, the program is mostly heavy going. The compilers, David Ehrlich and George Griffin (both of whom are also represented here), seem inclined toward arty, "mythic" stuff: for long stretches, we squirm with the kind of embarrassment we feel at an evening of bad, deadly-solemn modern dance. The only other films that rouse us from this stupor are Joanna Priestly's "Voices," a witty portrait of the animator as a young neurotic, and Joey Ahlbum's graffiti-style "Parade."—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through Nov. 8.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Tucker: The Man and His Dream—With Jeff Bridges, directed by Francis Ford Coppola.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Embassy 1; through Nov. 3.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—With Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd, directed by Robert Zemeckis.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Embassy.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—With Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin; directed by Wim Wenders. In English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

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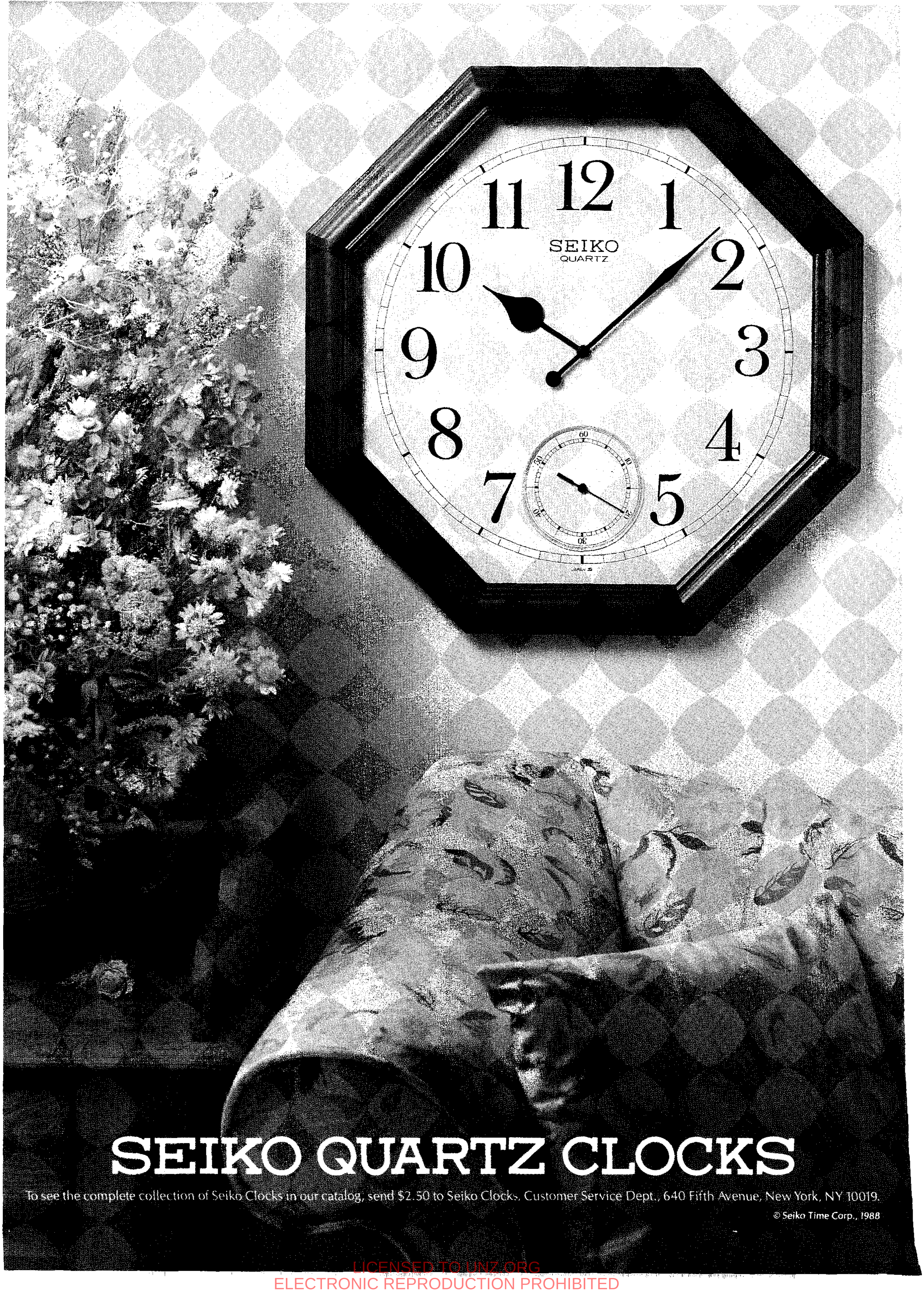

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LIKE Flaubert's ideal of the writer—who, like God, is present in his work everywhere yet visible nowhere—Ronald Reagan has been strangely absent from the nation's television screens this fall even as a Presidential campaign manifestly created in his image has swirled all around him. The President's handiwork is evident not only in how Vice-President George Bush and Governor Michael Dukakis have run their campaigns but also in how the news media have covered them. The photo opportunity and the sound bite, for example, are now the standard vocabulary of campaign discourse. Neither of these devices originated during the Reagan era, but it was Mr. Reagan and his cadre of public-relations advisers who utilized them most relentlessly, making them a central part of the White House routine and institutionalizing them as acceptable methods of communicating to the electorate. The Reagan strategy meshed perfectly with the sort of show-business-oriented journalism increasingly practiced by the major national news organizations in the nineteen-eighties, and network newscasters have been happy to broadcast the eye-catching visuals and snappy one-liners provided every day by the White House. Indeed, the White House's control over television's portrayal of Reagan was so pervasive early in the Administration that, in the words of former "CBS Evening News" producer Richard Cohen, Michael Deaver, then the White House deputy chief of staff, "should have been listed as the executive producer on all the political stories we broadcast."

Rewriting the rules of Presidential image-making may well rank as one of the most important aspects of the Reagan legacy. The animating assumption of the Reagan approach was that even controversial ideas could be sold if they were packaged and promoted properly; politics was simply another form of marketing. Leslie Janka, a former deputy press secretary in the Reagan White House, has explained, "This was a P.R. outfit that became President and took over the country. And to the degree then to which the Constitution forced them to do things like make a budget, run foreign policy and all that, they sort of did. But their first, last, and overarching activity was public relations."

During the campaign, George Bush's handlers have been trying to repeat the Reagan trick by employing the same news-management strategy—shielding a pre-programmed candidate from reporters and their questions and capturing television's attention with choreographed media events that reinforce the chosen "line of the day." Dukakis and his advisers, anxious not to emulate Walter Mondale's lopsided defeat of four years ago, have themselves adopted many of the Reagan-Bush measures, albeit less skillfully. The public recognizes this and is understandably miffed. Interviews with prospective voters indicate that their most common complaint is that the candidates aren't really saying anything.

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Certainly Americans could often have made the same charge against President Reagan, but the difference is that Reagan managed to create the illusion that he was saying something. Because he was an actor, he could deliver scripted lines with conviction, investing such gauzy clichés as "Morning Again in America" with apparent weight and depth. And, because Reagan was also an ideologue, he was not afraid of articulating unpopular positions. This cannot be said of either Bush or Dukakis. Not only do they lack the geniality that the Reagan years have led Americans to expect in a leader, they also seem so intent on being all things to all people that they end up meaning nothing to anyone.

For his part, Bush has argued that some of the blame for the issueless, negative nature of this campaign belongs to the press. Time and time again, he complained during his second debate against Dukakis, journalists have ignored substantive speeches and position papers in favor of highlighting the latest poll results or sound bite. Journalists are indeed far more comfortable talking about where a candidate stands in the polls than where he stands on the issues—it's both cheaper and easier to handicap the horse race than it is to conduct an in-depth examination of, say, Bush's relationship with Panama's Manuel Noriega or to scrutinize Dukakis's record on prison reform. Moreover, such coverage is believed to attract bigger audiences and therefore generate greater revenues; this is, after all, the decade in which the sale of all three major networks to giant corporations has freshly reminded journalists of their obligations to the balance sheet's bottom line.

Incisive and aggressive coverage of the campaign has also been discouraged by the fact that, as Maynard Parker, the editor of *Newsweek*, has observed, "all of journalism has moved to the right." During the Reagan years, journalists often appeared to have been cowed by right-wing accusations that they were a bunch of liberals out of step with "real" Americans. As a result, they frequently pulled their punches and wound up functioning more as a rubber stamp than as a check and balance on President Reagan. Both David Gergen, Reagan's former White House communications director, and Benjamin Bradlee, the executive editor of the Washington *Post*, have commented that when Reagan came to power there was a return to a pre-Vietnam and pre-Watergate deference on the part of the press.

The problem with such journalistic self-restraint is that it allows the candidates to define what the news about the campaign will be. Because the Bush campaign has a simpler message than the Dukakis campaign, and is considerably better at projecting it, Bush has controlled the campaign agenda this fall. This, too, is in keeping with the Reagan strategy of news management. Reagan's P.R. specialists understood that in today's modern electronic society the topic of conversation is more important than its content, and that the messages that register on people's consciousness are those that are repeated over and over. Applying these maxims to the fight against Dukakis, the Bush campaign has managed to focus attention on such matters as the Pledge of Allegiance, the Massachusetts prisoner-furlough program, and the American Civil Liberties Union, rather than, for example, the homeless, Pentagon corruption, or economic inequality. But journalists need not be mere stenographers; a free and independent press has every right to pursue whatever issues it deems important. Such a path inevitably involves making subjective news judgments, however, and that is something many journalists right now seem to want to shun.

It's easy to say that the public deserves a better campaign than it's getting this year. But we are not likely to see any improvement until there is a thoroughgoing overhaul of the means by which the national political conversation is conducted. We need better candidates perhaps, but we also need to wrest control of the electoral process from the backstage political handlers and from the news executives who have forgotten that it is their job to keep the politicians honest.

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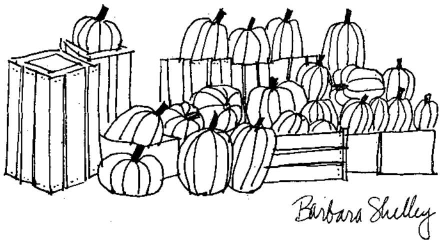
Playground Person

IONA OPIE, the Marie Curie of hopscotch and skip rope, came to New York for the first time in her life last week. She is sixty-five years old and lives in Hampshire, and she will talk to perfect strangers in hotel lobbies about the nature of play, the architectural origins of evil, the absurdity of games instruction, and where in the human body grief resides. Forty years ago, when intellectuals were speculating on the Nature of Play, and the Psychological Origins of Play, and the Dubious Future of Play, she and her husband, the late Peter Opie, decided that one good way to find out about playing was to go to a playground and watch. The result of their years of research, "The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren," was published in 1959, and it remains a classic of anthropology and a book rich in the contagious joy of finding things out. The Opies discovered, for instance, that a children's rhyme took only a few months to travel from its starting point in, say, London to the most distant playgrounds in Britain. Iona and Peter Opie also edited scholarly collections of Mother Goose rhymes and children's games, among much else. Mrs. Opie is one of the very few experts on anything whom we have ever wanted to interrogate, and when we found out that she was in New York we rushed over to the lobby of her hotel and began to pepper her with questions.

First, we asked something that we have wanted to ask an expert since ninth-grade English class: Would kids on an island *really* act the way the kids do in "Lord of the Flies"?


Barbara Shelley

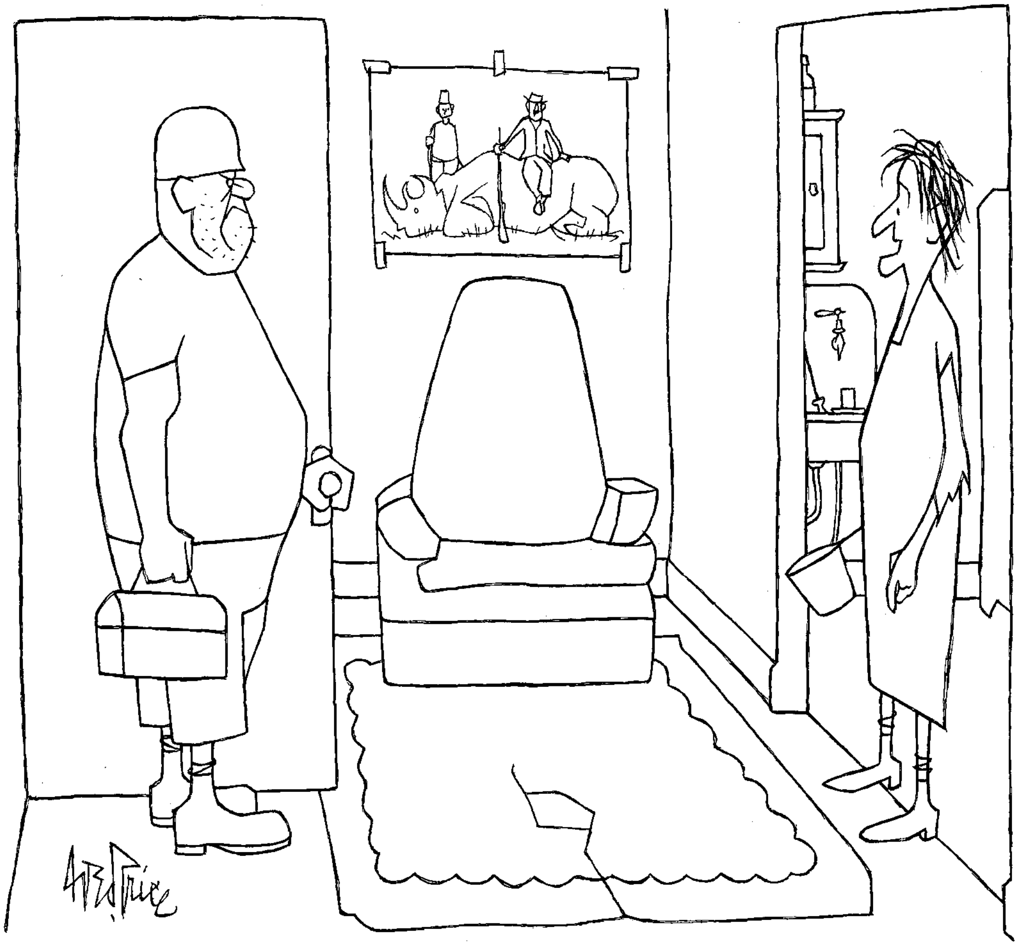
"Do you know, it's very odd that you ask that," she said happily. "That's a question that Peter and I debated for quite a long time. Peter thought that children in such a situation would be entirely just. I'm more cynical perhaps. It seemed to me that they might become like animals in a zoo, tearing each other to pieces. But it's nothing to do with human nature or sin. I really believe that it's a function of the geography of playing. In playgrounds, if there's a place apart, a kind of refuge, where people can get away from bullies, then on the whole there is no bullying. Everyone in a playground knows that the best thing to do about a bully is just to go away. Now, those children were on a small island, weren't they? I'm sure I sound a bit simple, but it's my experience that big questions about good and evil sometimes come down to the question Have you anywhere else to go? There's one playground in Leeds, for example, that's a nightmare. It's rather like a bullring—a big pit with high buildings all around. I'd hate to base a theory of good and evil on what one saw children do *there!* So often psychological problems have architectural solutions. Is there a place for people to play in quiet? Is there somewhere else to go?"

We asked Mrs. Opie if she thought that discoveries about the creativity of children were generally true about all human creativity.

"Well, children aren't really creative," she said gently. "Not, anyway, in the sentimental sense that people normally use when they swoon about the untrammelled creativity of children. Children invent nothing. They adapt things. It's fascinating to see what they will adapt and what they feel has to remain constant. There's that famous and very old counting-out rhyme, for instance—'eeny, meeny, miney,' and so on—which used to have that terrible word right in its middle. Well, that became a forbidden word, so it was changed to 'tigger,' as a rhyme. Then children changed it to 'tiger,' in order to make sense of the rhyme. And once it became plain that you could change one word without losing the meaning of the rhyme—well, the word was freed! It could become any two-syllable animal—'spaniel' or 'donkey' or 'budgie.' Children create only in that sense. They are Tories of the whole and anarchists of the particular."

Next, we asked Mrs. Opie if she agreed that television was killing off playground culture.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Do you mean Children Nowadays Do Not Have the Fun That They Used To? You know, that itself is part of the lore of *older* children. At about thirteen or fourteen, when a child stops playing, he will tell you that all the playing has gone right out of the world. It's the beastly superiority of the adolescent to the child, and we never outgrow it. Just recently, we had quite a terrible furor at home. Some educationists went to a playground and didn't see any children skipping rope. They noticed a Lack of Skipping. A Disturbing Failure to Skip! So they published a little pamphlet, 'Let's All Skip!,' and distributed it in the playgrounds. Well, of course, the children *were* skipping. They simply happened not to be skipping right where the grownups happened to be. They were down the street or around the corner—or perhaps it wasn't the skipping season. What's so hard for many people who care about children's play to understand is that children don't play. One of my favorite remarks came from a child who, when I asked him what he was playing, told me *very* severely, 'I never play.' I watched him for weeks, and found that he led most of the games. I was puzzled, and so I described to him what I had seen and asked him why he had told me that he never played. 'I *never* play,' he repeated. 'That's just what I *do*.' "



"In twenty-five expletives or less, what sort of day did you have?"

We asked Mrs. Opie how she had coped with the death of her husband, in 1982, and what she had been doing and writing since.

"When Peter died, my grief was intense, and lasted for three years," she said softly. "But at the same time I realized that I had become the only remaining member of Opie & Opie. We were in the middle of two projects—'The Oxford Book of Narrative Verse' and 'The Singing Game'—and I knew I had to finish them. I couldn't let him down. I was writing the preface to 'Narrative Verse' an hour after he died. Grief is so strange. It's located right here." She pointed to a spot just to the right of, and about six inches above, her navel. "My own grief became another playground—a thing to observe. There were sudden rushes of happiness in the worst moments. You live so *intensely* in grief. It's a mysterious pain. I lived so intensely for three years while I was grieving that now I find myself grieving for my grief. But since the pain left I've been very happy. It was only after his death that I realized that Peter and I worked very differently. Peter was a Puritan, and for him work had to be painful. I try to make my work into a kind of play. When we were reading proofs, which is really the most tedious and time-consuming process, I would grow bored and read them out in a Scots accent or an Irish brogue. Peter thought it really very dreadful.

"I decided next to take a holiday from childhood and to edit a dictionary of superstitions. But now that's done, and I'm back to the playgrounds. The old routine—stand at the side of the playground and ask the children what they're doing. Posing as the village idiot. They teach me how to play marbles. They teach me *terribly* vulgar stories, or children's versions of those stories, which tend to be a little vague, as they don't quite understand them. When we originally published our book, we weren't allowed to publish even slightly sexy rhymes. So now I shall. I have a title for the new book. May I tell it to you? It is 'The People in the Playground.' 'People,' you know, because children *never* refer to themselves as children. They say, 'You need four people for this game' or 'Some people say that rhyme differently.' "

Finally, we asked Mrs. Opie the question we ought to have begun with: What were her favorite books as a child?

"Well, I loved 'Beauty and the

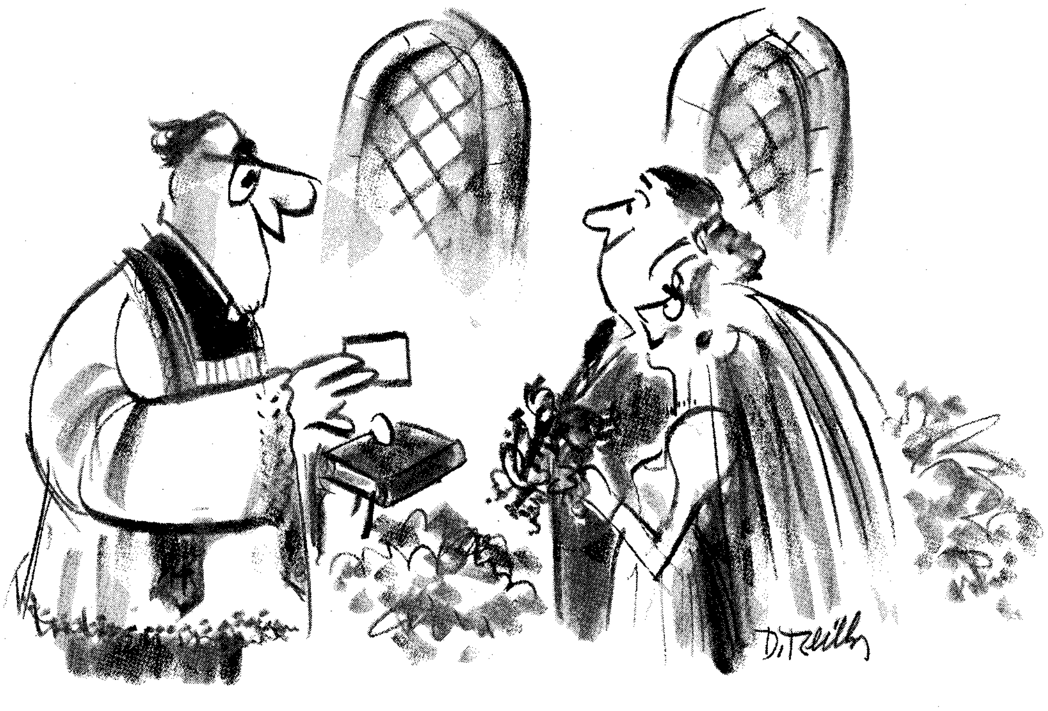
Beast' and 'The Frog Prince,' because they suggested a strong, not a sentimental, compassion. They faced reality. They are stories about the good consequences of accepting ugly things for themselves. Of course, I don't doubt that they have other themes—sexual themes—within them. But I think that what remains with us in children's literature is not what is invisible but what is most apparent—the beauty of compassion and courage and loyalty. Do you know, as a child I could never *abide* Lewis Carroll. The 'Alice' books seemed so obviously written for someone older than I was. But when I knew that, finally, I was going to come to America I decided to bring along 'Through the Looking Glass' to read on the airplane and to keep with me here. Well, do you know what the White Queen says about trying to believe six impossible things each day? That's very good advice for New York. In my two days here, I've been blissfully astonished the whole time. So now I find myself living according to Carroll."

101 Club

THE 101 Club of New York is about what? It's about sharing, that's what. The official creed of the club, which is read aloud to the gathered membership the third Tuesday of every month—for years the 101 Clubbers used to hold dinner meetings at the International Hotel, out near Kennedy Airport, but for quite a while now they've been getting together at the Werner Baer Restaurant, on Central Avenue in Cedarhurst, where they claim the food is better—says, "The 101 Club of New York shall strive to institute and maintain methods of exchanging business and economic information among its members; to create and encourage coöperation, business efficiency and service to its members . . ." and goes on a bit longer from there. According to Article III of the 101 Club constitution, "no new member may be in the same business or profession as any present member." (That's how the club got its name—"101" stands for "one o' one," or "one of each.") Article III also makes it clear, however, that because Simon Berger manufactures doors with high-security locks, and Carl Fader does storefront doors but not high-security door locks per se, and Marty Sklar does doors for homes, there's room in the club for all three. Arnold Lewis runs a dental lab, which doesn't crowd Sherman Citron, the club's only dentist. Bill Schifrin specializes in wedding rings, Larry Grun designs jewelry, Norman Landsberg imports precious stones, and Jeff Cahn's in jewelry manufacturing—so there's no real overlap. Jeff's brother Neil is an attorney. Neil does civil litigation, which is fine with Zigmund Levitt, who does real-estate law. Neil and Jeff are sons of Bill Cahn, a longtime member, who used to be the Nassau County district attorney until his bookkeeping methods got him into some trouble, and now he isn't a lawyer at all anymore. Now he's in the security business. At least one member is a triple threat—John Matthews, who is in home insulation and is also the Nassau County Democratic elections commissioner and head of the Nassau Democratic Party. Marty Roberts, the club president, is a stockbroker, and Ed Kleiman, a former president, is also a stockbroker. Marty used to be in office supplies, but when he switched and became a stockbroker nobody wanted him to have to resign from the club on a technicality, so they amended the constitution a little. Ed Kleiman says, "The other reason I didn't mind Marty being a broker and being in the club is that I'm so much better Marty doesn't threaten me."

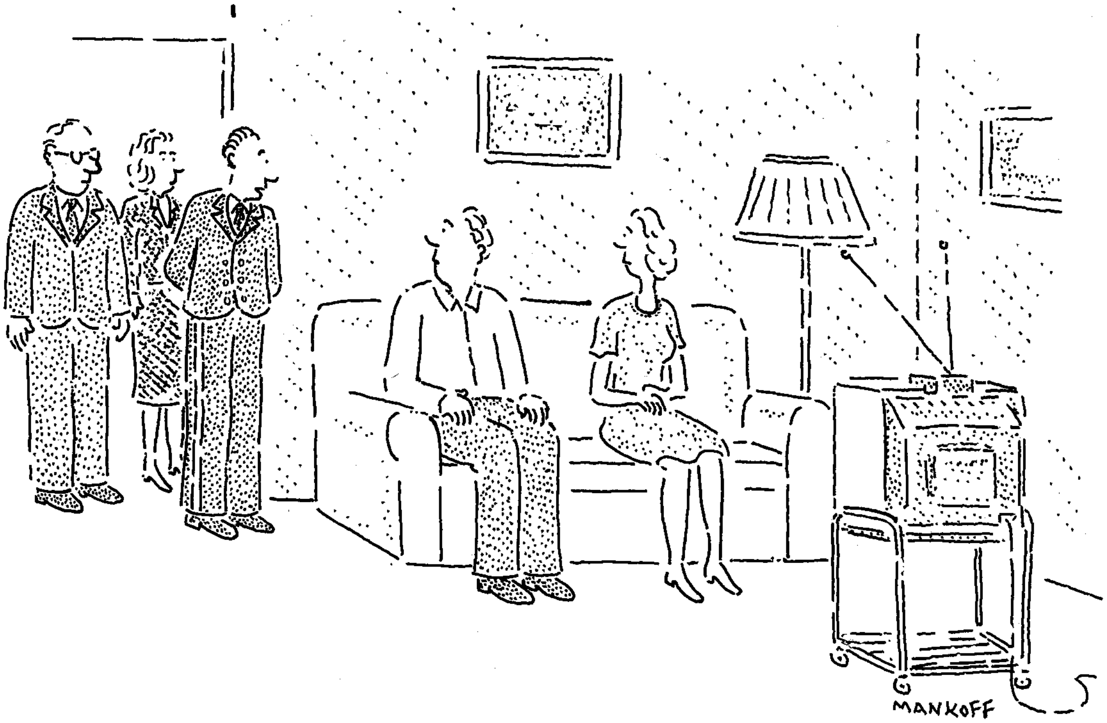
There are now fifty-four members. Basically, if you enjoy hanging out with interesting guys—sorry, but no women members, although wives are invited to the June and December meetings, which are dinner dances—you cannot go to a meeting of the 101 Club and fail to have a good time or to enjoy the fantastic hot and cold hors d'oeuvres during the extra-long cocktail hour. The cocktail hour gives the bonhomie a nice boost. The idea is that this is not like one of those social gatherings where an accountant or an orthopedist might resent getting cornered for a free consultation. At a 101 Club meeting, it is perfectly normal to walk right up to a lawyer and ask him how to get out of jury duty.

An excellent way to get the flavor of one of the



"So good luck, Godspeed, and any problems just call this 800 number day or night."

monthly meetings is to circumnavigate the bar with Bill Schifrin, the 101 Club's walking *Who's Who*. Bill Schifrin says, "Meet Arnie Markowitz, our travel agent. Now, I don't use him, but we're all allowed to ask him questions." He points out Allan Borack (furs), Arnold Goldberg (fireplace equipment), and Cy Brodlieb (new and used cars) on his way to the table where Walter Weiner (men's clothing) is sitting. "I don't buy my clothes from Wally, but I use him," he says. "How do I use him? I show him what labels I buy and he tells me whether I overpaid." Over there's Les Hoffman (claims adjuster), and seated at the bar is Al Channon (architectural engineer). Bill Schifrin says, "My son-in-law bought a house, so I got Al to look it over before he closed on the deal." When Bill Schifrin introduces a visitor to Ed Kleiman, he says, "Ed's not actually my stockbroker, he's my churner," and Ed says, "I made Bill Schifrin so much money he's going to jail for not paying his taxes."



"Excuse me, folks—could I see your tickets?"

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After the drinks and the hors d'oeuvres comes a dinner that offers a choice of three main courses (veal chop, filet of sole, chicken Marsala). Before the meal gets too far along, however, Marty Roberts has a little business to conduct. Al Margolies (burglar alarms) reads the 101 Club creed. Bob March (chiropractor) reads the minutes of the last meeting, sort of. When Bob March is halfway through, Al Miller (C.P.A.) says, "I thought you had to be literate to join this club," and then Ed Kleiman pipes up, "I'd like to make a motion that we accept the minutes as they should have been read." A little good-natured rowdiness ensues—nothing that Fred LaMay (restaurant equipment) and Al Levenberg (business equipment), the sergeants at arms, couldn't handle if they weren't home recuperating from, respectively, a bad back and heart trouble. When Marty Roberts has a problem competing with the crowd noise, Ed Kleiman says, "Gentlemen, please, have a little respect for our president," and that's a cue for Neil Cahn to say, "I have a little respect for our president. Very little." There's a quick polling of the crowd, during which everyone in the room—members and guests—gets a chance to identify himself and his line of work. Neil Cahn gives the treasurer's report (there's nothing from the entertainment committee), and then Larry Rose (insurance) makes an announcement about name badges—how it would be a good idea if everybody wore one to every meeting.

"Are there any bouquets tonight?" Marty Roberts asks, meaning that the moment in the program has arrived when guys publicly thank members who have done them favors recently. Arnie Markowitz has a bouquet for Cy Brodlieb, who helped Arnie's daughter fix a problem with her car; Sherman Gross (chemical-electrical engineer), in turn, expresses his appreciation for Arnie's efforts in helping his son and daughter-in-law plan their honeymoon. Then comes the soup course (minestrone).

During the salad course, Arnie Lewis asks Ed Kleiman, "Do you have a good stock that you'll sell me for a dollar that I can turn around and sell for ten dollars?"

"Yes," says Ed Kleiman.

"What's the name of it?"

"I can't tell you."

Before the guest speaker, the waiters bring around coffee and the desserts: two choices tonight—ice-cream cake or fresh fruit. The guest speakers tend to be retired ballplayers, Long Island politicians, people just back from vacations in China, sex therapists, cardiologists who point fingers at the nearest bulging midriffs, the occasional Israeli general—friends of the 101 Club who, when they've finished their presentations, get plaques. Tonight's guest speaker is Arthur (Jerry) Kremer, the local talent who happens to be big stuff in the New York State Assembly. Jerry knows plenty of fellows in the club—he's been representing this district for twenty-three years—and tonight he's basically going to talk politics, in a very relaxed way, off the top of his head. Jerry Kremer gets up to speak. Ed Kleiman says, "Jerry's speaking now? Good. I get to eat his fruit."

HE DIDN'T GO TO CANADA

JUST as I was finishing college, in 1969, and was about to join the Marines, the Indiana National Guard made me a wonderful offer, via my father, to join their public-information battalion, and so, despite a lingering affection for those fighting in Vietnam, one bright June afternoon I drove my old Mustang to Fort Wayne to enlist along with my best friend, Kevin. A few miles out of Muncie, he lost his nerve and went to pieces. "I'll never make it," he said. "I'm sorry. I thought this could remain my secret, but I'm afraid that the stress of Guard training would crack me like a nut. You see, I have a flaw inside me, a dark place in my soul—something painful and unnamable that can only be eased by alcohol. Let me out of the car. I'm going to Canada." I let him off at the bus depot and never saw him again. Years later I heard that he had become very wealthy up there selling amphetamines but then ate a bad piece of meat and got worms and died an extremely painful death.

I went to Fort Wayne and reported to the address that the recruiter had given to my dad over the phone, a haberdasher's called Sid's Suit City, upstairs from a trophy plant in a cinder-block building. A little bald guy with a tape around his neck who looked as though his feet hurt stuck out his hand. I showed him my papers, and he showed me a nice green knit shirt (short-sleeved), a pair of yellow slacks, and white buck shoes with red tassels and cleats. "Those are golf clothes," I said.

He grabbed me by the neck and threw me up against the mirror and shoved his grizzled face within an inch of mine. "Don't tell me anything I don't ask you for first, you chicken doo. I own you, Mister. If I tell you to play golf, you reach for your clubs, Mister, and if I order you to order two big pepperoni pizzas and a six-pack of Bud, you jump to the phone and do it, Mister, and if I tell you to sit down and watch 'Andy Griffith,' 'Huckleberry Hound,' 'Leave It to Beaver,' and 'American Bandstand,' I don't want to catch you with a newspaper in your hand. You're in the Guard, understand? Good. Now take your face out of here and get it over to the Alhambra apartment complex, on West Cheyenne Drive. You're in 12-C. Beat it, and take your convertible with you. You're gonna need it."

He wasn't kidding about the golf. The next Monday morning, forty of us reported, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, to Burning Bush Country Club and were each issued a set of Wally Hammar golf clubs and an electric cart and sent out to play. We were assigned to foursomes. Randy Qualey, Keith Quintan, and Dennis Quintz were in mine, and in the next couple of months we got to know each other like real buddies. We went out drinking together and everything. We shot eighteen holes every morning—sunny or cloudy, warm or cool, it made no difference.

Two months later, I was utterly fed up. I'd been promoted to corporal, but why wasn't I doing the job I'd joined the Guard to do: inform the public? Was it because of poor grades in college and a low score on the Guard entrance exam? Was it because of my inability to type? If the Guard didn't have confidence in me, why hadn't they let me go to Vietnam?

I talked it over with my dad, and he promised to look into the matter. Meanwhile, I met my wife at a dance. It was love at first sight. The next three months were the happiest of my life. Then one day I was called into Colonel Mills' office at ComInNatGu—the secret Guard command center housed in a complex of deep bunkers around the ninth hole. You entered through a tiny tunnel via a door marked "HIGH VOLTAGE: EXTREMELY DARNED DANGEROUS!" The door was in the janitor's closet of the men's room off the Bee Bee Lounge, in the clubhouse basement. Before I reached the men's room, though, I heard a big, booming voice say, "Sit down, trooper." It was the Colonel, looming up behind the bar in a green-and-yellow Hawaiian shirt with a bolo tie made from bullets, shaking up a batch of Bombardiers, his face hidden by a broad straw hat with long fronds. "Understand you got some questions, son," he said. "Let's talk."

I climbed up on a stool and leaned forward and started to tell him that I was trying to figure out why the heck I was in the Guard and what I was supposed to accomplish. "Mmmmmm," he said. "Uh-huh, uh-huh." And then, in a split second, before I could move a muscle, he grabbed me by the neck and hauled me across the bar and had me flat on my back on the ice chest and was holding a blender to the side of my head. I'll never forget the cold animal anger in his green eyes as he stared down at me, unblinking, for the three longest seconds of my life. Then he helped me to my feet and offered me a drink.

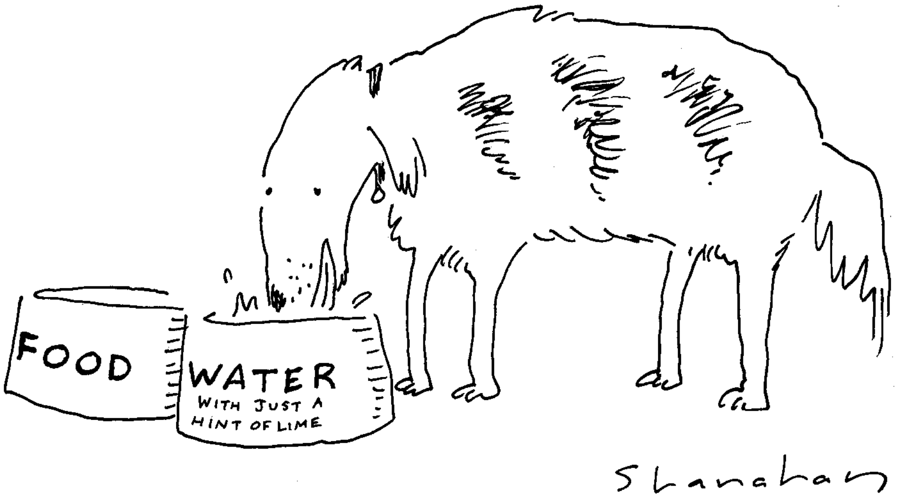
"Sorry about losing control like that," he said. "I guess I got angry because I see in you so much of myself. I get fed up with waiting around, too. It's the hardest part of being in the Guard. And it's twice as hard in the I.N.G. You want to know why?"

I did.

"Because we're not even supposed to exist."

He put a big ice cube in his mouth and ate it like a cherry. "You see, Soviet spy satellites in low orbit are reading Indiana right now like a children's book, and we have to make sure they see us as a bunch of civilians in one-bedroom apartments who happen to like golf a lot. You see, at peak strength, mobilized, the Indiana National Guard numbers fourteen million men. It's the biggest secret army in the free world. And one of the best equipped. We're one ace the President's got that they don't know about—maybe the only one. Get in my car, Dan."

THE Colonel's beige Buick Electra was moored in a secret parking space under an aluminum roof beside the kitchen. Aluminum confuses the heck out of radar, he explained, and beige is the hardest color to remember afterward. The car shone. A good wax job, he pointed out, prevents a person or persons from leaving messages in the dust. When he turned the ignition key, the car sprang alive, antennas rose, the radio came on, the seats themselves hummed with power, ready to go forward or back at a finger's touch. "Always fasten your seat belt," he said. "It's one thing they'd never expect us to do." We cruised west into the warehouse district, and he pointed out long, low aluminum I.N.G. buildings where the hardware was kept. "We have more than four thousand forklifts, fifty-two hundred portable biffies, eighteen bulk-milk trucks, and four thousand rider mowers," he said. Those were the figures I wrote down. There were also more than six hun-


FOOD
WATER
WITH JUST A HINT OF LIME

dred infrared cluster-type thrusters with uplink/downlink/intercept capability. "Only two thousand fifty of those puppies in the whole U.S.," he said. "So, you see, we're sitting on top of one of the larger secrets in the defense community. Our job: keep it that way. It's tough to sit tight, no buts about it, but when we get the word to go I want the other side to find out about us all of a sudden. Bang, we're there. I don't want the enemy to be studying us for three years and getting a Ph.D. The big secret of the I.N.G. is that we could take ninety per cent casualties with no effect on our capability. I don't want the enemy to know why. When the time comes, I want to be able to get in there, search, destroy, interdict, capture the flag, and bring the boys home for Christmas."

"Count me in," I said softly as the big car nosed homeward. "I want a piece of it."

"Just don't forget who you are," the Colonel said. "Look relaxed, but don't be relaxed. Smile, but don't make a point of it. Drink vodka. Lots of ice. Lemon, not lime. Not too many peanuts. Always turn the conversation to the other person. Pace yourself. Always take the end urinal in the men's room. Sunday morning, take a side pew. Don't wash dishes; always dry. Remember: you're a killer, a professional killer. Your stereo has a sharp needle you could poke a man in the eye with. You know how to take an ordinary putter and beat somebody senseless. With your skill, even an ordinary golf ball is lethal. Killers are what we are. And, by the way, always choose Thousand Island."

He pulled up in front of the Alhambra. Music drifted out from behind the closed windows, shadowy figures moved behind the drawn shades. "So for now, trooper, your orders are to stay low: play good golf, drink cold beer, and make love to beautiful women. And let's just hope the Russians aren't doing the same."

He came around to open the door for me, but I was ready for him, and when he tried to kick me I got him by the ankle and flipped him up on the roof of the Buick and pounded him twice, hard, in the pancreas. "Good," he said. "Darned good."

HIS lecture changed my way of thinking, and for the remaining two months of Guard training I tried to act as normal as humanly possible. It wasn't easy. A guy looks down at his typewriter knowing it can be switched over instantly to invisible ink simply by typing "Hoosier" (a word that even Russians fluent in English would not be familiar with), and he finds it hard to relax and have a cool time. (I kept my typewriter set on invisible most of the time, in case I forgot the password.) We had to remember to always use electric golf carts on the course, for fast response in case of a Code Green alert. The radio signal would be two longs and a short, on either a horn or a saxophone, on "The Don Davis Show," on K-WAYNE, or on my own "Dan the Man Show," on the Gentle Giant 101 (2:00-6:00 P.M.).

Being an information officer meant that I knew a great deal, and having a popular radio show meant that I was in a position to sway minds, and so, in the event of enemy capture, I was prepared to take cyanide. On the golf course, I kept it hidden in a fake ball (I always used my dad's Top-Flites, but one ball, which could be pried open to reveal the deadly white pill wound with string in the core, was marked "Top Flight"—a discrepancy a Russian would never notice), and in the radio studio I kept the cyanide in a tiny slit cut in the foam rubber around the microphone. All I had to do was lean forward and bite. It wasn't easy playing music knowing that death was always two inches from my lips, but I did it. And then one day the war was over.

All of us knew that if the President had pursued an all-out strategy to win the war and had unleashed the I.N.G. against the Vietcong the outcome would have been very different, but we were never allowed to go. We never blamed the President for it—his hands were tied by the press and the protesters—but the tragedy is that we never got the chance to get over there and get the job done.

Twenty years later, millions of Indiana National Guardsmen suffer from postwar regret, waking up in the middle of the night with an urge to go out in the rain and hunker down in the mud, to hold a gun and use a walkie-talkie and for a while I felt bad like that, too, and made a point of playing golf in extremely hot weather and not drinking enough liquids, deliberately pushing myself toward the edge. It was on a real scorcher of a day, playing the Gary Country Club, that I met Colonel Mills for the last time. He was dressed in regulation green and yellow, blasting out of a sand trap. He made a perfect shot and turned and saw me and we exchanged the traditional National Guard wink. (Russians do not wink, and therefore would fail to comprehend this signal.)

"How's civilian life treating you?" he asked. I told him how I felt and he stood there and said, "You should be proud, soldier. You didn't burn the flag, you didn't go to Canada. You did your job. Accept the rewards of a grateful nation." Then he turned on his heel and went straight up and over a steep hill in front of the green, and I never saw him again.

About three years after that, I actually did go to Canada for a weekend. It was O.K., but, based on what I saw, I was glad that I hadn't gone there before.

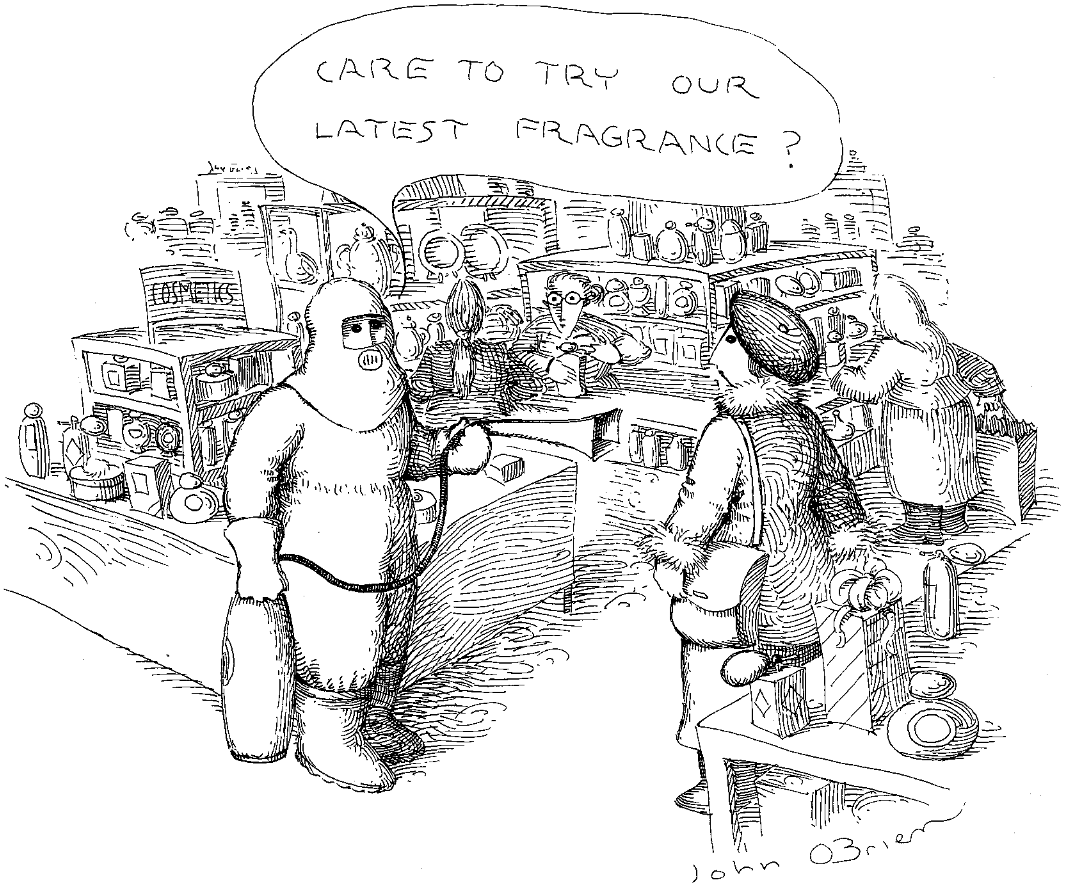
—GARRISON KEILLOR

FAMILIES with teen-age suicidals were Jorie's specialty. She had ways of working with them; she functioned like a conduit, channelling information from parents to children and back, but she enhanced the information slightly in its passage, so that when it reached the offending generation it could be heard and seen in the best possible light. Her favorite device, after listening to both sides and arriving at a stalemate, was to conclude that this daughter so respected the stated and unstated laws of the parents that, unable to honor those standards in her life, she felt she had no alternative but to honor them with her death. It was in some ways a tribute. Quietly offered by Jorie, this interpretation sent some of the hardest families crumbling, brought soft tears to the most rigid of patriarchs. Love—love that had been driven into hiding—came dancing out toward its object, eager and nimble, free at last. That was when it worked. Sometimes the love included Jorie; other times the family developed a post-crisis loathing for her. She was evidence of the painful past which they never wanted to see again. She felt like the bloody clothes of an accident victim left behind for the hospital to discard. *What do I want from them,* she asked herself—*a pat on the head? A plaque?*

She had accepted an invitation to speak on teen-agers at the Suicide Conference in Vancouver. The incidence there was especially high among Indian and Pakistani teens, Romeo and Juliet couples. They were children of MTV, falling in love, experimenting with sex, yet they were expected to submit to arranged marriages. With this kind of couple, Jorie's device worked well. She had been too busy to accept other similar invitations, but this one had been issued for June, when her time would be her own. It was to be an easy, unfettered summer. Her sons—from her first marriage—and her stepdaughters would all be away on programs and trips, and she had asked for and been given leave from her part-time job as a social worker at New York Hospital. Until the conference had come up, she and her husband, Paul, had considered visiting members of her family—nieces in Dallas, parents in Phoenix, a brother, Jan, in San Francisco. When the Vancouver dates were confirmed, they changed their plans. Paul would fly out from New York to join her at the conference, and they would then take the train to Lake Louise. It made sense.

Arriving in her hotel room at midnight, Jorie read and reread the notes from the case study she would be discussing. It concerned two sisters, twenty-seven and nineteen. The older was physically handicapped and had been the exclusive focus of the parents until a series of suicide gestures by the younger. Jorie was trying to plan pauses and inflections for the maximum in dramatic effect. *Yes,* she realized as she dozed off, *I do want a plaque.*

The telephone rang at ten after six—her wakeup call, she thought—but the angry voice belonged to Theo, her older brother, calling long-distance from Dallas. Jan had died in the night. He had contracted AIDS seven months earlier and had not let anyone in the family know. Jan's lover, Hank, was following instructions: Tell Theo, get Theo to call Jorie, have Jorie call Mom and Dad. Jan wanted to be buried in Bloomington, Indiana, where the family had lived when he was a boy. Jorie's hand felt fused to the receiver as she hung up. She couldn't lift it again to do what Jan had asked her to do. Her reflection in the hotel mirror—lips stoic, eyes betrayed—remained her only memory of Vancouver.


CARE TO TRY OUR LATEST FRAGRANCE?
COSMETICS
John O'Brien

ONCE her ticket to Bloomington was in hand and her luggage was gliding away from her on the conveyor belt, she scanned the terminal for a pay phone. There were five booths in a row, all empty. She felt the need of something well made and long-lasting beneath her—a religious foundation, philosophical underpinnings. Instead of calling Phoenix, she called Paul. Her voice came out a whisper with a hint of pitch—

she was holding back chaos. He did all the work. "Jorie. Theo told you?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"No."

"Did you call your folks?"

"No."

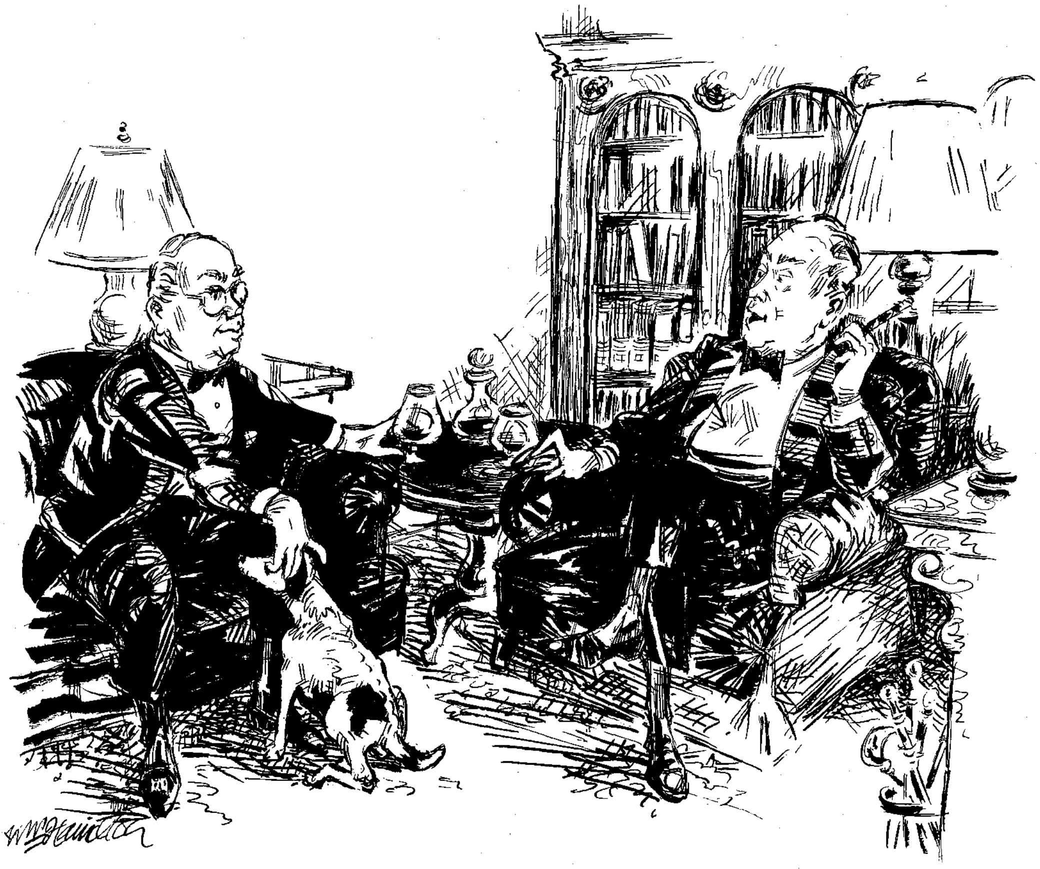
"Do you want me to?"

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"In the airport."

"I'm on my way. See you in Bloomington."



"Forget living well. The best revenge is revenge."

• •

FROM her seat by the window, in the first row in coach, Jorie watched the stewardess serve a beautiful golden cocktail to a man just ahead of her in first class. It was seven-forty. She wanted a cocktail, too, but first she had to figure something out. What had happened and how had it happened? Had seven months gone by without her hearing Jan's voice? She had sent a Christmas card, left a birthday message on his answering machine in March. He would have told her. Even if he had planned not to, she would have heard something in his voice, she would have asked, he would have told her. Somehow, communication between all of them had become infrequent and superficial. Jorie remembered the fortieth-anniversary party. Her folks had just moved to Phoenix; she had recently separated from her first husband; Jan had just come out, and he brought his lover with him. Everyone worked around the tension, but the effect was so toxic that in the six years that had elapsed since then no further holiday reunions had been suggested.

Jorie picked up the in-flight magazine to distract herself. Thumbing through it back to front, she stopped to study the world map of airline routes. The map made it all look like a snap: bright-green continents, bright-blue oceans, laced with red arcs, planes skipping merrily over the surface like stones on a still lake. Jorie's stomach turned over. Everyone was too far apart. Everyone was in a different state; the children were all in different countries. No one in any of her families—nuclear, extended, reconstituted—was home. She felt the need to hold everyone together. She placed her little finger just outside Zurich, where one son was visiting a Swiss farm family. Her thumb easily reached the blue waters of the Virgin Islands—her younger son was on a sailboat with his father. She wished that she could connect herself to her two sons without including their father, but that was not possible. With a little cheating, her middle finger could stretch home to LaGuardia, to Paul. No fingers were left for his daughters, vacationing in Denmark with their mother—but that would be fine with them. Her right hand looked deformed, splayed over the map.

Now for the left hand. She located herself, tracing the red line a quarter inch, from Vancouver to Calgary. The other family members could only be connected by resting her entire palm over the West. They would all be in Bloomington by late afternoon, waiting for Hank and Jan. Jan's request to be buried in Bloomington was filling the skies with family, following their red arcs home, even though no one lived there anymore. They would be collecting at the funeral parlor in their old neighborhood, driving to the cemetery on Windhill Road, passing their house. If the new people had done anything to the porch, Jorie would be upset. The best of family life had happened on that porch. Why hadn't Jan let them all fly the other way, to San Francisco, to help take care of him? Theo had been furious. "I want to know who he got it from," he had raged on the telephone. "If he got it from Hank, I'm going to have a big problem. I'm going to want to kill him."

"Please," Jorie said. "Please don't ask Hank who got it from whom."

"Why the hell not?"

"Because," Jorie said, and she went on to repeat to her brother everything he had told her in outrage, but with a saintly twist. "You said Hank made sure he never lacked for visitors. Hank made sure he had painkillers. Hank helped him write a will. Hank did it all, right to the end."

"I would have done it, too, only nobody asked me."

"But that's not Hank's fault."

A wave of queasiness rocked her

A CASE OF NETSUKE

Wise, size of a peach pit, nut-
brown, wizened, intricate,
the Badger Dressed in Lotus Leaf
stands tall in his sheet—as grand
or grander than Rodin's Balzac, and

even smacks of evil, as
he has the full, unruffled gaze
of the Wolf under Grandmother's nightgown.
The better to draw you close, my dear,
to a museum case of obscure

Japanese bibelots. Each
a tangible anecdote, they reach
first to us from English tags:
Starving Dog, Herdboy with Flute,
Dutchman with Moneybag, or Stoat

on Pumpkin, Bean Pods, Pile of Fish . . .
As if that wordless, brimming wish
to get everything said before
we're dead might be fulfilled at last,
they speak to us of a lost

life we may have lived once, though
it's daunting we should think so—
for what could we have had in common
with Seated Demon or Drunken Sprite?
And by what twist does Thwarted Rat-

catcher call up the aim of Art?
Yet that look of his, of being thwarted,
as he crouches over the empty cage
and, too late, lifts his club to thwack
the rat scaling his own back,

is intimately familiar—like
the downturned, howling mask of tragic
theatre. If somehow the play
of his features also shows he's half
laughing, it may be at himself:

grinning, with a shrunken skull's
grim triumph, or like a set of false
teeth that's doubled over in
age-yellowed ivory,
he's detached from his unsavory

and blunt stabs at success. The gift,
he chides himself, is to be swift
and tireless; to hit on a connection—
not just pummel the rat but tell
the whole tale in a nutshell.

—Mary Jo Salter

• •

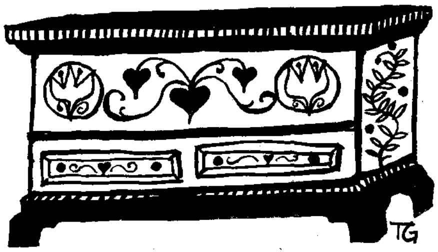
stomach again. "Was that turbulence?" Jorie asked the young man in shirtsleeves next to her, but he couldn't hear; he was plugged into the twelve-channel audio system. "Was that turbulence?" she called to the stewardess, two rows behind her, serving coffee from her cart.

The man in first class whose 7 A.M. cocktail Jorie had admired turned in his seat to answer her. "Nope." He smiled. "No turbulence yet." He watched her a moment, his smile dimming. "Are you O.K.?"

She nodded, keeping her hands firmly on her family members, holding them together.

Jorie had met Hank once. Hank had scrutinized her triumphantly, as if he knew things. Had she done horrible big-sister things to Jan that she didn't remember? Her gay male clients sometimes complained about their big sisters. Perhaps there was less intention in all this covert family brutality than she had encouraged them to believe. How could she make up for hers? Jorie did not know how to think of Jan now. Jan had been very intense, very elusive when he was alive; he would probably continue to be so now that he was dead. But where would he continue? Would she have more answers if she had been with him more? She had always described her family as close. Was it possible to feel close, very close, to someone who didn't feel close to you? Yes, it happened all the time. She could think of three specific middle-aged clients who still longed for signs of affection from older siblings who couldn't care less.

Jan was a vegetarian. Jorie remembered how he had given up pork at age ten, after seeing a certain pig at the county fair. The pig had looked him in the eye so intelligently, he had said, that it was as if the pig were a man trapped inside a pig. The family accommodated him easily—a little less bacon in the skillet on Sunday morning. Chicken came later and was more inconvenient. Jan was watching Mom cut up a fryer. The sight of the blood running where she sliced apart the blue sockets of the leg bones made him lose his appetite. Mom adjusted by preparing bigger salads, a second vegetable, a plate of cheese. For Jan, she learned to cook fish, frozen slabs from the supermarket, unless a neighbor brought fresh fillets home from a trip north. Finally, when they were all grown and living in different cities, Jan gave up fish. Jorie had witnessed the moment. She was sitting next to him at the local fancy restaurant one weekend when everyone had returned to Bloomington for an important wedding. She was in her first marriage, careerless, dazed with her own insignificance. Theo had completed his Ph.D. thesis on Joyce and couldn't find a job; his wife was expecting. Jan had a mistrustful, embarrassed quality; he was a senior at Berkeley, majoring in art history. Jan had ordered the sole. The waiter brought everyone's entrée with a great flourish; Jan's was last. Jorie remembered wondering if the waiter was gay. "Lucky boy," he said to Jan with pride, "your sole was very, very pregnant, and we left the roe in. There's lots of it. Enjoy."



There was a nice conversation going on, Jorie thought, between her mother and her sister-in-law about babies. She glanced at Jan—he had pushed his main plate away untouched. He had removed and balled up the foil from his baked potato and was slicing it into neat strips and chewing methodically, the way most men would eat a steak. For some reason, Jorie did not want her mother and father to realize what was going on. It wasn't so much the high cost of the meal, given their means, as that they might feel a sense of failure as parents—an inability to nourish and satisfy. Without asking Jan, she mussed his plate with her fork so it would look used. He stopped chewing to watch her. She tried to disguise her intent by ingesting the roe, the entire, sickeningly rich, slimy, chewy, dense crescent of eggs. *Always between,* she thought now. *I'm always between people, trying to minimize the harm they might do to each other.*

THE RIOT ACT
STEVENSON

THE captain's voice came over the loudspeaker, announcing that they were flying over the Canadian Rockies. Jorie's shoulders stiffened, and she turned her back to the window. The last thing she needed right now was to look down on the tops of some of the highest mountain peaks in the world. A terrible panic seized her—it seemed like a bad idea, flying. How did these big boats stay up, anyway? The world was full of things that she didn't understand but had to depend on—all bad ideas. People should be taught how things work. Electricity, telephones, televisions, cameras, computers, submarines, rockets—everything. Life was too full of anxiety when you had to take everything around you on faith. *Oh, God,* she thought, *wherever you are, you have to take it on faith. Jan has to take his world on faith, wherever he is. Where is he? If he's not in his body, is he in the air? Is he like smoke—elusive, tender, vegetarian smoke?* If so, she was probably closer to him now than before, when he was in San Francisco and she was in New York. In fact, with the whole family thirty-five thousand feet in the air, they were all closer to Jan—as close as they would ever get. Emotion, sharp as cayenne pepper, filled the back of her throat, driving tears into her eyes.

A child behind Jorie began to sing a phrase from a popular song. The child had learned the phrase phonetically; it was senseless enough to begin with, but, repeated over and over, it was almost unrecognizable as English. It sounded like a child of five or six, a boy. Turning to peer between the seats to see if she had guessed correctly, Jorie felt her lap fall out from under her once, twice, three times. The magazine slid to the floor. Her eyeballs ached. "Was that turbulence?" she called out to the man in first class.

"Yup," he said, turning to check on her. "That was it." He raised his index finger slightly, stopping the stewardess. Jorie watched as he quietly ordered two more cocktails, one for himself, one for her.

There was more turbulence—a long series of violent belts of air against the belly of the plane. The seat-belt sign went on; the captain apologized. Jorie held her breath, but the plane did not lose altitude, did not plummet to the earth like a falling stone, breaking the red arc, blackening the green continent. Jorie was afraid, even when it was over. She did not want to die, to have thirty seconds of understanding—a few miserly illuminations—between herself and the end of consciousness. Two strong memories of the porch in Bloomington arose. In each memory it was dark and a brother was there—Theo coming home from college, reading aloud to her "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night;" Jan, as a beautiful eight-year-old, singing "I'm an Old Cowhand."

Jorie was tired of fighting, tired of holding the door shut against pain. Pain was stronger, pain was hungrier. Pain would win this one. If Jorie didn't stand aside and let it in, it would break down the door. It was the marauder, there to loot her, to take whatever she had that it wanted. When it was gone, there might not be anything left. There was nothing she could say to stop it or change it. Her shoulders slumped softly into the seat back, her hands fell open. *Come in.* To her surprise, the first rush was intimate and heady, with a precipitous edge, so close to pleasure that she thought, *If I didn't know it was loss, I'd think it was love.*

—LUCIA NEVAI

ANNALS OF DEMOCRACY

COUNTING VOTES

DURING the past quarter of a century, with hardly anyone noticing, the inner workings of democracy have been computerized. All our elections, from mayor to President, are counted locally, in about ten thousand five hundred political jurisdictions, and gradually, since 1964, different kinds of computer-based voting systems have been installed in town after town, city after city, county after county. This year, fifty-five per cent of all votes—seventy-five per cent in the largest jurisdictions—will be counted electronically. If ninety-five million Americans vote on Tuesday, November 8th, the decisions expressed by about fifty-two million of them will be tabulated according to rules that programmers and operators unknown to the public have fed into computers.

In many respects, this electronic conversion has seemed natural, even inevitable. Both of the old ways—hand-counting paper ballots and relying on interlocked rotary counters to tabulate votes that are cast by pulling down levers on mechanical machines—have been shown to be susceptible to error and fraud. On Election Night, computers can usually produce the final results faster than any other method of tabulation, and so enable local officials to please reporters on deadlines and to avoid the suspicions of fraud which long delays in counting can stimulate.

Recently, however, computerized vote-counting has engendered controversy. Do the quick-as-a-wink, computerized systems count accurately? Are they vulnerable to fraud, as well—even fraud of a much more dangerous, centralized kind? Is the most widely used computerized system, the Votomatic, which relies on computer punch-card ballots, disenfranchising hundreds of thousands of voters?

It appears that since 1980 errors and accidents have proliferated in computer-counted elections. Since 1984, the State of Illinois has tested local computerized systems by running many thousands of machine-punched mock ballots through them, rather than the few tens of test ballots that local election officials customarily use. As of the most recent tests this year, errors in the basic counting instructions in the computer programs had been found in almost a fifth of the examinations. These "tabulation-program errors" probably would not have been caught in the local jurisdictions. "I don't understand why nobody cares," Michael L. Harty, who was until recently the director of voting systems and standards for Illinois, told me last December in Springfield. "At one point, we had tabulation errors in twenty-eight per cent of the systems tested, and nobody cared."

Robert J. Naegele, who is the State of California's chief expert on certifying voting systems and is also the president of his own computer consulting firm, has been hired by the Federal Election Commission (F.E.C.) to write new voluntary national standards for computerized vote-counting equipment and programs. Last spring, in San Francisco, at a national conference of local-election officials, I asked Naegele whether computerized voting as it is now practiced in the United States is secure against fraud.

He pointed a thumb at the floor. "When we first started looking at this issue, back in the middle seventies, we found there were a lot of these systems that were vulnerable to fraud and out-and-out error," he said.

I asked him whether he regarded as adequate the typical fifty-five-ballot "logic-and-accuracy public test" that is conducted locally on the Votomatic computerized punch-card vote-counting system—which about four in ten voters will use on November 8th—and he said, "No."

Would such a test discover, for example, a "time bomb" set to start transferring a certain proportion of votes from one candidate to another at a certain time, or any other programmers' tricks?

"Of course not," Naegele said. "It's not a test of the system. It's not security!"

The old mechanical machines prevent citizens from "overvoting"—voting for more candidates in a race than they are entitled to vote for—but the Votomatic systems do not. Not only can people using these systems overvote but election workers, if they are dishonest, can punch extra holes in ballots to invalidate votes that have been correctly cast or to cast votes themselves in races the voter has skipped. In the 1984 general election, about a hundred and thirty-seven thousand out of a total of 4.7 million voters in Ohio did not cast valid ballots for President—mostly, according to Ohio's secretary of state, because of overvoting. The computerized punch-card voting system is "a barrier to exercise of the franchise," and causes "technological disenfranchisement," Neil Heighberger, the dean of the College of Social Sciences at Xavier University, in Cincinnati, concluded in a recent study he made of the subject.

A federal judge, William L. Hungate, ruling last December on a lawsuit in St. Louis, declared that the computerized punch-card voting system as it has been used in that city denies blacks an equal opportunity with whites to participate in the political process. The suit was filed by Michael V. Roberts, a black candidate for president of the Board of Aldermen who in March of last year had lost to a white by a fourth of one per cent in a city election in which voting positions on ballots in the black wards were more than three times as likely not to be counted as those in white wards. Roberts, who was joined in the suit by the St. Louis branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, contended that computerized voting is

"I prefer not to be called a writer, Miss Malpedusa. I am a teller of tales."

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such a relatively complex process that it is tantamount to a literacy test, and literacy tests have been prohibited by federal law as an unconstitutional burden on the right to vote. Judge Hungate found that in four local elections since 1981 voting positions had not been counted by the computerized system on anywhere from four to eight of every hundred ballots in black wards, compared with about two of every hundred in white wards (and also found that in the March, 1987, election the computerized returns from six per cent of the precincts had "irreconcilable discrepancies"). The evidence indicated that the computer had passed over the uncounted positions because of either overvoting or undervoting, which is failing to cast a vote in a race. The Judge ordered officials to count by hand all ballots that contained overvotes or undervotes and to intensify voter education in the black wards, but the city appealed, arguing that the racial differential does not always hold true in the city's elections. The Missouri secretary of state, Roy Blunt, called the order to recount the ballots by hand unfair and said that it could "make punch-card voting unworkable."

In Pueblo, Colorado, in 1980, suspicions about the vote-counting on punch-card equipment led to an investigation by a computer expert, but nothing was proved. In Pennsylvania, in 1980, two of three examiners recommended that the Votomatic punch-card system marketed by Computer Election Services (C.E.S.), of Berkeley, California, be rejected, on the ground that it was fraud-prone, but the secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania approved it anyway. In Tacoma, Washington, in 1982 and 1987, in the only known local referendums on computerized voting, citizens' crusades, led by a conservative Republican, Eleanora Ballasiotes, that focussed on the vulnerabilities of computers to fraud resulted each time in the voters' three-to-one rejection of the systems that their local officials were about to buy. A group of defeated Democratic candidates in Elkhart, Indiana, sued local election officials in 1983, alleging that computer-based irregularities had occurred in a 1982 election; they have since lost three lawsuits, and a fourth one continues. In Dallas, Terry Elkins, the campaign manager for Max Goldblatt, who in 1985 ran for mayor, came to believe, on the basis of a months-long study of the surviving records and materials of the election, that Goldblatt had been kept out of a runoff by manipulation of the computerized voting system. The attorney general of Texas, Jim Mattox, was impressed by the charges and conducted an official investigation of them. Dallas authorities have declared that since there is no evidence of criminal behavior the case is closed, but Mattox has refused to close it. "I do not think that there were adequate explanations for the anomalies," he told me, in Austin.

COMPUTER programmers working for the private companies that sell election equipment write their programs in higher computer languages or the intermediate assembly language, and these are translated or compiled into the binary language of ones and zeros which computers understand. The original programs, which are centrally produced, are commonly called "source codes;" only a few local governments own and control the source codes that are used in their jurisdictions. According to Jack Gerbel, a founder of C.E.S., who has sold more computerized vote-counting equipment than any other individual in the country, about half the time the companies' programmers also write the codes that "localize" (or "initialize") vote-counting systems for the specific elections of each jurisdiction. The source and local codes together tell the computers how to count the votes. Local public tests may or may not adequately test the local codes, but, as Naegele said, they do not test the source codes.

The election-equipment companies, which thus both sell and program the computers that tabulate public elections, have long contended, in and out of court, that they own the source codes and must keep them secret from everyone, including the local officials who

THE ORPHAN, 1917

She took the short route to her place of work,
past the children's home, where she'd left him
as one might turn a pocket inside out
to remove a paper wrapper or a seed.
Each day he waited, straddling broken bottles
cemented along the high edge of a wall,
to watch her cross the street at seven-thirty.
She showed a new severity of dress,
wearing the business clothes of strangers
without the flowered apron he remembered.
She walked briskly, ignoring her own child
who waved with wild sweeps of his arms.
But she could not walk far enough
to disappear completely, and in the small mirror
of a child's thoughts all day she shadowed him.

As his father was dying, she searched
the mattresses and underneath the floorboards
on which they had occasionally danced.
There was nothing saved, nothing but a pack rat's
blistered foil and cellophane.
At the accounting office, men admired
her hands, unblemished by her brief chores
at mothering, and by her husband's illness
which ended quickly beyond her touch.
She never advanced in her work.
The ledgers were awkward, unruly in her arms;
she could not lift them to her lap.
She deleted figures from columns,
her writing was crabbed or the ink blotted,
the sums blurred and never settled.

His father might have held him close; his coat
was fireproof, large enough to hide him
as they rode through the arch, beneath glass shards.
Unconcerned by the spectacle, he dreamed of it—
an orphan riding the hook and ladder
in the blood-poisoned arms of a ghost.
But it was she who approached, parading
along the high fence of his youth.
No charity, no trade learned in the state system
gave him skills to smooth the raised grain
of his father's coffin, to plane the rotting
clapboards of their empty house.

His finger traced a worn and beautiful psalm
until the print lifted off, into him.
All days started with her receding figure,
as she walked away her attire grew darker.
Years passed, each with its back to him.
At last, he saw her silhouette
against his bedroom wall in childhood,
its ragged features of scrap paper,
the warmth of the light behind it.

—Maria Flook

* * *

conduct elections. In 1985, Jack Kemp (no relation of the congressman), the president of C.E.S., which was then the leading election-equipment company in the country, warned in so many words that an outsider who got the company's source code could compromise elections with it. Through an affidavit that Kemp furnished for a lawsuit in Charleston, West Virginia, the company affirmed that the security of the vote-counting in C.E.S.-equipped jurisdictions depended in large measure on its retention of the secrets of the code, and that there would be "a grave risk" to this security if the defeated candidates were permitted to see the code. "The significance of the company's proprietary interest in its software is incalculable from our perspective," Kemp asserted.

That significance is incalculable from the voter's perspective, too. Insofar as source codes have not been opened to examination on behalf of the public—and most have not—instructions to computers on how to count votes appear to have become a trade secret. Only a few states have demanded copies of the source codes, and only in the last year or two have any states examined them. Thus most of the local officials who preside over computerized elections do not actually know how their systems are counting the votes, and when they officially certify that the election results are correct they do not and cannot really know them to be so.

After systems that use computer punch cards as ballots have counted the votes, manual recounts of the holes in the punch cards can be demanded, provided the cards have not yet been destroyed by local officials—as is permitted by most local laws after a specified period of time. But in a new computerized system, "direct-recording electronic" (D.R.E.), which is becoming more widespread, there are no individual ballots, and, the way these new machines are now being used in many jurisdictions, recounts are impossible, for the program destroys the electronic record of each voter's choices the instant after it counts them.

PRODUCE CO·49
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The dominant company now in the sale and programming of computerized vote-counting systems for public elections, Cronus Industries, of Dallas, is better known as its sole and wholly owned subsidiary, the Business Records Corporation (B.R.C.). Cronus/B.R.C. has accused the R. F. Shoup Company, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—one of its rivals for a forty-million-dollar voting-equipment order from New York City—of infringing B.R.C. patents in the very D.R.E. vote-counting machine, the Shouptronic, that Shoup is trying to sell to New York. In a lawsuit filed last November in Philadelphia, Cronus, on whose equipment between thirty and forty-five million votes will be counted this year, has also sought to discredit Shoup, on the basis of a 1979 conviction of Ransom Shoup II, the president of the company, of two federal felonies—conspiracy and obstruction of justice—in connection with an F.B.I. investigation of an election in Philadelphia that had been counted on mechanical-lever machines. For these offenses, Ransom Shoup was fined ten thousand dollars and given a three-year suspended sentence. Counterattacking, the Shoup firm, whose equipment will tabulate an estimated million and a half votes on November 8th, has accused Cronus of reaching for "a virtual monopoly on the entire business of supplying voting equipment for use in political elections in the United States" and has alleged that the Cronus vote-counting systems that are in use "inherently facilitate the opportunity for various . . . forms of fraud" and "create new and unique opportunities for fraudulent and extremely difficult-to-detect manipulation and alterations with respect to election results."

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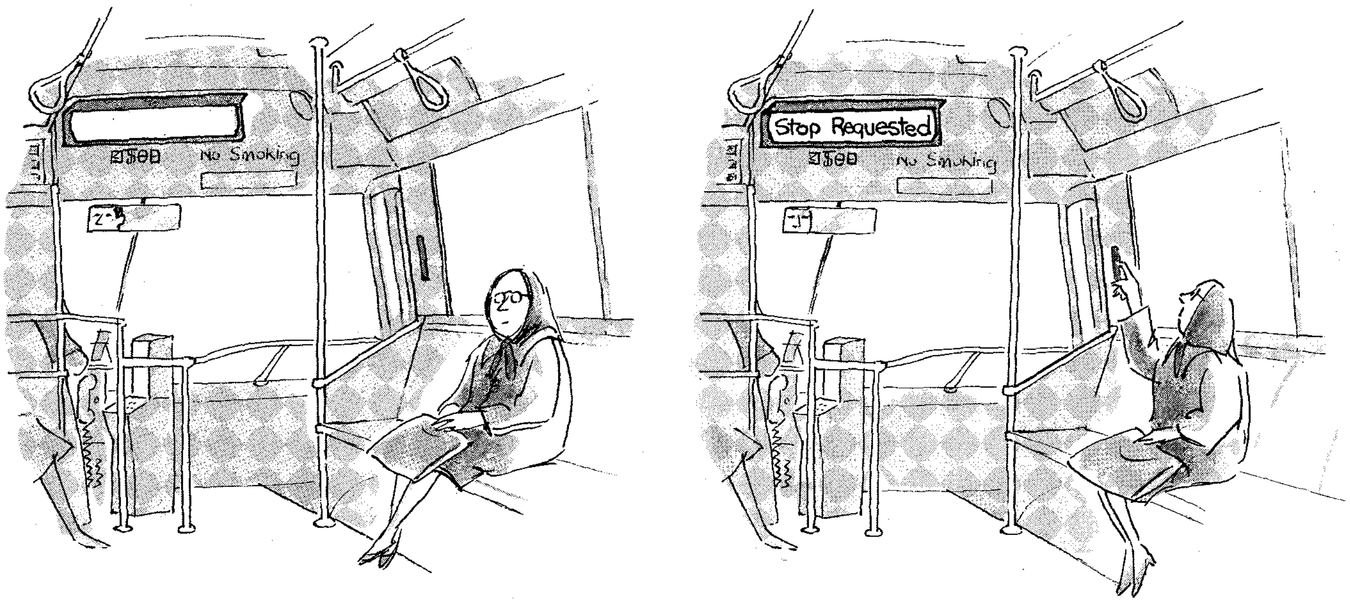
In 1985 and 1986, Cronus bought Computer Election Systems and also eight smaller election-equipment and election-printing firms, while selling off three other subsidiaries, thereby transforming itself, in eighteen months, from a small conglomerate of disparate industrial businesses into the titan of the computerized-vote-counting business.

Cronus is now responsible for most C.E.S. systems that are still in service and for a computer-based "mark-sense" voting system that B.R.C. has sold in the past few years. B.R.C. also sells computerized voter-registration systems; election supplies, including, this year, perhaps a hundred and sixty million punch-card ballots; election assistance and service; and other computerized information services for local governments. C.E.S. used to take pride in publicizing the millions of votes cast on its machines (a total of three hundred and fifty million between 1964 and 1984), and after Cronus bought C.E.S., in 1985, C. A. Rundell, Jr., then the chairman and chief executive officer of Cronus, told a reporter that his company had about forty per cent of the election-service market. But when I asked Rundell earlier this year how many votes Cronus systems will count in 1988 and in which jurisdictions, he refused to say. "We certainly are not going to provide you with a list of customers and the kinds of systems they have," he declared. "We've got to ask how much competitive intelligence we divulge to our competition." He did volunteer that the total for votes counted by Cronus systems was below thirty-five million. Officials at R. F. Shoup, however, seeking to prove that Cronus is a monopoly, charge that Cronus systems will count fifty or sixty million votes on November 8th. In any case, Cronus and C.E.S. systems are used by the voters in such cities as Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Houston, Phoenix, Miami, Seattle, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland.

On Election Day, about one in every three American voters still pulls down the lever on an old thousand-pound mechanical-lever machine, and about one in every nine still marks the old-fashioned paper ballot that is counted by hand. In the past two years, however, more than eighty United States counties have abandoned lever machines, and more than ninety have abandoned paper ballots, the replacements being in most cases either D.R.E. or mark-sense systems. In mark-sense systems, which are also called "optical-scan," computers employing light or electrical conductivity count votes that have been cast on ballots with pencils or markers. Mark-sense is now used by about eight per cent of the voters; a multi-punch-card, count-the-holes computer system called Datavote, which is sold by Sequoia Pacific Systems Corporation, of Exeter, California, is used by about four per cent; and electronic D.R.E. systems, the newest computerized voting technology, are used by about three per cent. "The election business is shifting into the mark-sense and the electronic [D.R.E.] stuff," according to Richard J. Stephens, the president of a small election company in Escondido,



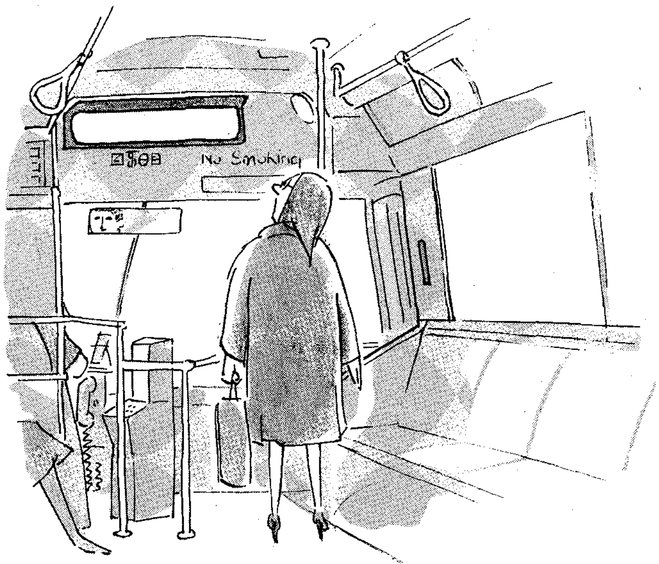
California, who has been in the field since 1966. "The punch-card systems will remain out there, but B.R.C. is not trying to sell punch-card anymore—it's selling mark-sense now."

THE private business of counting votes in public elections can be realistically understood only as a small, if extremely important, segment of the computer industry itself, and thus a business that has both the strengths and the weaknesses of the over-all industry. The computer industry's strengths—astoundingly vast and rapid computational power, the automation of trillions of transactions—have been well known for some time, but the weaknesses have come to be understood only lately. In recent years, the vulnerability of computers to tampering and fraud has become a commonplace in many industries. Computer operators do not leave fingerprints inside a computer, the events that occur inside it cannot be seen, and its records, and printouts can be fixed to give no hint of whichever of its operations an operator wants to keep secret. The practical problem of the computer age is invisibility. Hackers—adventurous programmers—penetrate corporate and governmental computers for fun and jimmy the programs in them for gain. "Electronic cat burglars" have stolen billions of dollars from banks and other businesses—a billion a year by a recent estimate of the American Bar Association. By means of computer fraud employees have raised their salaries and students have raised their grades. Caltech students printed out more than a million entry blanks for a McDonald's contest and won a Datsun station wagon. Employees of a federal agency diverted tens of thousands of dollars to nonexistent employees. In the infamous 1973 Equity Funding Corporation fraud, company officials and other employees typed into their computers names of about sixty-four thousand people who didn't exist as holders of more than two billion dollars' worth of life-insurance policies that didn't exist but were "resold" to reinsurers. "Electronic dead souls," the writer Thomas Whiteside has called these fabricated customers.

Whether or not elections have ever been stolen by computer before, some citizens and some officials are asking if it could happen in the future. Could a local or state office or a seat in the United States House of Representatives be stolen by computer? Might the outcome of a close race for a United States Senate seat be determined by computer fraud in large local jurisdictions? Since, under the state-by-state, winner-take-all rules of the electoral college, a close Presidential election can be decided by relatively few votes in two or three big states, could electronic illusionists steal the Presidency by fixing the vote-counting computers in just four or five major metropolitan areas? Could people breaking into or properly positioned within a computerized-vote-counting company, acting for political reasons or personal gain, steal House or Senate seats, or even the White House itself?

Randall H. Erben, the assistant secretary of state in Texas, who served as special counsel on ballot integrity to President Ronald Reagan's campaign in 1984 and, in 1986, headed a similar group for Governor Bill Clements, of Texas, told me in Austin, "I have no question that somebody who's smart enough with a computer could probably rig it to mistabulate. Whether that has happened yet I don't know. It's going to be virtually undetectable if it's done correctly, and that's what concerns me about it." Willis Ware, a Rand Corporation computer specialist, warned those attending a 1987 conference on the security of computer-tabulated elections, "There is probably a Chernobyl or a Three Mile Island waiting to happen in some election, just as a Richter 8 earthquake is waiting to happen in California." The chief counsel of the Republican National Committee, Mark Braden, told me that he has yet to see a proved case of computer-based election fraud, but added, "People who work for us who know about computers claim that you *could* do it."

Some officials concerned with elections think about the unthinkable in their field; namely, the stealing of a Presidential election by computer fraud in the vote-counting in metropolitan areas of key states. Steve White, the chief assistant attorney general of California, said to me last spring in Sacramento, "It could be done relatively easily by somebody who didn't necessarily have to be all that sophisticated. Given the importance of the national election, sooner or later it will be attempted. There is a real reluctance to concede the gravity of the problem."



Request Denied
No Smoking

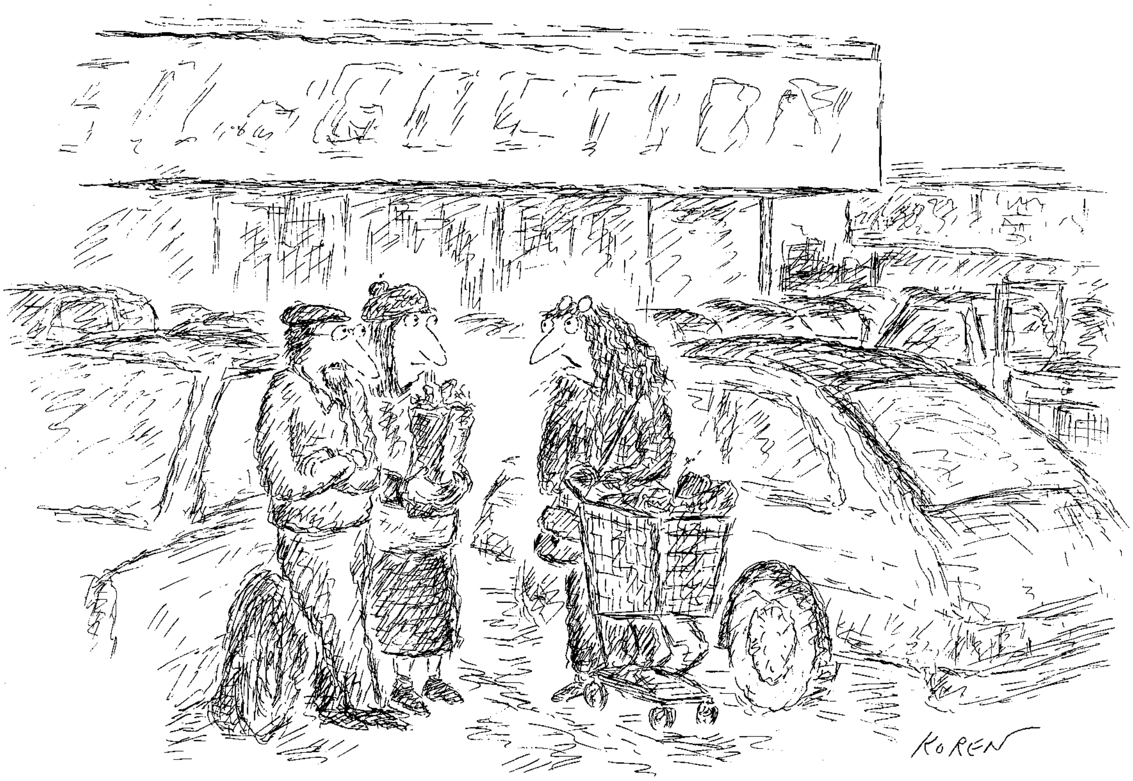
Jim Mattox, the Texas attorney general, while discussing Cronus/B.R.C./C.E.S., exclaimed to me in dismay a year ago, "One thing is clear: one company in the United States should not have as big an impact on elections as this company has got. Nobody should have in a democracy. The right to vote is too sacred."

COMPUTERS can be ordered to transfer votes from one candidate to another, to add votes to a candidate's total, to determine an outcome in accordance with a specified percentage spread. All the computer experts I have spoken with agreed that no computer program can be made completely secure against fraud. Where they differed was in their characterizations of this fact. Local election officials and election-equipment-company specialists, executives, and salesmen usually took the position that state certification procedures and local logic-and-accuracy tests provide enough security for reasonable assurance that elections are honestly counted. The independent computer specialists I interviewed were divided, generally speaking, into two camps. One, led by Roy Saltman, of the National Bureau of Standards, Robert Naegele, and Lance Hoffman, of George Washington University, sees local-election theft by computer as possible, but stresses the fact that no case of program tampering has been proved. This camp attributes the manifold problems of computerized vote-counting entirely or almost entirely to inadequacies in the administration of elections and insufficient testing of the equipment, and regards the theft of the Presidency by computer as, in effect, impossible. The other, led by the Pennsylvania voting-systems examiner Michael Shamos and the computer specialists Howard Jay Strauss, of Princeton, and Peter G. Neumann, of S.R.I. International, a nonprofit research institution in Menlo Park, California, emphasizes the ease of concealing theft by computer "without a trace;" characterizes local elections as very vulnerable to fraud; and regards the theft of the Presidency by computer as entirely possible.

Should citizens delegate the job of vote-counting to technicians? Most people do not know enough about computers to be able to tell what is happening during computerized vote-counting, even if they are looking straight at the card readers and computers. In Dallas last year, during a conference of citizens concerned about this issue, David T. Stutsman, an Indiana attorney with experience in contested-election cases, said, "In traditional elections, the people in your neighborhood, your neighbors, had the responsibility and the legal duty to supervise an election. They counted the votes. The precinct officials don't count the votes anymore. The power—that is, political power—has gone to the venders, to the venders' representatives, and to the people that operate those machines." He also said, "You're putting more power in the hands of fewer people."

Demands for much stricter security in computerized elections appear to be gaining adherents in many quarters. Sometime after the November election, the National Clearinghouse on Election Administration, a grandly named four-person office in the F.E.C., will publish voluntary, but potentially influential, national standards for the security and accuracy of computerized elections. In a late-summer draft, the Clearinghouse proposed that the election-equipment companies place their source codes in escrow, the idea probably being that in the event of seriously disputed election results the codes could be obtained and examined by representatives of the public.

THE evolution from counting paper ballots one at a time to counting as many as a thousand punch-card ballots a minute occupied about seventy years—a period that can be seen as having opened in 1892, when lever voting machines first appeared. Four years later, Joseph P. Harris, the inventor of the Votomatic system, was born, on a farm in North Carolina. In the First World War, Harris was a flying instructor, and afterward he helped pay for his doctorate in political science at the University of Chicago by flying the mail between Chicago and Cleveland in open-cockpit planes. A favored student of Charles Merriam, who was seeking to develop a scientific basis for understanding politics, Harris became a teacher and a scholar who over four decades wrote many books on politics and elections. He refined and championed the process of permanent voter registration, and it was largely through his efforts that permanent registration replaced the earlier system of recurring reregistration. In the nine-



"This past summer, I got deeply depressed about our planet—as if I didn't have enough problems of my own."

• •

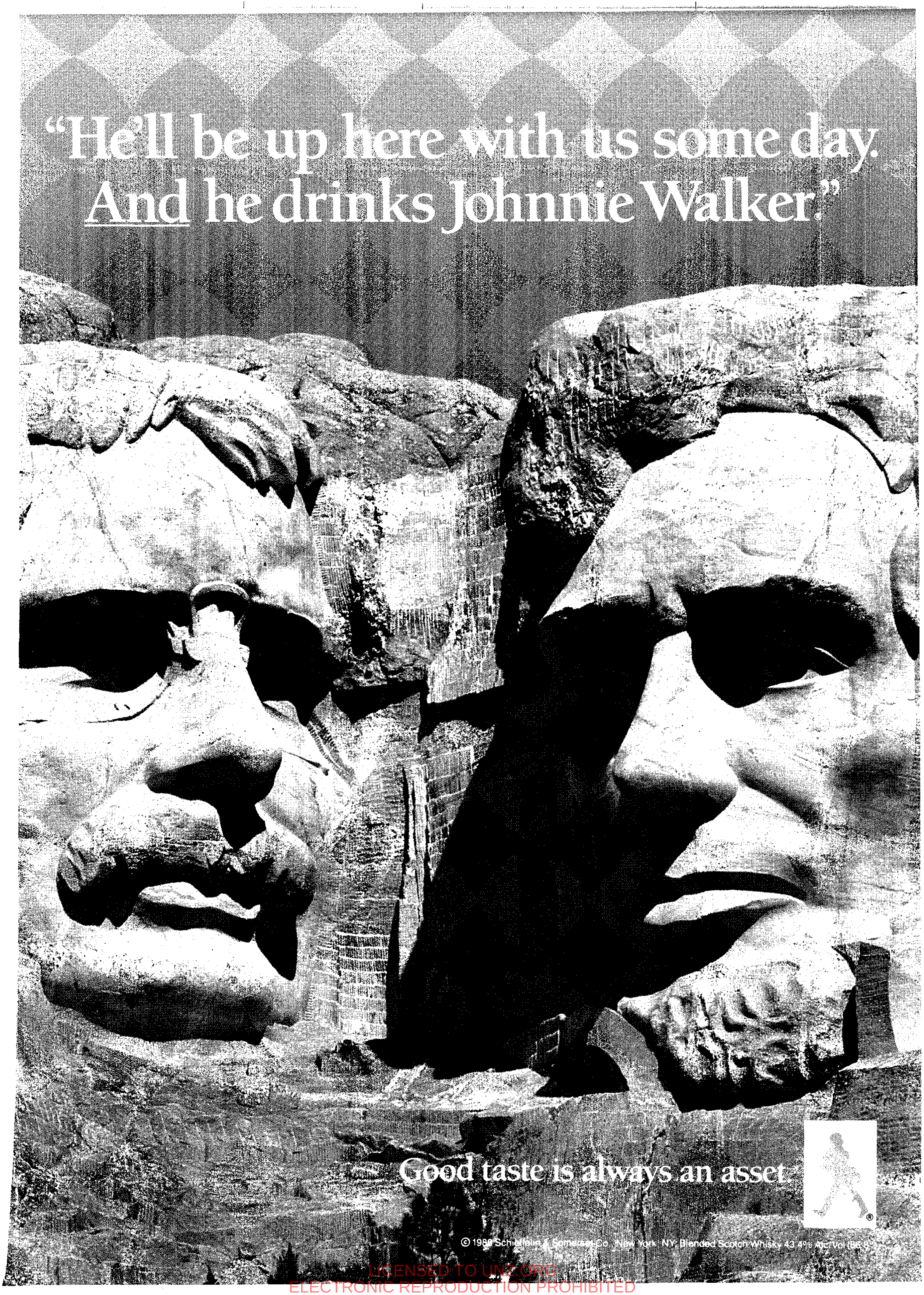
teen-thirties, drawn to Washington by the New Deal, he served on committees advising President Roosevelt on economic-security and administrative-management issues.

Early in his career, Harris saw for himself that the politicians in big cities stole votes easily. Touring voting places during a Chicago election in the nineteen-twenties, he spotted a shotgun at one precinct and also noted "a good deal of corruption that you could see." In a 1934 book, "Election Administration," he recounted the details of proved ballot-stuffing, repeat votes cast by paid drunks (sometimes fifteen or twenty times), and shameless miscounting in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, and he quoted Boss Tweed's testimony before the Board of Aldermen in New York City that he had routinely instructed his Tammany Hall men to "count the ballots in bulk, or without counting them announce the result in bulk, or change from one to the other, as the case may have been," and Tweed's further statements that "the ballots made no result; the counters made the result," and "I don't think there was ever a fair or honest election in the City of New York."

During several summers in the nineteen-twenties, Harris supervised the installation of lever voting machines made by the Automatic Voting Machine Company, of Jamestown, New York (he gave up the job with A.V.M. because he felt that it tainted him somehow). He was struck by the machines' complexity, weight, and cost, but he also realized that the lever machines represented a big step forward in a long process. People had voted with kernels of corn or black and white beans in Massachusetts in the sixteen-forties, viva voce or by a show of hands in pre-Revolutionary times, and on paper ballots that they wrote out for themselves or had written out for them, then on printed ones, then on the secret and official printed "Australian" ballots that were adopted generally in the second half of the nineteenth century. When a voter using the mechanical machine presses down a lever beside a printed choice, the return of the lever to its original position causes a tenth of a turn on a tens counter, which is connected to a hundreds counter. A.V.M. was the first large firm in the field. Samuel R. Shoup, the grandfather of the president of the present R. F. Shoup Company, organized the principal rival to A.V.M., the Shoup Voting Machine Corporation (S.V.M.), in 1905.

By 1928, a lever machine was used by about one of every six American voters. In the early thirties, while he was a professor of political science at the University of Washington, Harris began to have constructed in the university's engineering shops a gizmo that he thought of as the application of the principle of the player piano to the mechanical voting machine. ("The computer was beyond my dreams," he said later.) One voted on Harris's device by depressing keys that made perforations in a paper roll, and in due course the machine would automatically count the perforations and print the results. A Seattle businessman went halves on it with Harris, and in 1934, after much difficulty, the moonlighting professor won a patent, but by then he understood that financially the project was far beyond him and his friends. He invited "the I.B.M.," as he called the International Business Machines Corporation, to develop and market his device, but, in 1937, the company turned him down. On the eve of the Second World War, he was still tinkering with the machine—considering entering votes on the paper roll as lead marks that could be read electrically, or even, as he wrote to I.B.M.'s director for market research in 1939, "on a punch card."

For Harris, as for nearly everyone, the war intervened, and he taught management and administration at a school for military officers. One day in the early nineteen-sixties, though, when he was teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, a former student asked him if he had ever thought of using a standard I.B.M. computer punch card for vote-recording. "I hadn't, but I did," Harris wrote later; he had forgotten his own idea of 1939. Soon after he had been asked about the I.B.M. card, the election chief of Alameda County, California,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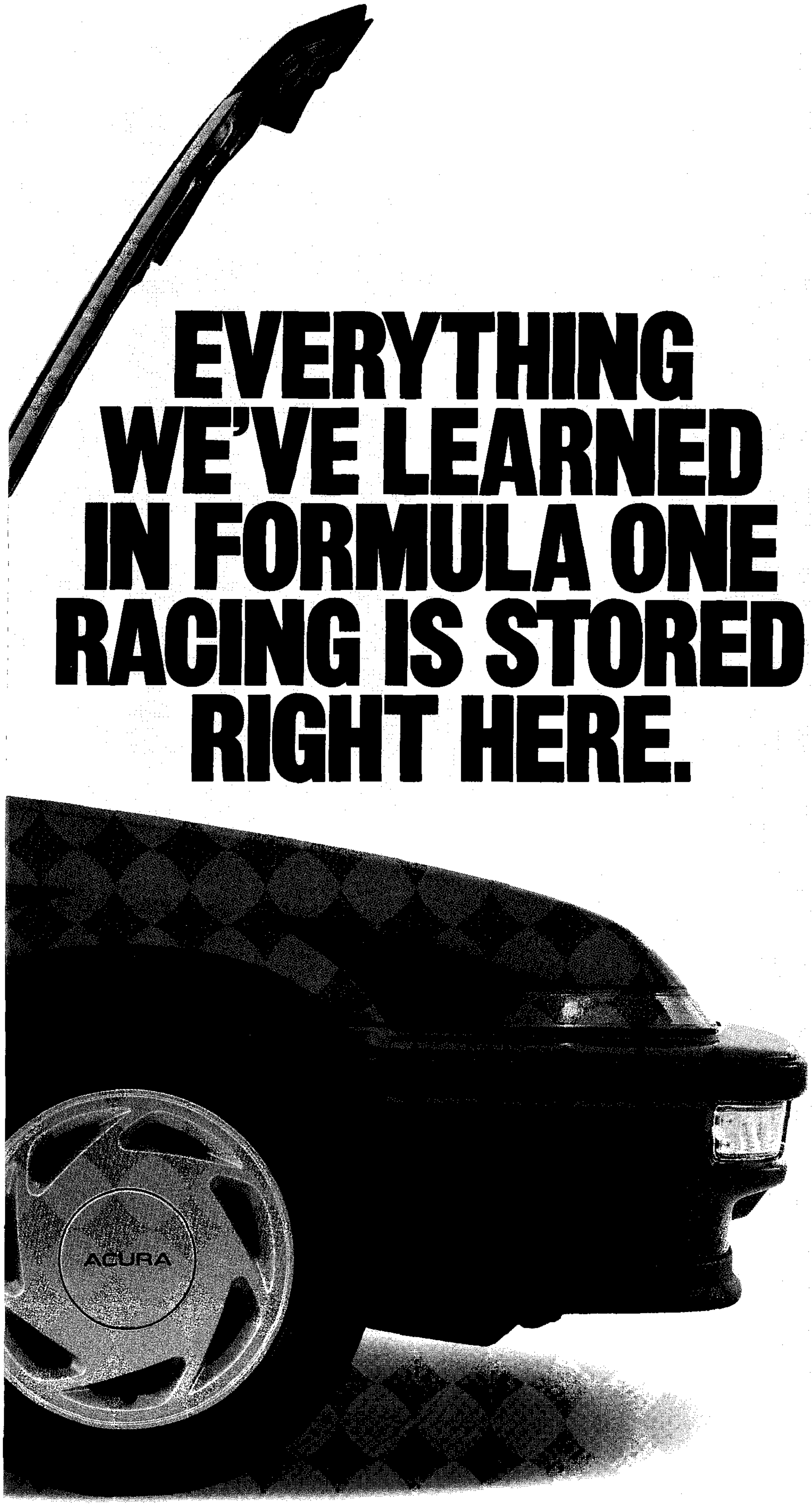

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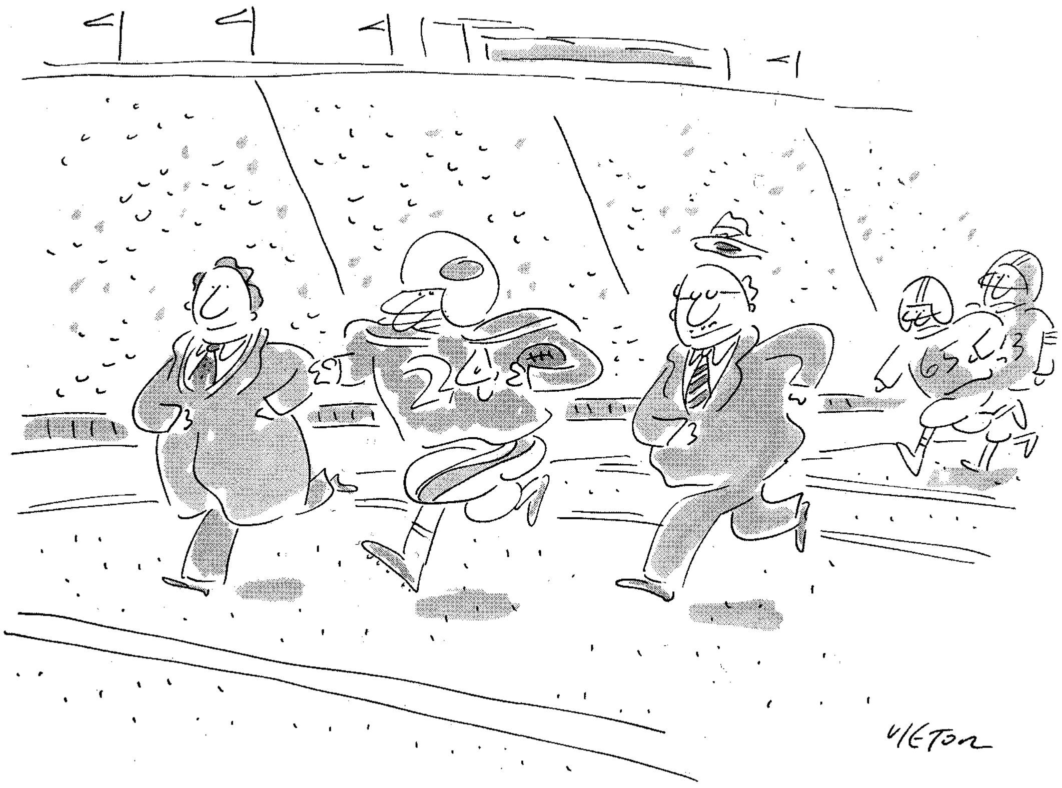


Star running-back "Zigzag" Johnson, his lawyer, and his agent score from the 27-yard line.

complained to him that the lever voting machines could barely handle the current ballots, which kept growing longer. "Joe," he said, "what we need is some kind of a simple mechanical device that can be related someway to a computer." In that context, the election official talked about the I.B.M. Port-a-Punch, a hand-held device for punching out the rectangles on the I.B.M. card. "I started to think," Harris said later. After a cataract operation in 1962, as he lay bedridden for two weeks with pads taped over his eyes, he had a eureka experience: he suddenly visualized "a computer card in an inexpensive holder with a permanent election 'book' premarked with candidates and issues."

The founding president of C.E.S., Robert P. Varni, told me what happened next. We were in his apartment in San Francisco, a twenty-third-floor Nob Hill penthouse looking out across the great sweep of the bay, the islands, and the bridges. "I was working for I.B.M.," he said. "One of my accounts was U.C. Berkeley. I got a call from Joe Harris. He asked about the I.B.M. Port-a-Punch. 'I have an idea, and I'd like to borrow it for a while,' he said. He didn't want to *buy* it. It was an eight-dollar item. He wanted to borrow it, along with about a dollar and a half's worth of punch cards."

Assisted by William S. Rouverol, a retired professor, who was an engineer, Harris cobbled together his ingenious new device for computerized vote-counting. "After a while," Varni went on, "he called and said, 'I've done something interesting with that Port-a-Punch you lent me.' I went to his office and he showed me the first prototype of the Votomatic." Harris said later that he had derived the name of his invention from the Shine-O-Matic, a shoeshine machine he had read about in the Sunday paper.

Varni is now the trim, prosperous chairman of a firm that computerizes police and fire departments. As he recalled those early days, he often broke into a warm smile. Harris didn't know anything about computers and needed someone who did, so, in 1963, Varni sent him to Kenneth Hazlett, an athletic young man who was the foreman of the university's computer room. Hazlett had had only two years of higher education, at Oakland City College, but he had been introduced to tabulating machines during a two-year spell in the Navy, and after taking an I.B.M. course in programming he had begun teaching the skill to some of his staff at Berkeley.

"Joe Harris walked into my office with a handful of these Port-a-Punch cards and wanted to know if they'd go through a computer," Hazlett recalled. "I walked him outside my office to a small I.B.M. computer, and from the console I keyed in about a three-instruction loop that would simply flush these cards through the card reader. And they went sailing through. Joe Harris just lit up!" Harris realized that he could use the cards themselves as ballots. He showed Hazlett a mockup of the prototype, and, Hazlett said, "I agreed to do him a real program." To produce and sell his invention, Harris then formed Harris Votomatic, Inc., with a quarter of a million dollars he raised from about two dozen of his colleagues at the university, including Hazlett, and from Varni. Having retired from teaching, he then began driving around the West trying to sell his invention.

Devising the early programs for what became the C.E.S. systems, Hazlett gave next to no attention to security against the kinds of fraud that could be concealed in the computerized system itself. "There are two problems," he told me last spring in his sunlit apartment in Corvallis, Oregon. "One is getting the system to work the way you want it to, and the other problem is avoiding fraud. We concentrated mainly on the first. Then, beyond that, we worked with county and state governments, coöperated in developing procedures for logic-and-accuracy-testing programs—which is running ballot cards having known votes through and verifying the totals that are produced, and even the counting by hand or machine of selected precincts post-election to look for fraud or error. And that's about all we *can* do."

Does Hazlett have confidence now in

the security of computerized elections against fraud?

"Not a hundred per cent," he said. However, he added, he knew of no elections that had been stolen by computer.

Is a logic-and-accuracy test actually a test of a system's accuracy?

"Obviously it isn't as far as you could go in testing the program," Hazlett said. "It's a very simple test. If a programmer had the necessary programming tools, he or she could get around that kind of test—of course. Knowing that the deck is fifty-five cards, you could trigger some function to come into service after fifty-five cards. Use your imagination—there are any number of things you could do. It's not an easy problem."

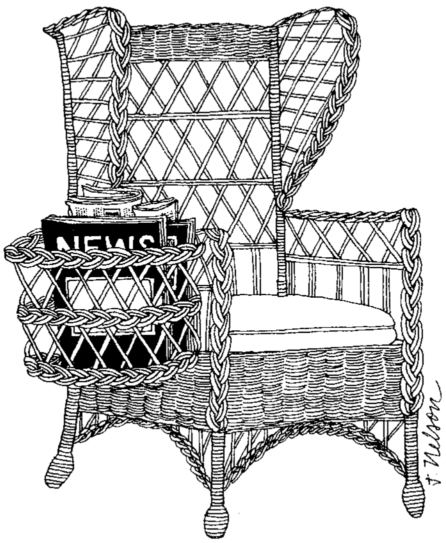
According to Donald G. Baumer, an engineer who worked with Hazlett, both of them realized that the Votomatic counting system could be manipulated—for instance, through the toggle switches that were on the front of a Data General Nova computer—but it was assumed that nobody would do this, because anybody who tried it could be seen. In the workshop at his small election-equipment company, near San Francisco, Baumer explained, "The concept was to devise a program that no one could ever get to—you would have to be a knowledgeable person, you would have to have the source code, and you would be very visible, standing in front of a computer throwing switches."

As Harris got older, he realized that he could not wheel around the country selling Votomatics forever. Managers who were looking for new products had taken over Varni's unit at I.B.M., and in 1965—Varni having disclosed his investment—I.B.M. bought the assets and patents of the Harris Votomatic and became for four years the nation's principal computerized-election-equipment company. Harris served I.B.M. as a paid consultant throughout the period.

"Glitches"—the term that company people seem to prefer for errors and accidents in computer elections—began to emerge in those earliest years. For example, in May, 1968, in Klamath County, Oregon, candidates' positions on the ballots were rotated in the precincts to avoid giving any candidate the unfair advantage of the top position everywhere, but the ballots got mixed up, and voters in more than a fourth of the precincts punched out rectangles for candidates they did not mean to vote for. Harris said later that as the new system became controversial, I.B.M. responded in some communities "by instructing its staff to describe the machine as the Harris Votomatic," not I.B.M.'s.

In Los Angeles County in the June, 1968, Presidential primary, deputy sheriffs were to carry voted punch cards from the precincts to two regional counting centers—one on Third Street, and the other at the I.B.M. Service Bureau Corporation, on Wilshire Boulevard, next door to the Ambassador Hotel. However, after Senator Robert F. Kennedy was shot that night at the Ambassador, police cordoned off a four-block area around the scene, and the tapes containing the totals from the Third Street center could not be brought into the I.B.M. building. The counting was not completed until nine o'clock the next morning. Reporters were irritated by the delay, and officials at I.B.M. began to wonder seriously about the risks of the election business, which, comparatively speaking, was providing only a small profit.

That November, in Missoula County, Montana, in the national contest between Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, another difficulty arose. Joseph H. Chowning, who was an I.B.M. salesman then, told me not long ago, "Through a programming error in a few precincts, ballots cast for Nixon were counted for Humphrey or vice versa." In traditional Republican strongholds, Nixon was defeated, while Democratic redoubts went for him. In a precinct where both paper and punch-card ballots were used, Nixon swept the paper ballots, but the computer voted for Humphrey by a landslide. The error was caught immediately, Chowning said, but he and an I.B.M. public-relations man had to fly to Missoula to dispel the unease.



One other event, a singular one, came to Chowning's attention about this time. "Just before or after the 1968 election, there was an article or editorial in a small suburban Chicago newspaper that came out and said that the reason I.B.M. was in the business was to make Thomas Watson President of the United States," he recalled, referring to the chairman of I.B.M. "I'm guessing, but I'm sure it went right straight to Mr. Watson's desk." Ken Hazlett, too, has a vague memory of this. "I wondered at the time if T. J. Watson was interested in running for President," he told me.

Chowning went on, "Here I.B.M. had a product that guaranteed two or three per cent of its gross income and eighty to ninety per cent of its publicity, not all of it favorable." I.B.M. got out of the vote-counting business. By 1969, it had licensed five voting-equipment companies to sell the Votomatic: two in Illinois, one in New York, one in Tulsa, and C.E.S., which was founded by Varni and three other I.B.M. men—Chowning, Jack Gerbel, and Ken Hazlett (whom I.B.M. had hired to write programs for the Votomatic)—and which therefore had the great advantage of its executives' association with I.B.M.'s reputation.

VARNI and his team at C.E.S. had a good run. By 1976, nearly seventeen million voters—more than a fifth of all those voting for President that year—entrusted their election decisions to C.E.S. counting systems.

The C.E.S. Votomatic punch-card system "has probably had more effect on the country than almost any other product," Varni said to me. Although today it is generally regarded as an outmoded technology, it is by far the most widely used method of counting votes by computer. The Votomatic is based on the assignment of a tiny, numbered pre-perforated rectangle on a standard eighty-column, twelve-row I.B.M. punch card to each candidate and the assignment of other rectangles to the "yes" and "no" positions on each question to be voted on. This punch card, covered with numbers but displaying no names of candidates and none of the propositions to be voted on,

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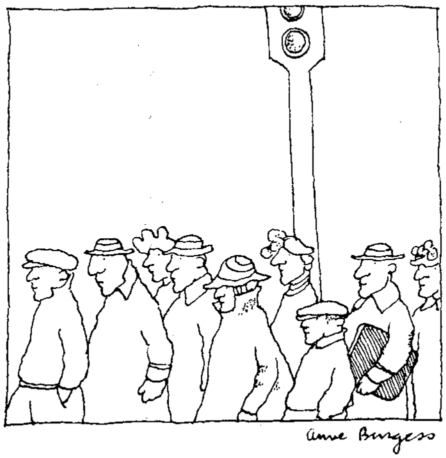
is the ballot. The vote recorder, which is the Votomatic, is a spined booklet listing the choices of the day in writing and mounted over a plastic mask that is designed to prevent voters from punching out any holes but the ones they are supposed to be able to punch. The voter slides the punch card underneath the booklet and then fits two holes near the top of the card onto two posts that are intended to keep the card properly aligned under the booklet. Alongside the choices printed on each page, arrows point to holes that match numbered rectangles on the underlying card. The voter turns the pages and, using a simple stylus attached to the device by a chain, punches out the rectangles that, as holes in the punch card, express his or her choices.

After the polls close, stacks of the voted punch cards are fed into card readers, in each precinct or in one central counting place, depending on the preference of the officials of the jurisdiction. A blower in each reader creates an airstream and fluffs up some of the cards at the bottom of the stack; a pump creates a vacuum; and a spinning cylinder attached to the pump seizes a ballot and flings it past a light whose beam flicks through each punched-out hole, the cards whizzing through the reader at a rate of up to a thousand a minute. If the spinning cylinder doesn't grab two ballots at a time, if the minute punched-out rectangles of cardboard have separated properly from the cards, and if the computer underneath and connected to the card reader has been programmed correctly, the computer then quickly and accurately tabulates the votes; that is, it counts according to its location each pinpoint of light that twinkles through a card for a millisecond.

The punched-out scraps, which have come to be called "chad," are supposed to be forced between two vertical rubber strips underneath the ballot and into a chad box. Sometimes, however, a chad does not break completely free from the card and becomes a "hanging chad," and sometimes voting-hole rectangles are merely indented by the voter's stylus. "Hanging chad has been with us since the invention of the Votomatic," Hazlett told me. C. A. Rundell, of Cronus, informed me during an interview in his office in Dallas last fall that because of the chad problem, and also because of wear and tear on the ballots, vote totals may not change the first time ballots are run through the card reader, and probably won't the second time, but the third or fourth time they may change, "and then you've lost your audit trail." The inexact science of divining what the voter intended in the case of a mere indentation or whether the card reader counted a hole that was partly or wholly blocked by a hanging chad has been called "chadology."

Presumably, most of the elections counted by the C.E.S. systems went smoothly ("People don't want to read about a good election," Jack Gerbel told me in September), but the company did have problems. In the 1970 primary in Los Angeles, voters in some precincts voted for the wrong candidates because of incorrect rotations; in other precincts ballot pages were missing. A computer program did not record totals on a hundred of its counters. Ballot cards jammed in the card readers and had to be duplicated by election workers—clerks were seen poking holes in punch cards with pencils. The central computer stopped or was stopped six times during the counting; and it was discovered only after the counting that more than five hundred precincts had been overlooked.

In 1970, the election commissioners in St. Louis, who were considering buying the Votomatic system, asked the accounting firm Price Waterhouse to evaluate it, with devastating results. Security controls on the Votomatic would be "more easily subject to abuse" than those on the mechanical machines in place, the firm said. Candidates' names could be misaligned with the rectangles on the ballot "by manipulation of the ballot book pages' printing or positioning, by manipulating the positioning of the punched card used to record the vote, or by manipulation of the program used to tabulate the vote," the report continued. "It is possible to write a program in such a way that no test can be made to *assure* that the program works the way it is supposed to work. . . . It is possible to set card readers to misread the information punched into the cards. It is possible to have instructions in computer memory to call in special procedures from core, tape, or disk files to create results other than those anticipated. . . . There is no practical way to assure accuracy of the proposed computer tabulation short of complete duplicate processing on third party computers with reproduced ballot card decks and third party control programs." Gerbel, who was taking over the C.E.S. sales effort in major jurisdictions, responded with a long recitation of the customary tests and safeguards, and also emphasized the system's acceptance in fifteen states, discounted "information supplied by competitors," and concluded, "For six years, the personnel of C.E.S. have answered the comments made in this report by conducting successful Votomatic elections."



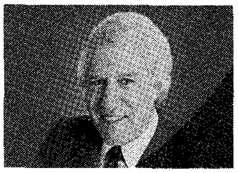
IN 1977, C.E.S. was bought out by Hale Brothers Associates, a San Francisco investment company controlled by Prentis Cobb Hale, Jr. When his family acquired C.E.S., through a "friendly cash offer," for twelve million dollars, Prentis Hale, an influential Republican who was given to partridge-hunting with General Franco in Spain, was best known as the Hale in Carter Hawley Hale (C.H.H.)—the nation's seventh-ranking chain of department stores and the largest chain in the West. The year Hale bought the election company, C.H.H. earned fifty million dollars on sales of a billion and a half dollars.

A couple of years later, C.E.S. survived an investigation by the antitrust division of the Justice Department. "We became the target of a criminal grand jury," David L. Dunbar, the company's president at that time, told me recently. The investigation lasted more than a year, and the company turned over a whole file cabinet of records to the Justice Department. The investigation was dropped very early in 1981—in January or February, Dunbar recalled, adding, "I used to kid people we had to get Ronald Reagan elected to get this thing killed."

As the eighties opened, C.E.S. was the unchallenged leader in the business

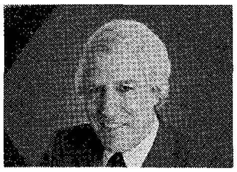
1970. Revolutionary television series premieres.

1971. Wages and prices frozen.


1972. Dow hits 1,000.

1973. Arab oil embargo.

1974. Nixon resigns; recession deepens.


1975. New York City financial crisis.

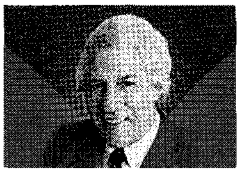
1976. U.S. enjoys last monthly trade surplus; Carter beats Ford.

1977. Carter withdraws $50 tax rebate; largest peacetime tax increase passed.

1978. Miller named Fed chairman; dollar collapses.

1979. Second oil embargo; double-digit inflation.

1980. Gold hits $875 an ounce; Reagan beats Carter.


1981. Reagan cuts taxes; Volcker tightens money.

1982. In deep recession, with Dow at 776.92, bull market begins.

1983. Recovery underway; Volcker reappointed.

1984. Mondale pledges tax increase; Reagan wins 49 states.

1985. Dollar reaches record highs.

1986. Inside trading scandals rock Wall Street, but market soars.

1987. Bull market crashes.

1988. Economy refuses to quit; employment sets record.

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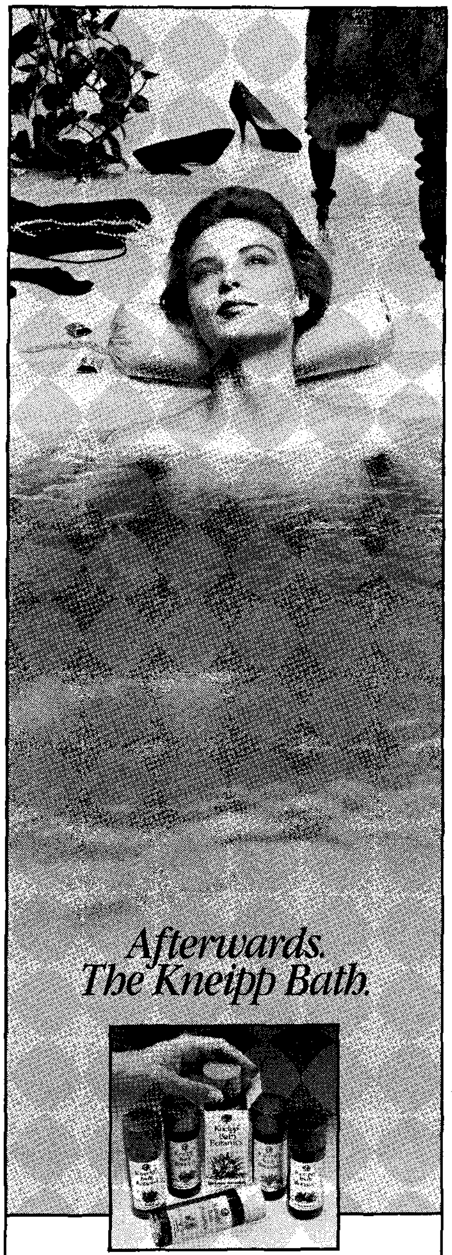

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of computerized vote-counting equipment. In 1980, C.E.S. systems were in place where about thirty-five million Americans were registered to vote, and they counted about three out of ten of the votes that were cast in the United States. Two years later, C.E.S. equipment tallied thirty-six per cent of the votes in the country. As of November 6, 1984, nine out of twenty votes—44.2 per cent—were counted on C.E.S. equipment in a thousand and nineteen jurisdictions in forty states. To put this a different way, the electronic technology made and marketed by one small company housed in an industrial building near San Francisco Bay counted the votes that were cast in more than sixty-four thousand precincts where almost forty-seven million Americans were registered to vote.

The period 1977 through 1986, when C.E.S. for the most part dominated the computerized-election business, was a time of technical mishaps and rising suspicion. A precursor of the serious breakdowns that lay ahead had occurred in a legislative race in Los Angeles in 1976. The outcome was reversed twice—once by a machine recount, the second time by holding every one of the hundred thousand ballots up to a light and counting the holes one by one. "Hanging chad" and "bulging chad," as the indented tabs were sometimes called, were blamed for shifts of tens of votes in both directions.

In 1978, a candidate for comptroller of the State of Illinois refused to believe he had lost Madison County by a large margin, and it turned out, according to Michael Hamblett, a member of the Chicago Board of Elections, that the totals had "flipped—here was a computer flip-flop."

That same year, in a statewide recount for secretary of state of Ohio (which Mark Braden, the present general counsel of the Republican National Committee, helped to conduct), only sixteen votes changed out of about three million. But overvoting on punch-card ballots was beginning to trouble Ohioans. Anthony Celebrezze, Ohio's secretary of state, estimating that about fifty-five thousand voters had had their votes invalidated in this way, asked, "Are they being partially disenfranchised by some peculiarity of the equipment itself?"

In El Paso, Texas, the winner of a 1978 school-board race, Marvin Gamza, was deprived of his victory

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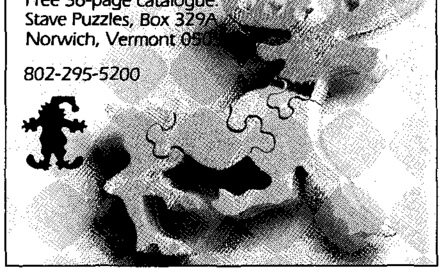

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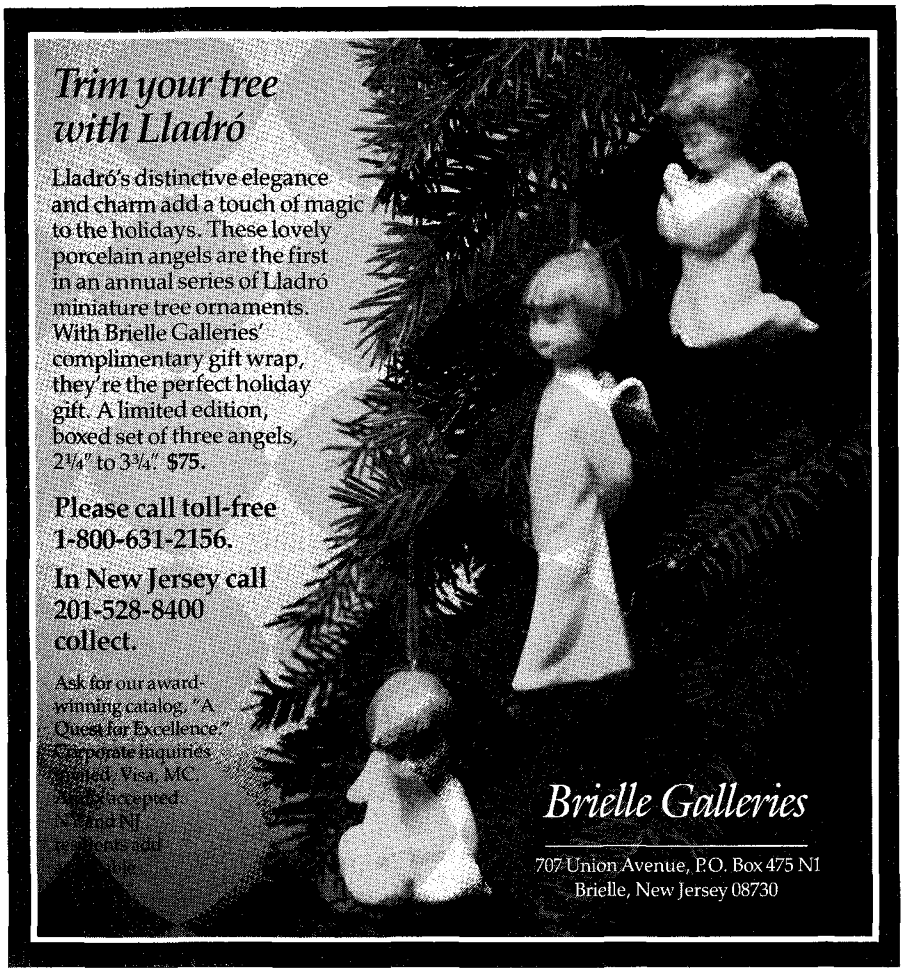
when the computer failed to count votes cast for him in three precincts, because ballot layouts from an earlier election had been used in them. Suspicions were voiced that the mistake had been deliberately left uncorrected, and the federal judge who heard the case, John H. Wood, was angered when he learned, from the television news one night, that some of the relevant ballots had been burned. He concluded that "a willful effort" had been involved in the error, rejected the claim of the putative winner, and installed Gamza on the school board. But Judge Wood was overruled on appeal, because Gamza had filed his protest too late. "The winner lost," said Malcolm McGregor, Gamza's lawyer, but McGregor doubted whether the mixing up of the layouts was premeditated, because, he said, "a baboon would not have tried to steal the election that way."

In 1980, computerized vote-counting faltered seriously in a number of jurisdictions across the country. A study by the city clerk of Detroit concluded that in a primary conducted on the C.E.S. punch-card system, which the city had just installed, votes on one out of every nine ballots cast had been invalidated—fifteen thousand in all—because people had tried to vote in two parties' primaries.

In that same year, when a mark-sense system sold by Martel Systems, of Costa Mesa, California, was used for the first time in Orange County, California, a Republican stronghold, there was a four-day delay in the count. On Primary Night, more than fifty precinct-level memory cartridges had broken down, and—because of programming errors, it was explained—the computers had given about fifteen thousand Democratic-primary votes meant for delegates for Jimmy Carter or Edward Kennedy to delegates for Lyndon LaRouche and Jerry Brown.

Montana law permits voters to demand paper ballots, and in Missoula (where votes for Humphrey and Nixon had been interchanged in 1968) as many as thirty per cent of the voters chose to vote this old-fashioned way. Still in this same year, 1980, card readers broke down in jurisdictions in Michigan, Arkansas, Indiana, and Utah. In Salt Lake City, a central card reader started "putting out jumbled numbers on about three out of every hundred ballot choices," according to a



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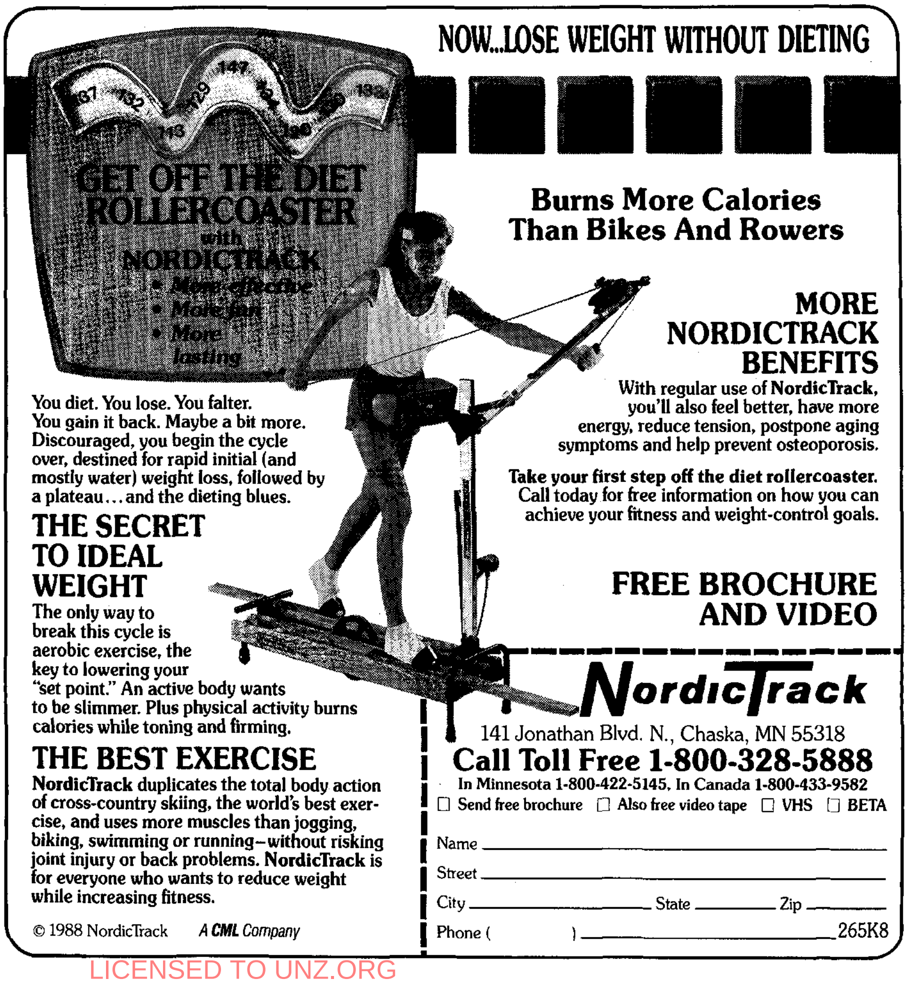

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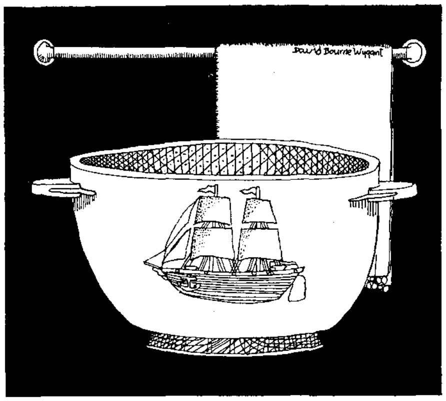
news report. In a township in Ohio, two tax proposals were switched; the voters would have taxed themselves five times as much as they wanted to if the error hadn't been discovered after the voting. In Custer County, Nebraska, the county clerk said that a count on a C.E.S. system concerning a school-closing issue showed more people voting than were registered. The computer had also refused to read some ballots and had read only parts of others. In Bradenton, on the Florida Gulf Coast, a seventh of the county's precincts had to be counted twice, because "soggy, warped, and mangled ballots" occasionally jammed the computers. Directly across the panhandle, at Fort Pierce, on the Atlantic, new computerized machines counted Democratic ballots well enough but refused to accept Republican ones. "It was awfully strange," the supervisor of elections, James Brooks, was quoted as saying. "Those damn machines must have been built by the Democrats."

In San Antonio, Texas, in perhaps the most consequential breakdown in 1980, it was discovered that the C.E.S. program that counted votes in the Presidential election in Bexar County could not tally more than nine thousand votes for any race, so the computers had not counted many of the votes cast for Ronald Reagan and two other Republican candidates. The official post-election canvass found that sixteen-hundredths of a per cent fewer total votes were cast than had been reported on Election Night, whereupon the San Antonio *Express* noted, "As San Antonio moves into the computer age, the slogan of the universal suffrage movement becomes, 'One man, 0.9984 vote.'" The recount dragged on for several weeks, with local politicians pointing fingers at each other. Mike Greenberg, a columnist for the *Express*, learned that election officials had taken unmarked ballots home overnight. "Even already marked ballots could be tampered with," he went on to say, continuing, "Anybody with a straightened-out paper clip could punch out a few more holes to either spoil a ballot with the 'wrong' votes or cast 'right' votes in races ignored by the legitimate voter." In due course, Bexar County returned to lever machines.

A candidate for the school board in Carroll County, Maryland, in 1984, T. Edward Lippy, finished third, with about six thousand votes. When, in obedience to state law, the voted C.E.S.-system ballots were taken to an adjoining county to be recounted on a different computer system, about twelve thousand five hundred uncounted votes were found, and it was learned that in fact about nineteen thousand citizens had voted for Lippy. He was proclaimed the winner. The error was explained as a slipup by a local data-processing official. ("It was my mistake," he said.) He had inadvertently replaced the correct C.E.S.-provided program with a test program that would not count two votes if they were punched in one column on the ballot, and most of the voters who favored Lippy had also voted on a home-rule proposition in the same column with the numbered rectangle assigned to votes for Lippy. The wrong program had also cost President Reagan more than two thousand votes in the first count. A standard preëlection test had not caught the official's mistake; in a state without the requirement to double-check the count, it could have been missed.

In 1985, in Moline, Illinois, a candidate for alderman served for three months before a recount removed him from office. This mistake was laid to a slipping timing belt that had caused the card reader to fail to count a number of straight-party votes for the real winner. The apparently defeated candidate, it turned out, had actually won handily.

IN the fall of 1980, Michael Shamos, a computer scientist, law student, and businessman who was teaching at Carnegie-Mellon University, in Pittsburgh, and running a software company, saw an announcement on a computer bulletin board that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was looking for examiners for computerized-voting systems. He knew nothing about such systems, but the job sounded interesting, so he signed up and went to Harrisburg to examine the C.E.S. Votomatic system. "What I saw that day," he told me not long ago, "was hair-raising and mind-boggling: antique, obsolete, unreliable technology packed with a systems approach that was even more unreliable."



We were talking in the upstairs study of Shamos's home in Pittsburgh. On the wall above his desk was a large Princeton University pennant. He has degrees in physics from Princeton and Vassar; an M.S. from American University in the technology of management; three degrees in computer science, including a doctorate, from Yale; and a law degree from Duquesne. Shamos continued, with feeling, concerning the Votomatic system, "Counting paper ballots is no picnic. I really thought hard about this. Am I being picky? I came to the conclusion that it's far worse than a paper ballot. After all, what is the rush? I for the life of me couldn't figure out why anybody would use this."

That November, Shamos presented to Pennsylvania's Bureau of Elections his evaluation of the C.E.S. election system. Punch-card technology was obsolete, his report stated. The C.E.S. system had not been modernized and was "a security nightmare, open to tampering in a multitude of ways," Shamos continued. "It is apparent that security was not taken seriously as an issue during the design of the Votomatic." The report went on to note that the ballot pages in the Votomatic booklet could easily be shuffled or replaced; blank punch-card ballots were easy to obtain; and the plastic seals on the boxes used to transport voted ballots for central counting were easily duplicated. Moreover, the system could not be verified without examination of its source code, yet C.E.S. had refused to produce that code; no effort had been made to restrict access to the control panels or the toggle switches on the computer, with which "any person can enter arbitrary numbers into the machine's counters;" and the counting program, loaded through a deck of punched cards, could be altered to change the counting "by inserting or deleting a single one of the cards or by transposing two of them."

Shamos now warned, "The follow-

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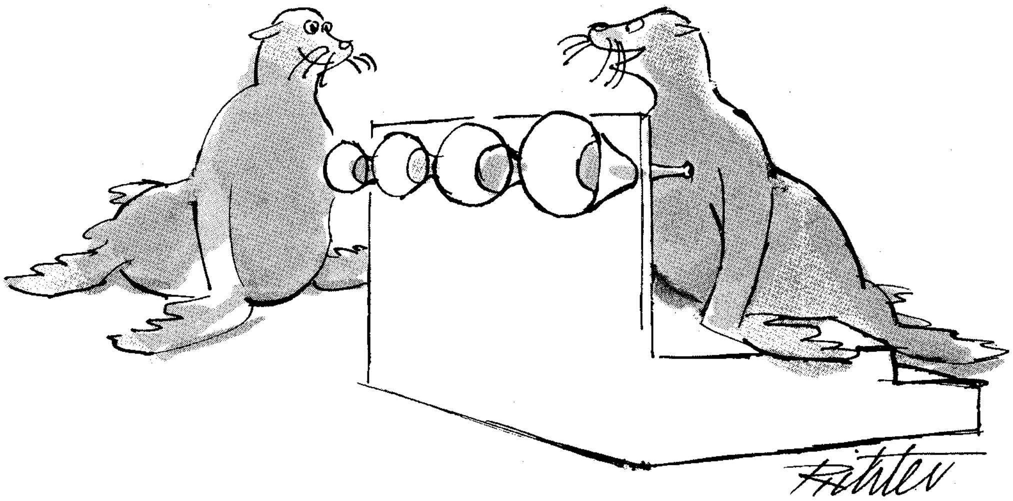
ing scenario is thus fully possible. A would-be election fixer enters a voting booth with a card concealed on his person that, when read by the tabulating computer, will reset its counters to values desired by the fixer. On leaving the booth, he presents this card, conveniently wrapped in its secrecy envelope, to an election official who, not being permitted to examine it, drops the 'ballot' into a box. After the election, the card makes its way to the central counting facility where it is read by the computer. Instead of being counted as a vote or rejected by the system, the effect of this card is to change the current vote total for any candidate desired."



"I like a Gershwin tune. How about you?"

• •

In a carefully worded paragraph headed "Concentration of Control at C.E.S.," Shamos noted, "All software used in the Votomatic machines is obtained in the form of secret card decks supplied by C.E.S. Without casting doubt on the integrity of C.E.S. *in any way*, nonetheless, the possibility exists that an unauthorized person may gain access to the central point from which these programs are distributed and alter them. The implications are frightening when it is remembered that one-quarter of all votes cast in the U.S. are counted by these programs."

Throughout the evaluation, Shamos wrote, C.E.S. "took the attitude that the Votomatic system has been in use for seventeen years, has been evaluated by more than thirty states, and has never been denied certification. In response to virtually every question regarding a deficiency, the vender responded by stating that the problem had been considered by a number of other jurisdictions and was found not to be serious. . . . The Votomatic system must be denied certification."

Pennsylvania assigns three examiners to inspect each voting system submitted for certification, but the decision about it is made not by them but by the secretary of the Commonwealth. One of the other examiners found the system acceptable. The third, C. Kamila Robertson, of the computer-science faculty at Carnegie-Mellon (who said that the voting booklet had come apart in her hands, and that "it would be easy to sabotage the computer in this system . . . the switches are there for the switching"), agreed with Shamos. The secretary of the Commonwealth certified the system, but Shamos's report soon became one of the basic documents in the controversy over computerized vote-tallying.

THE precinct-level corruption that Joe Harris had witnessed in Chicago in the twenties was visible again in the 1982 election there, but now instead of repeat voters the precinct captains had repeat votes, as counted on the C.E.S. system. According to the report of a grand jury that investigated the 1982 election, and whose indictments led to fifty-eight convictions, ward committeemen appointed city employees as precinct captains, and these factotums either produced for the political machine on Election Day or lost favor with their patrons. The grand jurors reported, "One precinct captain and his son disregarded the actual ballots cast by voters and instead held their own fraudulent election after the polls closed by running two ballots through the voting machine. One ballot was a straight Democratic 'punch 10.' That ballot was counted by the machine a total of one hundred and ninety-eight times. To make the results less suspect, they also counted a ballot containing some Republican votes a total of six times. Consequently, all but two of the voters in that precinct were disenfranchised."

The grand jurors said that in many Chicago precincts in 1982 faked punch-card votes were cast in the names of transients, the ill, the incapacitated, and people who had moved away, had died, or had not voted. Runners worked the boarding houses and hotels to find out who was not coming to the polls. "The ballots either were punched on the voting machines by people posing as the voter, or were punched with ballpoint pens or other similar objects in a private place outside the polling area," according to the grand jury's report. In one named precinct in the Thirty-ninth Ward, the captain gave lists of non-voters to one of the election judges, and she slipped them into her shoe. During the day, she would draw out a list when no one was looking and forge names from it on blank ballot applications. "The precinct captain and others apparently retreated to the privacy of the men's washroom to punch some of the ballots," the grand jurors said.

THE legal conflict that perhaps best embodies the doubts about computerized democracy, and demonstrates—whether the plaintiffs or the defendants were right in this particular case—many of the difficulties of proving charges of stealing elections by computer, started in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1980 and ended, for all practical purposes except for the plaintiffs' liabilities, in a federal appeals court in Richmond, Virginia, in 1986.

In 1971, Jack Gerbel, of C.E.S., and an area C.E.S. representative had presented the Votomatic for approval in West Virginia, but the state's two examiners rejected it. They cited its permitting of overvoting, and they stated, "The computer program . . . can possibly be modified by an experienced data-processing person, causing the computer to miscount votes cast for a particular race." However, the West Virginia secretary of state, Jay Rockefeller (who is now United States senator from West Virginia), seeing, as he wrote at the time, that the report of the examiners was negative, designated two new examiners, and they approved the system.

At about 7 P.M. on November 4, 1980, as Ronald Reagan was being elected President, Walter J. Price III, a plump-cheeked, energetic young man in a blue blazer and khakis and his "Election Day" tie—blue with diagonal gold and red stripes—drove down to the voter registrar's office in Charleston. A freshman Republican legislator in a county that Daniel Boone had once represented in the Virginia Assembly, Price was going downtown to see himself reëlected, as he thought, and to watch the operation of the new system the county had bought the year before from C.E.S. He was not worried about vote fraud, he told me later, because the first clerk of Kanawha County the Republicans had had since 1932, Margaret (Peggy) Miller, would be running the count.

Over the vehement objections of the voter registrar, Carolyn Critchfield, Price threaded his way among desks and people toward what the election workers called the computer cage. This was a small room with windows on all sides that began about four and a half feet above the floor and a Dutch door that had a window in its top half. The two vote-counting computers of the BT-76 (Ballot Tab) system in Charleston, one of them designated the "master" and one the "slave," had been set up on the floor inside, with punch-card readers on top of them and printers beside them. On the computers, down near the floor, were sets of toggle switches. Price has testified under oath, and repeated in greater detail during lengthy interviews with me, that, as he walked around the outside of this room looking in during the next hour and a half, he saw four kinds of actions, which, four and a half years later, dominated the only known court trial so far of charges that an election was stolen by computer. The people who Price said took these actions have all vigorously denied doing so, also under oath.

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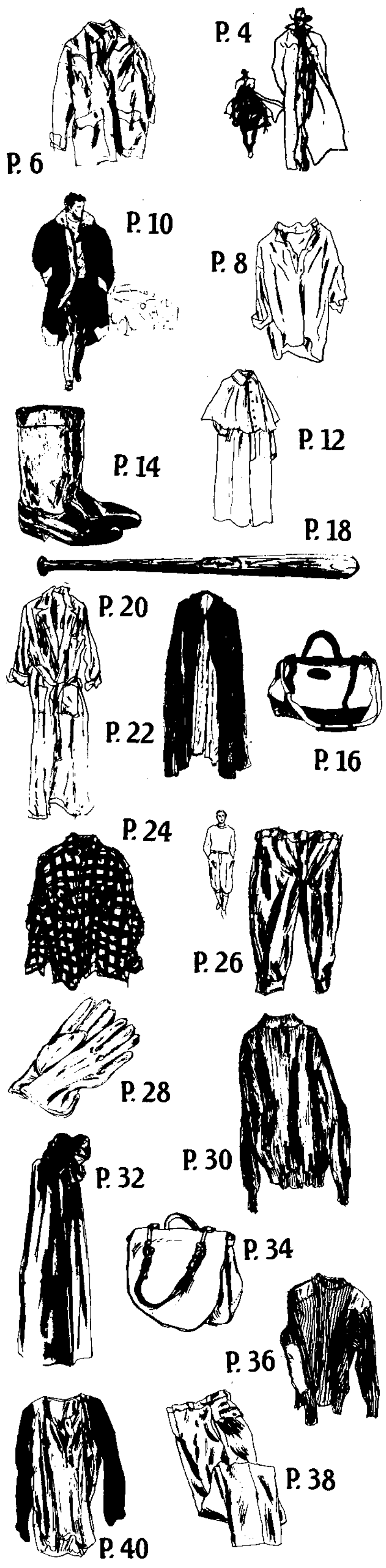

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Traditionally on Election Night in Kanawha County, the vote totals were announced and posted in the precincts. This year, none were. Instead, the uncounted voted punch cards were all carried from the precincts to the registrar's office and run through one central system, which Walter Price was looking at. Only these cumulative centralized counts, which included no record of precinct-by-precinct totals, were coming out of the whining, clacking printers; then they were ripped loose and fed to the local reporters and to the citizens who had gathered on the other side of the chest-high reception counter.

Price said that at least four times while he was looking into the computer room that night he saw Peggy Miller, the county clerk, drop down into what he called a coal miner's squat—"not on her knees but bent down with her knees coming up toward her chest"—in front of the sixteen toggle switches on the master computer, consult notes she had on a pad or clipboard, put the notes down, turn a key, flip some of the switches, and turn the key again. Such an action was not called for in the counting of the votes. After Peggy Miller finished flipping the switches, Price said, she reclaimed her notes and stood up. On more than one of these occasions, she walked over to the nearby "dasher," a slow printer, "and she would type some things and then the printer would run," he said.

The incumbent congressman for that district, running again, was a Democrat, John Hutchinson. He had been elected the mayor of Charleston three times in the seventies, and in 1976, during his service at City Hall, he had run for governor, but had lost. Although he and Jay Rockefeller, who in 1980 was the Democratic governor, were not friendly, Hutchinson was regarded by Walter Price as one of the five most influential Democrats in the state. Mick Staton, Hutchinson's Republican opponent, was a close friend of Peggy Miller's husband, Steven, a lawyer, who was the general counsel for the Republican executive committee of that congressional district, and Staton's largest campaign contributor. Hutchinson had trounced Staton in a special election the preceding June, and two polls conducted by the Charleston *Gazette* had predicted that Hutchinson would win again, in the counting that Price was watching, by a spread of

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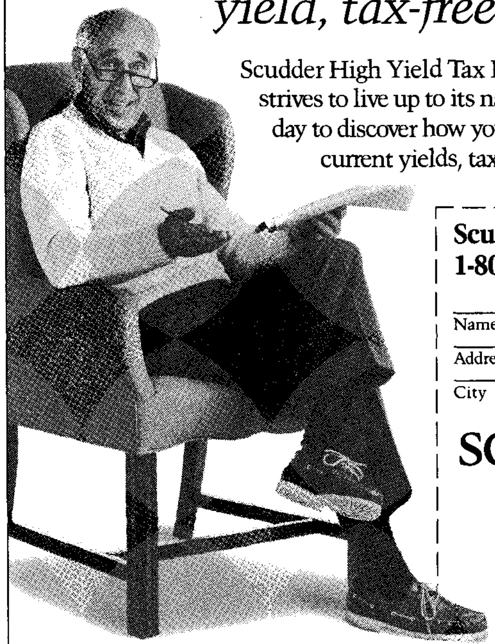

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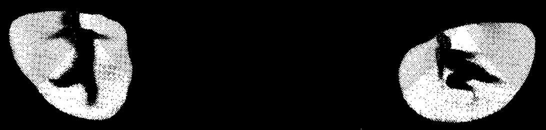

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between fourteen and sixteen percentage points; that is, by around twenty-five thousand of the votes that were being counted. Hutchinson's wife, Berry, said that a poll by the Democratic National Committee, too, had shown that her husband would win by a wide margin. Staton himself, however, had predicted that he would win, by five points.

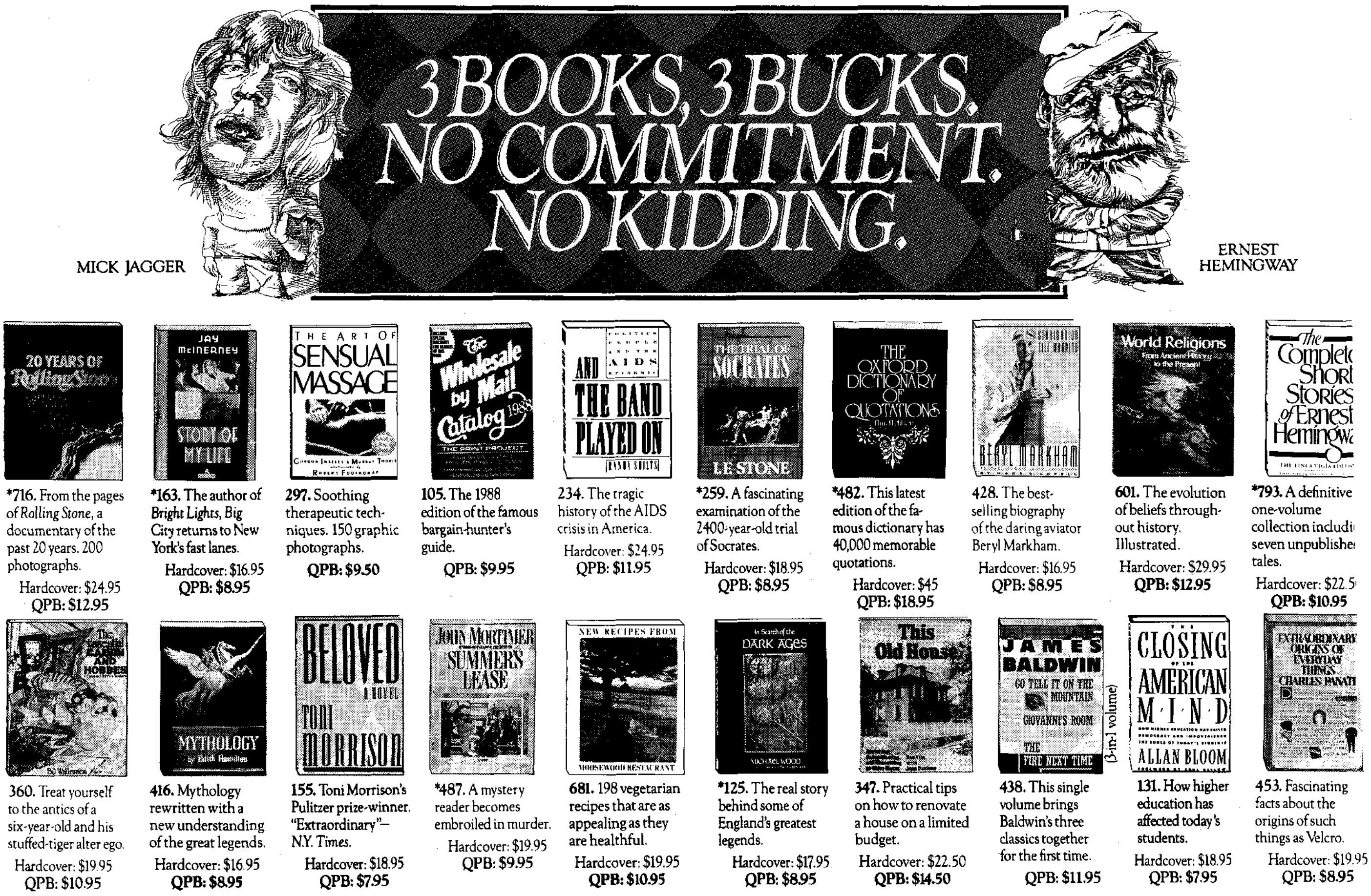
Price said that during the counting his fellow-Republican Steve Miller entered the computer cage, drew out of the inside pocket of his suit coat a pack of cards between a quarter of an inch and an inch thick and the same size as the ballot and control punch cards, patted the cards to even them up, and handed them to his wife. According to Price, they were talking, but, being behind the glass, he could not hear what they said. Price testified that Peggy Miller ran the cards through the card reader, retrieved them, and gave them back to her husband, and that he returned them to his breast pocket and left the room.

Seated at a table lodged between elements of the C.E.S. system was a man Price had never seen before. Clearly, the person he was referring to was Carl Clough, the Northeast sales manager of C.E.S., who had been with the company for ten years. Price said he saw this man busily using a telephone and what seemed to be a calculator. Open in front of him on the table was a large case resembling a briefcase. Three or four times, Price said, the man grasped the phone as one might the handle of a suitcase, and, he told me, he "*places* it, he very carefully *places* it" in the case; he "pushed it down . . . it was just a very deliberate pushing in" of the phone. After a time, he said, the man put both hands to the case, seemed to hold it down with one hand "like he was steadying, like there was some resistance to," the phone's "coming out," and, with the other, pulled the phone out "with some force." This resembles a description of a man using a modem, a device that permits computers separated by hundreds or thousands of miles to communicate with each other over telephone lines.

The operator of the master computer that night was Darlene Dotson; the secondary, slave computer was the responsibility of Vicky Lynn Young, just two years out of high school. Vicky Young needed to keep her job, because she was taking care of some of her close relatives. Nevertheless, later, on the witness stand, she swore that on one occasion during the counting in the cage Clough "told me to go over and stand beside Darlene and help her with her computer so that nobody could see."

Had this happened? Clough was asked during the trial. "Absolutely not," he replied. Furthermore, he said, he had had a briefcase in the computer cage, but there had been neither a modem nor any other electronic equipment in it. He thought that he had used a phone in the cage, but that it could have been moored in an adjacent room. Young testified that Clough had tools but had not used a modem; he denied that he had any tools. Dotson averred twice before the trial that there had been a phone in the room and that Clough had used it "more than once;" at the trial she said there had been a phone jack in the room, but no phone.

Peggy Miller said on the stand that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she had not gone into the computer cage at all on Election Night, thereby denying Price's testimony. (Mrs. Miller, who has resumed her former career as a schoolteacher, and is a candidate for the state legislature on November 8th, later said to me of Price, "He lied in court," and she also said, "He'll testify against his mother if it'll get him something.") Steve Miller, asked by the lead attorney for the plaintiffs, John Mitchell, "Did you enter the computer room and take several computer-sized cards out of your pocket and lay them down?" answered, "Absolutely, positively no." Clough said the Millers had not been in there while he was, although he had "stepped out a few times." A county commissioner said that he had seen Peggy Miller in the room. Dotson said that the Millers were not there and that Peggy Miller "may have come in, but not all the time." Young "didn't remember" Peggy Miller there, and said that she did not see Steve Miller come in "that I remember."

In a document having to do with an appeal, the defendants described Price's testimony as uncorroborated and "soundly contradicted by every other witness called by plaintiffs who was in a position to observe the occurrences in the computer room." They characterized Young's testimony as a denial that Peggy Miller had manipulated the toggle switches; they stressed that Price had not known the identity of the man he had seen with the briefcase.

On the night in question, Price, following the returns, perceived that he was losing his position in the House of Delegates, and after saying so to a friend of his he exclaimed loudly, pointing to the computer cage, "The only election I lost was in that room!" Hutchinson, too, lost that night, and by nearly ten thousand votes—the five percentage points by which his opponent, Mick Staton, earlier that fall had predicted his own victory.

Leonard Underwood, a Baptist minister, who had been defeated for the legislature by seven votes, challenged the Charleston results in a lawsuit, but Peggy Miller said that sixty-two days after the election—just two beyond the earliest legal moment in the absence of a contested election—she had had the punch-card ballots destroyed, not realizing that Underwood's challenge was still pending. "Anytime an election is completed . . . those materials are cleaned out," she said. "Otherwise we would have a continuous buildup of materials."

T. David Higgins, a Union Carbide computer specialist who was also the chairman of the Kanawha County Republican Party, testified during the trial that in Charleston in the summer of 1981, at a political affair for Representative Staton, he had spoken at length with Steve Miller:

> He was very unhappy with the fact that I was working with the joint House-Senate subcommittee here at the Capitol which was looking into the whole question of electronic voting in the state of West Virginia. And he also said something to the effect of how it worked out that my working with them, collaborating with them, somehow in his mind cast aspersions of. . . . He suggested that I thought there was something irregular in the election of November, 1980, here specifically in Kanawha County.
>
> I said to him at that point that I did not think they had done anything wrong in the election of 1980. I said to him, "I do not think that you understand enough about this computer to rig it to fix an election."
>
> And Steve looked me in the eye, grinned

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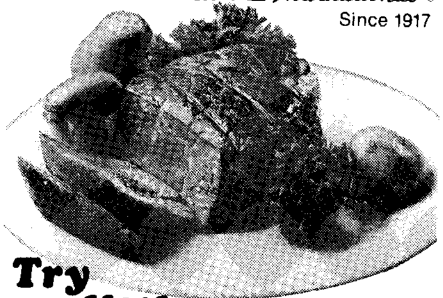

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like a shark... and said to me, "You underrated us."

(In a recent interview, Steve Miller denied that he had said "You underrated us" to Higgins at the Staton affair. "He told me about reports he had heard from Democrats that 'you guys had stolen the election,' and that he had told them we weren't smart enough to do that," Miller said. "And he's right, I grinned like a shark. In fact, I laughed out loud. I told him, 'Thank God, neither are you, David,' and turned on my heel and walked off." Miller went on to describe Higgins as "a conceited, arrogant fop" and "a shallow idiot." On the subject of Walter Price's testimony, Miller said, "He's a liar. I've never been in that computer room in my life." As for Price himself, he said, "If I had a choice between sitting down with him and a polecat, I'd pick the polecat.")

C.E.S. officials in Berkeley, upon learning of the rising public alarm in Charleston, sent out one of their programming consultants, C. Stephen Carr, who had probably written or revised as many of the codes for vote-counting machines as anyone else in America. Testifying at hearings on electronic voting that had been called by the West Virginia secretary of state, in Charleston, Carr declared, "While any computer system can be penetrated, the time and effort to penetrate this one is so extreme as to render it effectively impenetrable."

Representative Staton was defeated for reëlection in 1982. The West Virginia legislature passed a law that year requiring that after each election "at least five per cent of the precincts shall be chosen at random and the ballot cards cast therein counted manually." A special grand jury that was convened to investigate the November, 1980, election indicted Peggy Miller on six felony and nine misdemeanor charges of election-law violations, none of them directly related to the computers, and she was tried and acquitted on all counts.

THREE of the Democrats who had lost in 1980—Hutchinson, Underwood, and Bill Reese, a candidate for county commissioner—continued to be troubled by the outcome even after Miller's acquittal. Underwood wanted the three of them to sue for damages.

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John Hutchinson told him, "Why, you're crazy as a bedbug, they beat me by ten thousand votes."

Underwood replied, "If you're gonna steal it, you can put in ten thousand as easily as ten."

Dozens of times, driving past the Hutchinsons' home, which is near his own in Charleston, Walter Price recalled, he thought that he should go in and tell Hutchinson what he had seen in the computer cage. "It occurred to me that that poor man ought to know what really screwed him out of Congress," Price said to me. "Why I didn't do it I don't know."

In mid-1982, though, he said, he happened to take a seat in front of the Hutchinsons at a public meeting in the state capitol, and Berry Hutchinson, a shrewd and ebullient woman, who is a member of an old-money Charleston family, leaned forward and asked him, "Were you by any chance present when the ballots were being processed in 1980?"

"Well, yes, I was," he replied.

She told him she and her husband would buy him lunch in the basement cafeteria if he would tell them what he had seen.

"For about thirty-five seconds," Price told me, he flinched mentally at "having truck with Democrats" and at having everybody see him walk through the capitol with John Hutchinson, but then—"It was a flash of lightning"—this response was erased by the thought Well, hell, you've got to do what's right. Price thereupon said he would go. Over lunch, he said, he described to the Hutchinsons what he had seen, and during a visit to the computer cage after lunch he showed Berry Hutchinson the toggle switches on the front panel. Outside the registrar's office, she said later, she asked him whether he would testify if they filed a lawsuit, and he said yes.

Early the next year, John Hutchinson, Underwood, and Reese, their evidence dramatically fortified by Walter Price, sued the Millers, the registrar of voters, the county commissioners, C.E.S. and four of its employees, and others for about nine million dollars in damages, alleging (in their third amended complaint) that various of the defendants had "tampered, directly and/or indirectly, with the computer programming of the election computer" and "rigged the counting computers by the manipulation of control

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toggle switches and the use of predetermined material or both in such a way that the computer did not reflect an actual count of ballots cast.” The plaintiffs contended that by these and other means they had been deprived of “their constitutional right to vote or receive votes [and] their right to hold public office,” and of income, reputation, time, and money.

Needing a computer expert, the plaintiffs turned to Wayne G. Nunn, a slender, soft-spoken man of thirty-six who was a project scientist for Union Carbide, one of the major chemical companies in West Virginia’s Chemical Valley. Nunn had supervised the design and installation of computer networks, some costing several million dollars, for the firm’s laboratories and pilot plants. He had shared an office there for three years with David Higgins, who was the chief of Union Carbide’s computerized technology-intelligence-information network. Nunn also ran a small custom-software venture that wrote programs, did consulting, and sold operating systems. He had programmed computers in many different computer languages and in the field of artificial intelligence.

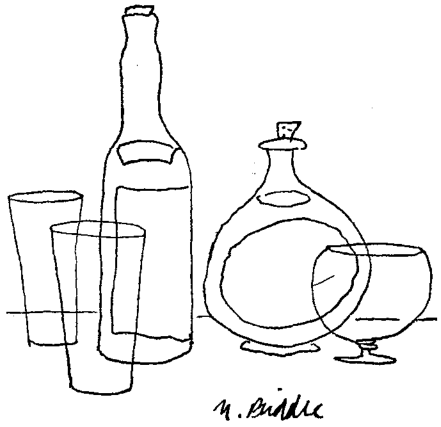
Having no confessions from any of the defendants, John Mitchell determined to rely on circumstantial evidence in trying to prove a conspiracy. Three weeks before the 1984 Presidential election, Nunn conducted a nine-hour examination of the C.E.S. system, with Carr, who had programmed it, Kemp, the C.E.S. president, and a dozen or so other people watching. Because of a clerical slipup in the listing of what Nunn wanted to see, C.E.S. was not required to show him the source code, the diagrams for the circuit boards, and the operators’ manuals. Nevertheless, feeling his way along in the microcosmic darkness of the program’s space, Nunn, with one punch card, added ten thousand votes to the total of one of the candidates in a mock race for President.

During a deposition he gave subsequently, under extensive cross-examination by an attorney for the Millers, Nunn said that he had perceived seven ways in which the C.E.S. system in use in Charleston could be caused to miscount the votes: by manipulating the toggle switches on the face of the Data General Nova computer to change vote totals and the figure for total votes processed; by altering the program deck of cards during the counting; by running “summary cards” through the computer to add votes for candidates; by changing vote totals using the keyboard at the slow printer that was part of the system, using another computer located nearby and connected by a cable, or using a computer thousands of miles away, by means of modems; or by planting a “Trojan horse” (hacker jargon for secret, undetectable commands that can be hidden in a computer program) in the code that controls the vote-counting, requiring it to switch, say, one out of every four votes from one candidate to another or give a candidate a false victory by a certain percentage.

The plaintiffs were determined to make a second effort to break the source code, and C.E.S. was determined to prevent Nunn from studying it. C.E.S. asked Judge Charles H. Haden II, of the United States District Court, whose wife had been the chairperson of Reagan’s reëlection campaign in West Virginia, not to let Nunn even see the code, because it was “a ‘trade secret’ . . . highly confidential.” Alternatively, the company said, if the Judge forced them to let Nunn inspect the code Nunn should have to do it at C.E.S. headquarters in Berkeley and should not be permitted to copy it or leave with any notes.

Hutchinson and his fellow-plaintiffs assailed the C.E.S. insistence on secrecy from a broad perspective. “There should be full disclosure of matters involving public elections,” they contended. “[The] demand for ‘secrecy’ by C.E.S. only insures that the potential for fraud will be perpetrated. This involves a matter of strong public policy.” (Perhaps the plaintiffs meant “perpetuated,” but their motion said “perpetrated.”)

Judge Haden ordered C.E.S. to make the source code available to Nunn in Charleston, but he ratified the company’s practice and requirement of secrecy, and he decreed, “Dr. Nunn will not reveal any information to anyone. . . . No records shall be made of information obtained.” (During the trial, the Judge stated from the bench, “They are entitled to protection of the secrets.”) But the litigants had extracted their minimum requirement: Nunn had the code, and he examined it to his satisfaction in a closed office at the local C.E.S. attorneys’ firm for parts of two days.



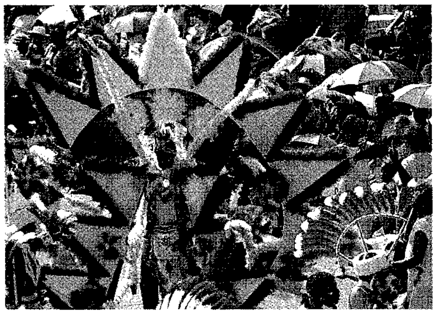
What he had was a printout of “the assembler third pass listing” for the BT-76 program—a stack of computer paper still joined together at the folds which was four or five inches high. He was allowed to make notes but was not provided with the computer he needed in order to test the code systematically; all he could do was look at the highly technical lines of the listing. This was gruelling mental work, and after three or four hours he was very tired. During the second day, he decided there was nothing more he could learn from just looking, sealed his notes, gave them to the C.E.S. lawyers, and left.

Carr and Kemp flew to Charleston to crowd into the computer cage again and watch Nunn’s second examination of the system. As the day wore on, the number of people watching varied between ten and twenty-five, and sometimes Nunn could hardly move around. Mustachioed, skinny, and dapper in a blue suit, he examined the inside of the computer with a long black flashlight, tested again how it worked, and printed out results of a mock election. He announced that with the toggle switches he had been able to manipulate the figure printed out on a cumulative report for total ballots counted.

Several hours later, after further examining the machine, Nunn cast and counted one punch-card ballot, with just one vote on it, printed a cumulative report that showed one cast and counted, stopped the computer, used the toggle switches to change the vote for Position No. 1, re-started the computer, printed out, and, showing the printout, announced, “The next report is a cumulative report, again showing one precinct processed, one ballot processed. But Position No. 1 now has ten thousand and thirteen votes.” Then, again with one ballot, he produced five votes. Then seven. “No punch cards

The Arts of the Islands:

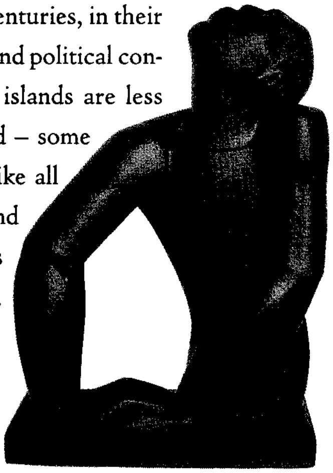
A CARIBBEAN SAMPLER



For most people, the Caribbean islands, stretching from the tip of Florida to the coast of Venezuela, are defined by images of lush green mountains and coastlines scalloped with powdery white sand beaches washed by gentle, turquoise waters. For city dwellers weary of noise, pollution, and winter chills, that can be intoxicating. And intoxicating, too, is the Caribbean beyond the beautiful beaches and balmy breezes – a paradise of islands rich in culture and art that most vacationers miss simply because they do not know what is there.

If the presence of a lively Carribbean cultural life comes as news, there is no need to think one has been remiss. It is new – or almost new. Although the islands' history spans centuries, in their present-day cultural and political context most Caribbean islands are less than three decades old – some only ten years old. Like all young nations around the world, they have had to define themselves. The arts play an eloquent role in the process of nation building.

Canvases burst with color; theatre captivates audiences; museums seem to pop up everywhere. The region pulsates with the rhythms of soca and salsa, compas and calypso, reggae and zouk. Dancers ➢



move across stages with energy and infectious enthusiasm. Talented playwrights draw on a rich heritage of folklore and the changing social order. Actors with extraordinary natural ability and a highly developed sense of body language captivate their audiences.

What makes the arts of the Caribbean exciting is not sophistication or even originality (though there are both) but its scope and variety. There is a New Caribbean: It is part African, part European, part American – North and South; it is young, searching, creative.

Dance

Of all the arts of the Caribbean none has had a richer heritage nor served so eloquently as a wellspring for the New Caribbean as dance.

In the beginning, there were formal European court dances, followed by a great variety of traditions that arrived with settlers. The African slaves copied – some say mocked – both styles since they were usually forbidden to perform their robust tribal and ritual dances.

After slavery was abolished in the early nineteenth century, many Caribbean islands imported indentured workers from India, China, and Indonesia. With these immigrants came new music and new dances.

Today, Caribbean dance exists on every level. Many of the old dances have been recreated as folklore ballets while others are being reinterpreted in modern form. Almost every island has one or more dance troupes. Some are little more than costumed dancers performing for tourists, but many are serious folklore, ballet, and modern dance companies striving to preserve traditions, and create original works.

Of all the arts of the Caribbean none has had a richer heritage than dance.

The National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica is the region's premier company and enjoys an international reputation unmatched by any other group in the Caribbean. Founded in 1962, and made up entirely of volunteers, it is a modern ballet company with a mission. Its repertoire, drawn from all aspects of Jamaican life, expresses Jamaica's search for national identity. The company serves as a catalyst for dance, theatre, and the related arts throughout Jamaica and the Caribbean.

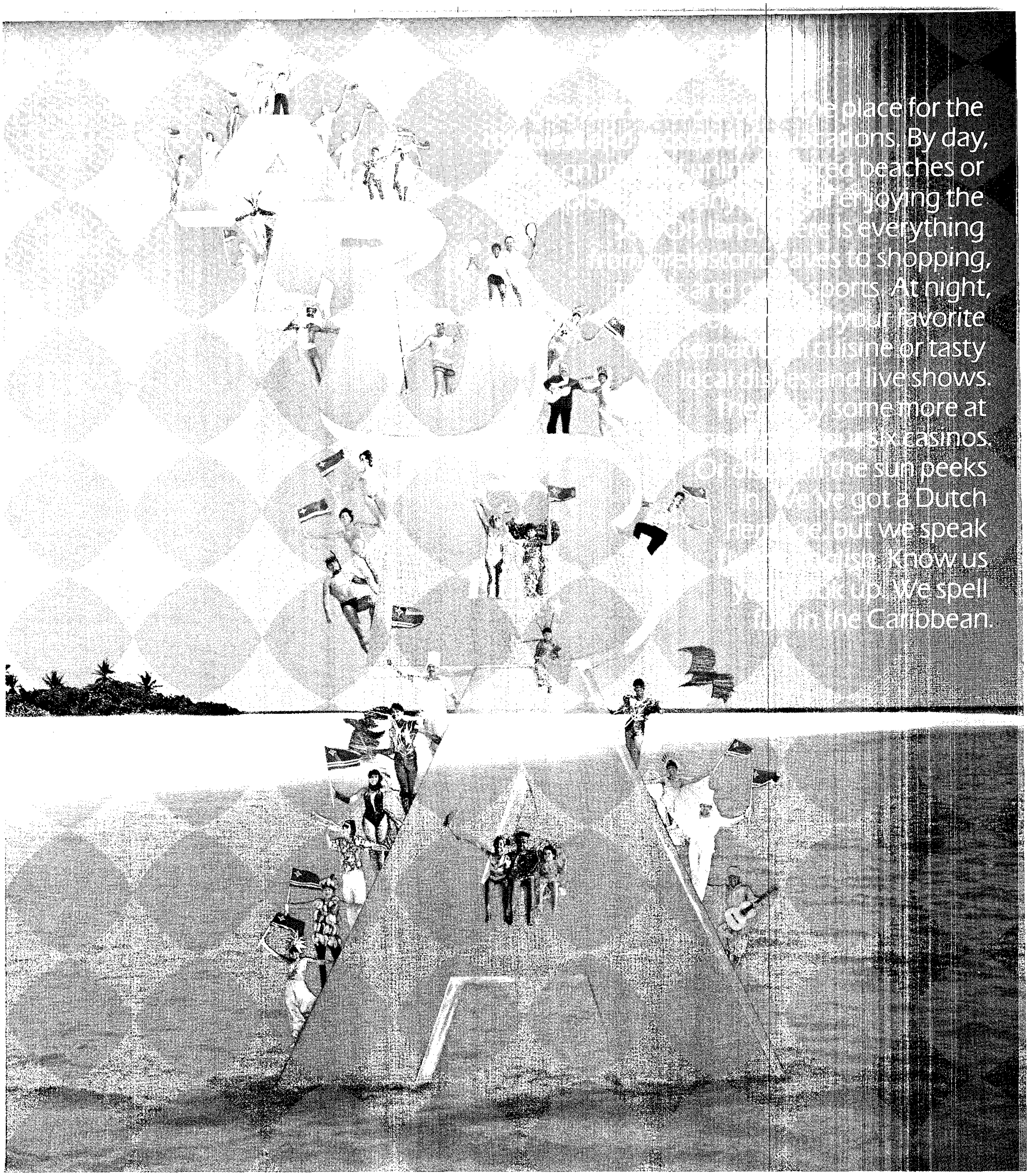
Its season at the Little Theatre in Kingston runs from late July to mid-August, plus a mini-series during the first week in December. The thrice weekly rehearsals can be attended through prior arrangements.

Among the company's most interesting and colorful works is "Pocomania," based on a local revivalist cult. Two new works this year, using Caribbean poetry and music by writers other than Jamaicans, integrate the company's role in the wider Caribbean.

Jamaica has another half dozen or so dance groups which perform at the Little Theatre, Ward Theatre, the Creative Arts Centre, and other venues.

Dance in Puerto Rico encompasses classical ballet and the most sophisticated interpretation of folkloric dances in the Caribbean. Ballet de San Juan is Puerto Rico's leading ballet company, which performs each fall at the Fine Arts Center in San Juan.

Puerto Rican folkloric dance is a blend of Spanish, African, and Taino Indian cultures. The two leading companies, Areyto and Ballet Folklorico Nacional de Puerto Rico, can be seen



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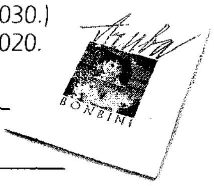

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The Thirteenth International Folkloric Festival of Puerto Rico, January 6th - 15th, at the Fine Arts Center, is produced by Areyto and features folkloric groups from around the world.

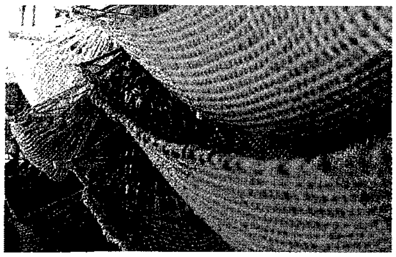
The annual Semana de la Danza (The Week of the Dance), in the open-air courtyard of the sixteenth-century Dominican Convent in Old San Juan, is held in mid-May.

The small island of Bonaire has folkloric dances. The Kibrahacha dancers are one of several groups which perform during Antillean nights that are held at least twice weekly at different hotels. In the Turks and Caicos, this role is filled by the Turks and Caicos Cultural Group.

The Barbados Dance Theatre Company, the island's best known and most professional group, was formed in 1968 and works to promote community spirit and to develop an interest among young people in cultural affairs. Dance Experience, a young group of talented dancers, was formed in 1981.

In St. Croix, the Caribbean Dance Company, with a repertoire of jazz, modern dance, and folkloric dances representing several Caribbean countries, performs weekly at hotels and at Island Center on special occasions. The company also runs classes for local school children.

Each year, The Ballet Theatre of the Virgin Islands on St. Thomas sends its members to training programs in the United States. It performs at community affairs throughout the year and gives an annual benefit concert at the Reichold Center for the Performing Arts. Two of the island's oldest folk dance groups are the Mungo Niles Cultural Dancers and the Milton Payne Quadrille Dancers, which perform frequently at the Arts Alive Festival.



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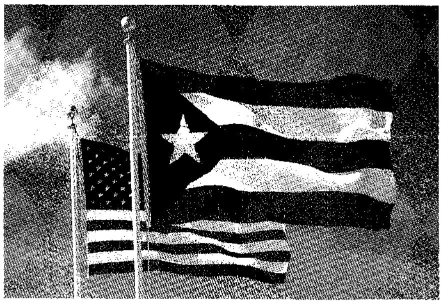

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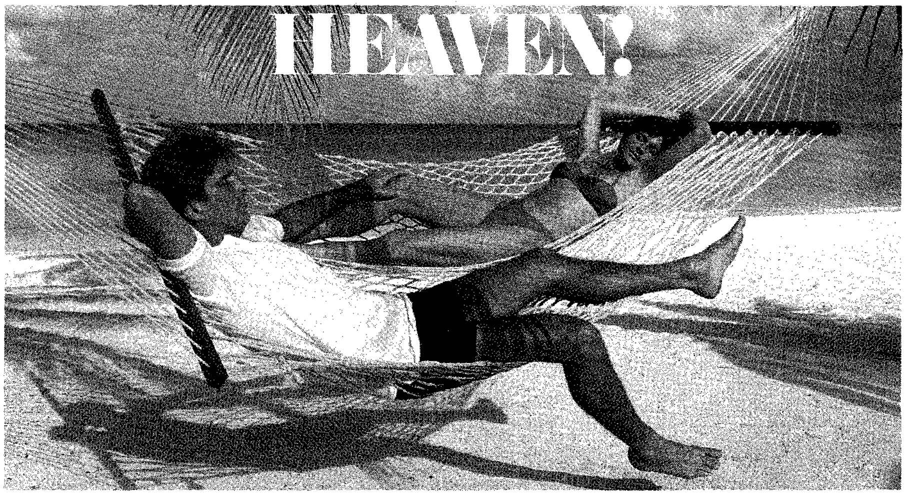

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Caribbean theatre has been around for a long time. It is said to have begun in the seventeenth century with plantation improvisations called "tea meetings." But down through the centuries, drama was mostly European theatre from Europe for Europeans. Theatre first became Caribbean – that is, West Indians performing roles that related to Caribbean concerns – in the nineteen-thirties.

Jamaica's Ward Theatre, one of the oldest in the West Indies, is the home of LTM Pantomime, which features its own blend of local legend and life in comedy, song, and dance. The Kingston season opens on Boxing Day, December 26th, and runs through April.

The Little Theatre offers a wide variety of theatrical productions year-round and is home of the Jamaican National Dance Theatre. The Jamaican Musical Theatre Company stages major productions, ranging from Gilbert and Sullivan to Broadway hits. In addition, there are about a half dozen small commercial theatres, such as the New Kingston, the Barn, and Bohemia Arts, where Jamaican playwrights produce and direct their own shows. At the University of the West Indies, productions by the University Drama Society usually

Today, Ca

highlight works by Caribbean writers.

Jamaica's most unusual group is the Sisteren Theatre Collective, a group of working class women whose productions are unique in the Caribbean. It began when a group of women, employed in low paying government work projects, came together seeking help in dealing with their problems at work and home. The women were urged to reënact the circumstances surrounding their dilemmas as a way of helping them to express themselves. The method proved so effective the women were urged to write their demonstrations into skits and to take their show on the road to help other women resolve similar situations.

In the Bahamas, the coming spring/summer repertory season at the Dundas Centre of the Performing Arts in Nassau will feature only plays by Bahamian writers.

In Barbados, Stage One Theatre Productions, a non-profit organization established in 1979, produces works

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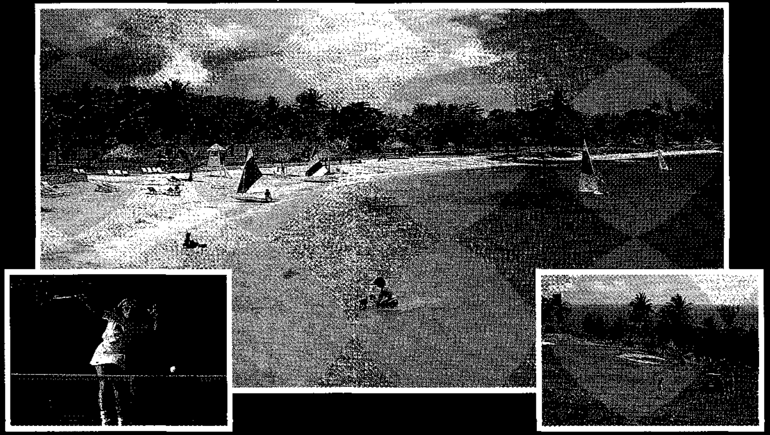

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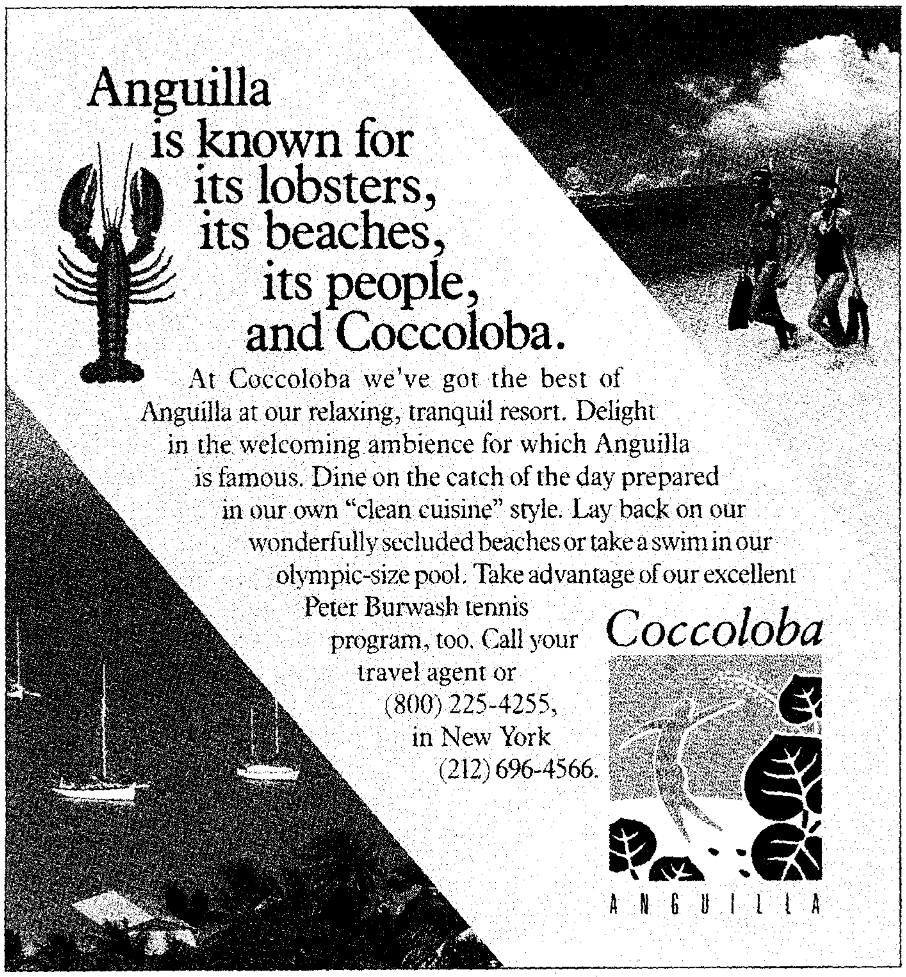

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relevant to the Caribbean experience. To encourage greater interest and participation in the theatre, it sponsors community workshops and public auditions. Community Theatre Productions is similar to Stage One in its use of Bajan material and training workshops.

STEELBAND MUSICIANS, ANTIGUA

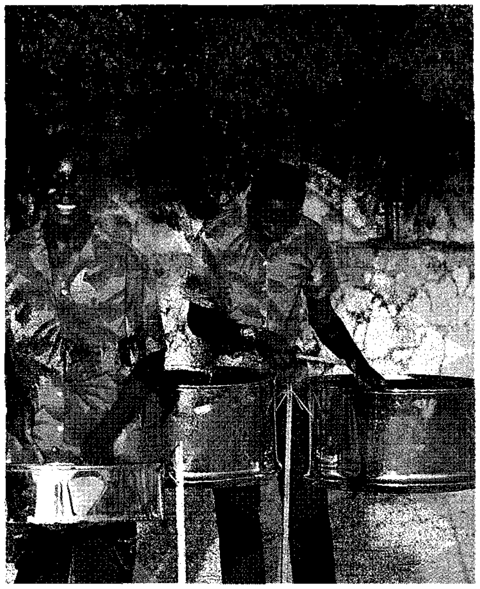
Bajans – who are in some ways more British than the Queen (Victoria, that is) – excel at poking fun at their past, and they do it successfully in dinner theatre designed for tourists. The show "1627 and All That Sort of Thing," a musical spoof of history performed on Sundays and Thursdays, is set in the historic courtyard of the Barbados Museum.

On Tuesday nights, "Barbados Barbados," based on the true story of the island's first innkeeper and madame, is performed in the boiling house of the old sugar mill at Balls Plantation.

The Puerto Rico Theatre Festival at the Tapia Theatre, one of the oldest theatres in the Western Hemisphere, is held in May. Three of the major local theatre companies are Producciones Cisne, Conarte, and Alta Escena.

Trinidad is an active theatre center. The Little Carib Theatre has productions by the Caribbean Theatre Guild/ Trinidad Theatre Workshop, Alternative National Theatre, Teachers in Theatre, and others. Astor Theatre presents works by the National Council on Indian Culture.

For those who speak French, Martinique has classic and contemporary plays by French theatre companies year-



round. The Fort-de-France International Cultural Festival in July includes a month of outstanding theatre presentations.

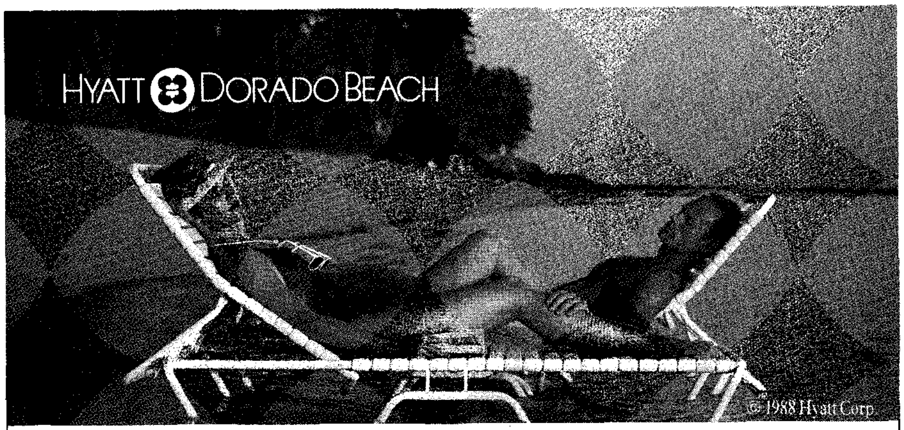
The Lighthouse Theatre Company in Castries, St. Lucia, offers drama, comedy, and pantomime regularly during the year. Performances are in English with an occasional sprinkling of French creole.

In St. Thomas, Dinner Theatre By The Sea at Coral World had a successful opening season, featuring a mystery with audience participation. The new season features five consecutive productions through August, 1989.

In the Caymans, the F. J. Harquail Theatre, a fine arts and cultural center, presents concerts, plays, art exhibits, and dinner theatre. The Cayman Island National Theatre Company, which marks its tenth anniversary next year, is based here; its new season begins in December.

Music

Music, from madrigal singers and string quartets to jazz combos and rock bands, fills the Caribbean cultural calendar. Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Barbados, and the U.S.



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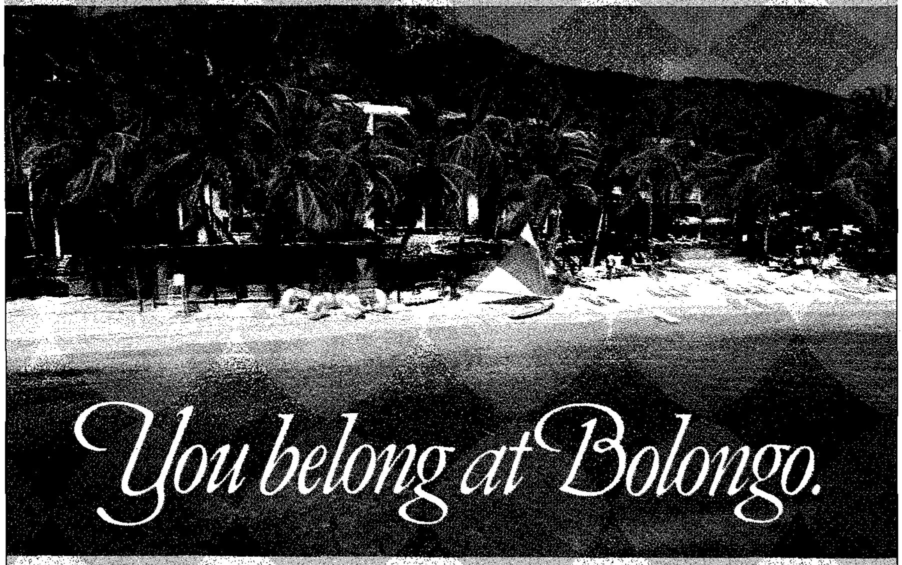

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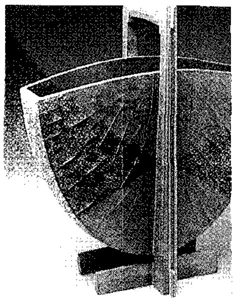
Virgin Islands offer year-round concert series, while other islands have them seasonally. Long-established festivals of the performing arts feature international stars and showcase the music of the Caribbean. Each year seems to bring forth new artists.

The regular season for the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra runs from September to May, and will highlight new works by three Puerto Rican composers.

The symphony, celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, is the resident orchestra of the Casals Festival, and will share the bill with the visiting National Symphony of Washington. Performances at the Fine Arts Center in San Juan, and in Ponce, Mayagüez, and Humacao are tentatively scheduled for June 15 - July 1, 1989.

During the festival, master classes by principals of the visiting symphony orchestra are offered, and festival concerts are rebroadcast on television.

San Juan also has three opera companies. The smallest, Opera de Camara, has a particular appeal to children. There are performances at the Tapia Theatre and the Fine Arts Center.


SCULPTURE BY MICHAEL HURWITZ

The Dominican Convent in Old San Juan houses the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, the umbrella organization that spearheaded the preservation of Old San Juan and directs many cultural programs. The courtyard of the Convent is used frequently for musical concerts, and is the home of the annual Fiesta de la Musica, held November 15th - 29th. The highlight of this fiesta is a competition of cuatro, a traditional Puerto Rican stringed instrument similar to the guitar.

Two other festivals on the Puerto Rican musical calendar are noteworthy: the Summer Arts Festival, which runs from August through October and provides free entertainment each Sunday on the grounds of El Morro and San Juan Park, and the Interamerican Arts

Crop Over, an annual folkloric festival, is Barbados' most popular festival.

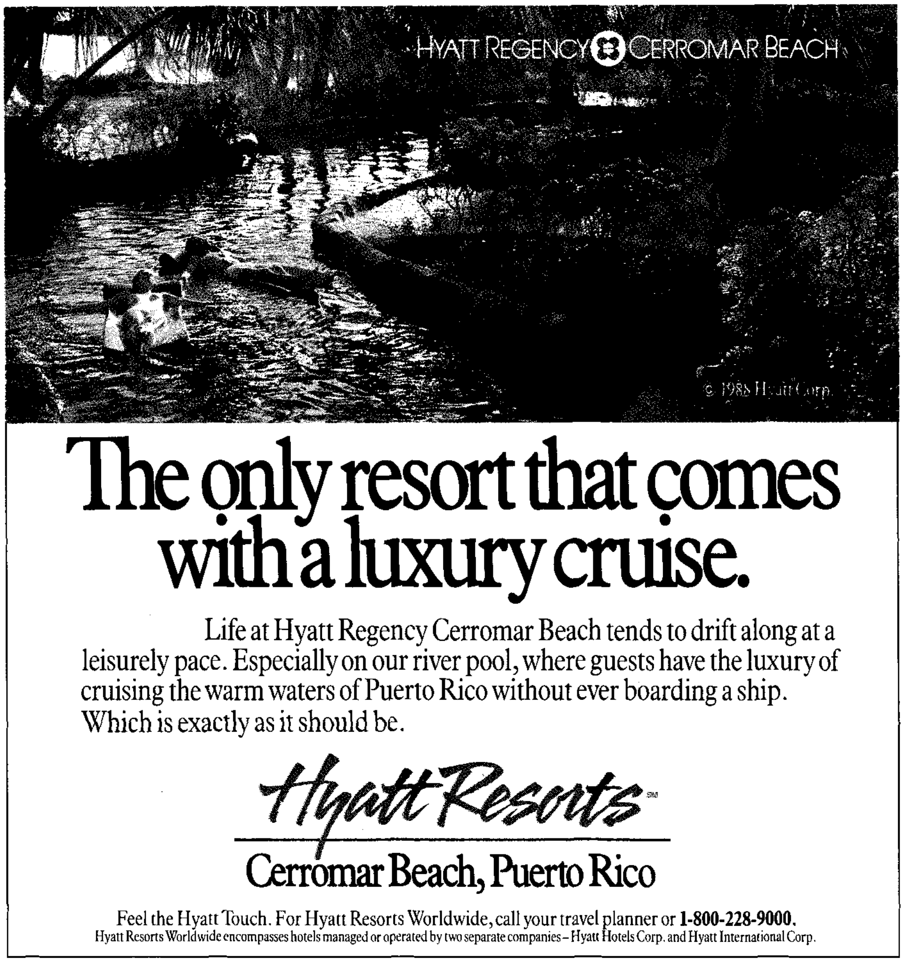
IPANI AND BOUGAINVILLEA

Festival, a three-week series in late September/early October at the Fine Arts Center. The first Puerto Rican opera of the twentieth century, "The Silver Messenger," premiered at the 1986 festival.

Martinique's month-long Festival of Fort-de-France in July has a broad range of music and artists from five continents as well as the Caribbean. Five performances are scheduled daily around the capital and in other towns. Also in Martinique is the Eighth World Guitar and Dance Festival, December 1st - 10th, with renowned performers of classical and jazz guitar, and flamenco. In addition to concerts, the artists give seminars on guitar technique and interpretation. The event alternates biannually with the International Jazz and Popular Music Festival (which is scheduled for December, 1989).

The Esso Arts Festival in Barbados, organized by the National Cultural Foundation, is held in the Frank Collymore Hall on weekends in February and March. It includes music by artists from the Caribbean, Europe, and the U.S. The Caribbean Jazz Festival here is an annual four-day event in late May focusing on contemporary jazz.

The hottest new Caribbean sound is zouk, which originated in Guadeloupe only five years ago. Created by the group Kassav, the irresistible sound combines Haitian compas with French West Indies' traditional merengue, but with a faster beat and a joyous style all its own. New Land, a night spot with an auditorium where zouk competitions



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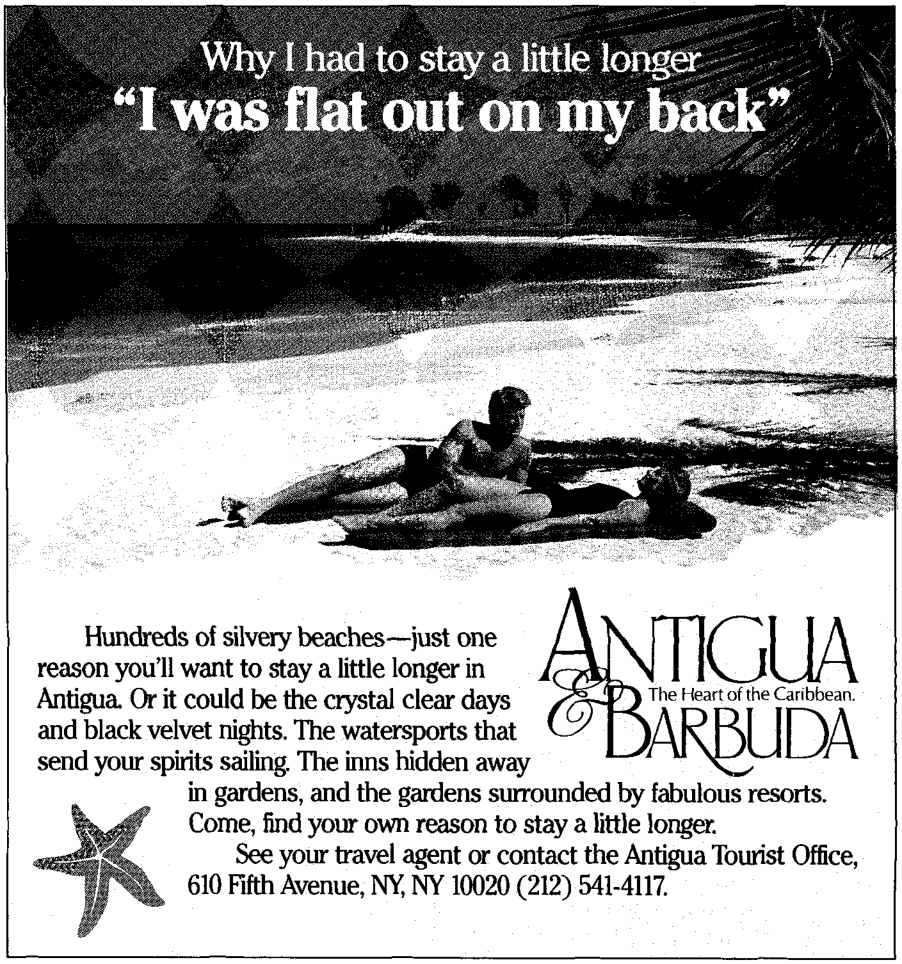

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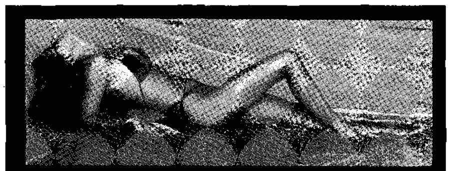

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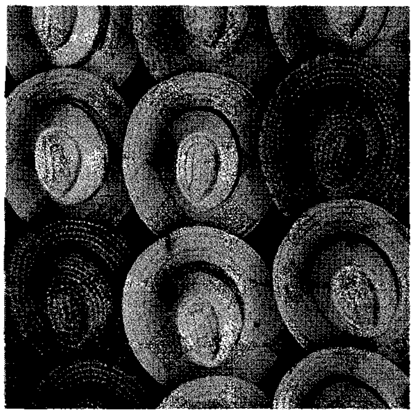
FOLK ART IN PUERTO RICO



STREET VENDOR'S HATS, ANTIGUA

are held, has recently opened outside of Pointe-à-Pitre near Gosier.

The St. Croix Jazz Society has an annual concert each May at the twenty-one-year-old Island Center.

Scott Joplin's "Treemonisha" will be the first full-length opera staged in the U.S. Virgin Islands. The opera's score of ragtime, gospel, and blues will be sung by a chorus made up of local residents from church choirs. The dancers come from the Ballet Theatre of the Virgin Islands/St. Thomas School of Dance. The opera is at St. Croix's Island Center on November 18th, and St. Thomas's Reichold Center on November 20th.

Classics in the Garden is a Wednesday afternoon music series at the Tillet Gallery in Tutu, St. Thomas. The Caribbean Chorale, a non-profit organization with sixty-six members, has been performing for more than twenty years. It gives at least two major concerts every year.

In only twenty years, reggae music has swept up the pop world. Born out of Jamaica's folk music of mento and ska, reggae has become the country's musical conscience. The annual Reggae Sunsplash, held in mid-August in Montego Bay, draws thousands of fans from around the world to hear established artists as well as rising stars.

A museum in Kingston honors reggae superstar Bob Marley, who died in 1981. Set in the nineteenth-century house where Marley lived, it chronicles his life and music.

The Liamuiga Folk Singers of St. Kitts/Nevis perform folk songs, spirituals, calypso, reggae, and contemporary songs.

On Curaçao, concerts of light music are held monthly at the Curaçao Museum. The museum, marking its fortieth anniversary, has a rare forty-five bell, four-octave carillon. Centro Pro Arte, the island's national theatre, is the place for concerts and other cultural events. Each October, it hosts the International World Troubadours Festival in which contestants must sing one native ballad and one composed by the festival organizer. The troubadours must accompany themselves on an unamplified guitar or another stringed instrument.

Panorama, the steelband music festival of Trinidad and Tobago held in September and October, is almost as important as Carnival. The history of pan, as steel drums are known in Trinidad, and Carnival are nearly inseparable. A major distinction of the festival has been to raise steelband music to concert-level quality, enabling artists to demonstrate their versatility.

In the Dominican Republic, Casa de Teatro is the best place in Santo Domingo for avant-garde music, and an annual jazz festival is a key part of the cultural schedule at Altos de Chavón.

The Marryshow Folk Theatre on Grenada offers a varied program of Grenadian and West Indian folk music and dance.

The Emerald Community Singers, a popular choral group on Montserrat, perform regularly from December to April at the Vue Point Hotel, the island's social center.

December is the definitive month for Caribbean choral groups. In the Bahamas, the annual concerts of the Renaissance Singers in mid-December mark the start of the Christmas season. Begun in 1965 by eight madrigal singers, the group now has fifty members and a repertoire ranging from renaissance classics to modern spirituals. The yuletide performances begin with candlelight processions, followed by five concerts at Government House and the Dundas Centre for the Performing Arts in the capital city of Nassau.

The best known group of Bahamian musicians is the popular Royal Bahamas Police Band. They can be heard on the first and third Saturday of December at 10 A.M. during the Changing of the Guard at Government House. The band also performs frequently at festivals and other events, such as the opening of Parliament.

Even on the smallest Caribbean islands fine musical performances can be found: St. Barts in the French West Indies will hold its fifth annual Classical Music Festival from January 31st - February 6th.

Festivals

Caribbean feasts with religious and folkloric origins have evolved into a

Guadeloupe's colorful Fête des Cuisinières, or the Celebration of the Women Cooks.

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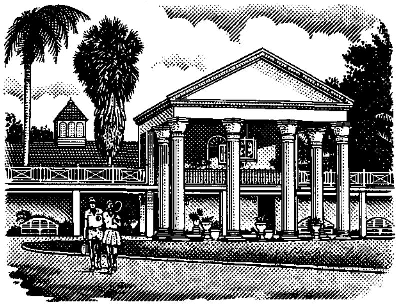

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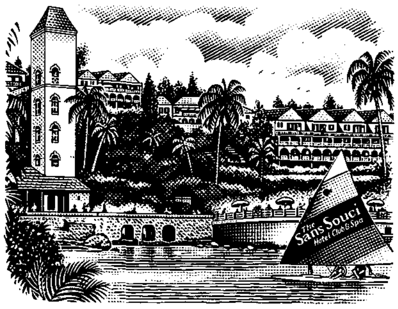

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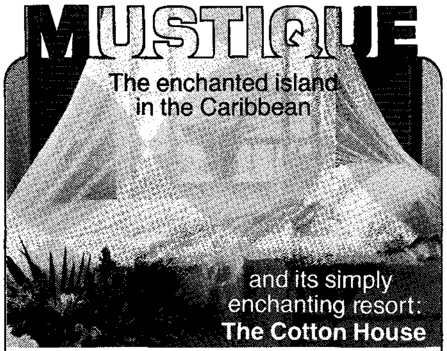

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Carnival in Trinidad is the granddaddy of them all. It is big, brassy, colorful, and creative, and rivals Rio in music and madness.

Historians mark the beginning of Carnival in Trinidad as 1783 when French settlers, other Europeans, and Free Negroes were given land grants. Under French influence, a festive season from Christmas to Ash Wednesday became a tradition.

In 1833, following emancipation, the celebrations moved from the ballroom into the streets, becoming the people's festival with a confluence of national traditions. Pan or steel band music replaced the old bamboo bands as musicians found they could improvise rhythms and broaden their range with metallic tones.

In 1948, pan players began using discarded oil drums and these rapidly replaced all other pans used in the bands. The first pan recital, with selections ranging from calypso to the classics, was greeted with great national acclaim.

Today, Panorama, the knockout competition for more than a hundred pan bands, and the hotly contested Steel Band of the Year title are essential elements of

PARADE IN ST. CROIX

Carnival. Bands prepare at "panyards" that are open to visitors.

Prior to national independence in 1962, bands of five hundred masqueraders were considered a large group. Today, Mas Bands, as the masqueraders are known, are divided into three sizes, with the largest having as many as four thousand participants, costumed to portray a theme created by the band leader. The winner of the Masquerade Band competition is crowned King of Carnival.

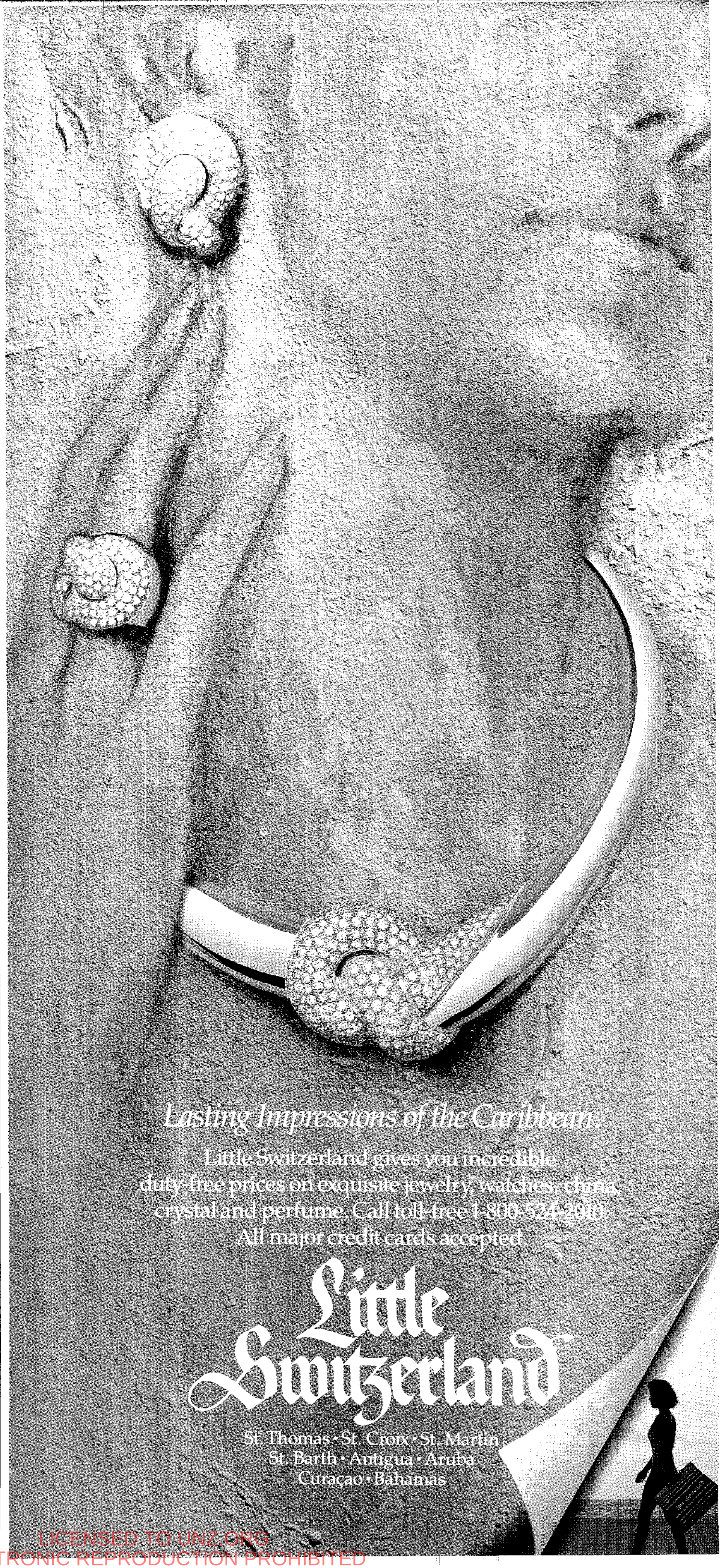
Calypso is the essence of Carnival. Weeks before Carnival, calypso tunes popularized by past Carnivals and those presently in competition can be heard all over town. One song is chosen by popular consent as the "road march" of Carnival. The Calypsonians are the men and women who provide the music and lyrics of Carnival. (Calypso lyrics usually satirize island politics, society, and other local concerns.)

Although the Road March is the spectacle to see, the competitions for calypsonians, steel bands, and costumed bands are the heart of Carnival.

The Dimanche Gras, or Sunday show, is a colorful evening of performances by top entertainers and the major competitions for the best calypsonians and the King and Queen of Carnival.

Dawn, or J'ouvert, is the official start of Carnival Monday, and symbolizes the opening of the door to let in King Carnival. The J'ouvert jumping, which lasts until about 10 or 11 A.M., is accompanied by "ole mas" bands. Afterward,

CARNIVAL, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS



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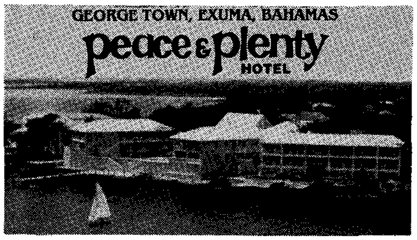

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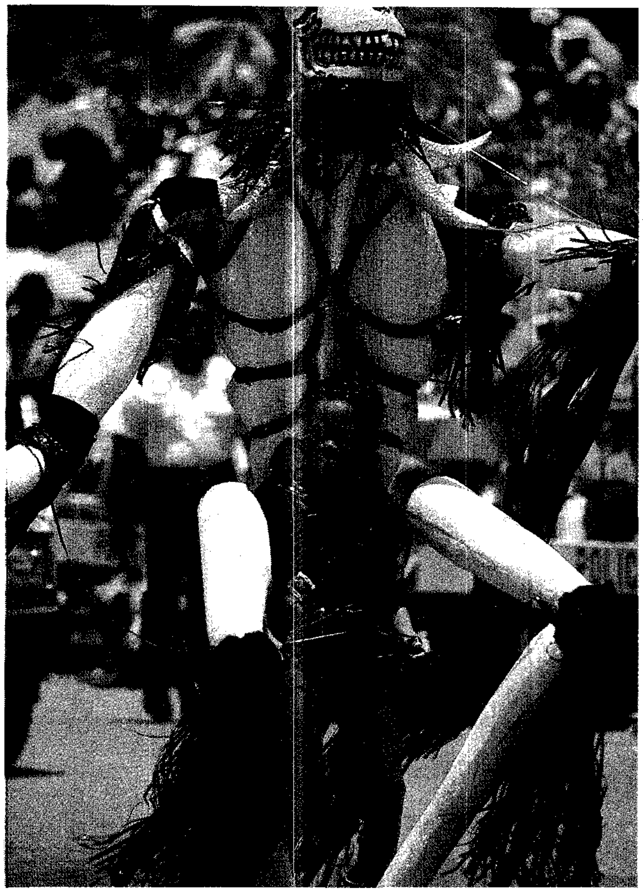
Carnival in the U.S. Virgin Islands follows the Trinidadian tradition with calypso and band competitions and parades.



revellers gather at the headquarters of the respective bands to prepare for the Monday parade.

Early in the morning of Carnival Tuesday, the bands line up to begin the spectacular final parade. The celebration ends at midnight with the "Las Lap," an expression for the winding down of Carnival, and the last chance to jump in the streets before King Carnival disappears.

Aruba, Curaçao, the Dominican Republic, Bonaire, and Haiti also celebrate Carnival in the traditional pre-Lent period, as do the French West Indies, where the celebrations continue through Ash Wednesday. On St. John, a mini-Carnival is part of the July 4th Independence Day celebrations. On Anguilla, Antigua, and the British Virgin Islands, Carnival is celebrated during late July and early August, in conjunction with Emancipation Week, which begins on the first Monday in August and marks the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies.

St. Vincent, a former British colony, celebrates Carnival from June 28th to July 7th, with one of the most colorful festivals in the Caribbean. Almost as festive are the island's Christmas celebrations, which run for nine days beginning December 16th, with parades in the morning and dances in the evening.

A two-week celebration in St. Maarten culminates in a parade on April 30th, the anniversary of the coronation of Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands.

There is a Carnival, from April 24th - 30th, in the U.S. Virgin Islands that follows the Trinidadian tradition with calypso and band competitions and parades. A notable feature is a performance of Moko Jumbis, the most dazzling stiltwalk dancers in the Americas.

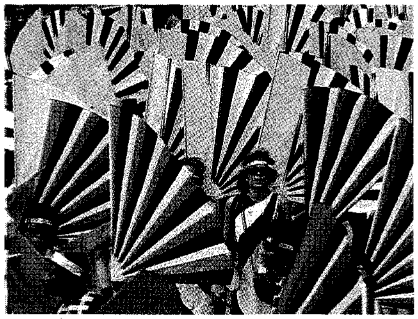
Colorful festivals are part of life in Bonaire, which celebrates Saint John's Day on June 14th and Saint Peter's Day on June 19th with folkloric dancing.

In the Bahamas, the Junkanoo Festival takes place between Christmas and New Year's, arising from the tradition during slavery when Christmas was the only day in the year the slaves were allowed to celebrate. After emancipation, Junkanoo was suppressed nearly to extinction by religious zealots, both black and white. Revived two decades ago, it is once again part of the fabric of Bahamian life.

The method of making Junkanoo costumes is one of the festival's most distinctive elements. It is an art using finely shirred crepe paper laid on cardboard to create lushly textured costumes. This artistry has also helped to give Junkanoo acceptance among the professional Bahamians who once frowned upon it. Now leading artists, architects, and engineers are closely involved with the groups that compete for the annual honors.

The first Junkanoo parade is an all-day affair starting at daybreak on Boxing Day. People dress in brilliant costumes and parade through downtown Nassau to the clatter of cowbells, horns, whistles, and African drums. This celebration is held again on New Year's Eve. (Junkanoo is celebrated at the same time in Jamaica and the Turks and Caicos.)

Barbados' Crop Over is an annual folkloric festival, resembling Carnival in fanfare but quite different in origin. Based on a seventeenth-century plantation tradition that celebrated the annual sugarcane harvest, the festival was revived as a local affair about twenty years ago. It quickly became popular with Bajans and tourists alike; now it is the island's most popular festival, starting about mid-July and culminating in Emancipation Week in early August.



TRINIDAD CARNIVAL MAS BAND

Traditionally, on the last day of the cane harvest, workers would decorate themselves with bright garlands and ribbons and drive to the mill, singing that the "crop was over." The next day, plantation owners fêted the workers and their families with Crop Over parties. Today's version of Crop Over re-creates many of these events.

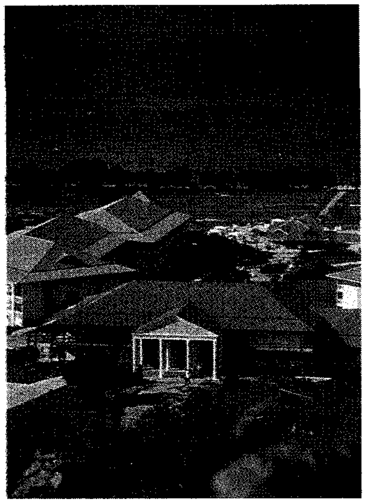
It begins with the ceremonial Delivery of Sugarcane, followed the next day by the Decorated Cart Parade. Other events include a Maypole dance, greased-pole climbing, concerts, dramas, regattas, and fancy dress balls.

The most important event is the Calypso Contest. Calypso as a form of satirical social commentary was an old Bajan tradition that had also died out until the Crop Over Festival began. Once again, it has become an avenue of political and social commentary.

The Crop Over climax is the burning in effigy of Mr. Harding, the ruthless plantation overseer and symbol of hard times. On the last day, known as Kadooment, the effigy is carried to its fate in a procession of decorated floats and flares. Afterward, the parade, accompanied by throngs of people dancing to calypso music, snakes through the streets. A big fireworks display in the evening tops off this popular event.

Pirates' Week in the Cayman Islands, begun less than a decade ago, is the Caymans' biggest event. In late October, Grande Cayman is transformed into a pirate encampment, and the week starts with hundreds of pirates on a replica of a pirate ship staging a mock invasion of the capital, George Town. Seven days of parties, parades, and the crowning of a pirate queen follows.

Puerto Rico, with its Indian, Spanish, and African roots, holds a week's fiesta for each patron saint of its sev-



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enty-eight towns. The most unusual and colorful is the festival in honor of Saint James the Apostle in the small town of Loíza Adela.

The festival reflects the town's African, Spanish, and Catholic traditions. The images of Saint James bear a striking resemblance to the African Yoruba god Shango, and the villagers who take part in processions during the festival wear masks that have been carved from coconuts and gourds.

One highlight is the bomba dancers, who perform on the saint's feast day. The villagers sing the plena (call and response songs) accompanied by bongos and congas. Among the costumed masqueraders are the "caballeros" in Spanish finery, representing the spirit of goodness; the "viejos," or old men, in rags with simple cardboard masks, and "locas," men dressed as gaudily proportioned women.

The most spectacular characters are the "vejigantes," or horned devils, whose masks are made of dried coconuts with batlike wings and inflated pig bladders. They represent the Moors and embody evil. In the Dominican Republic, similar characters are seen during Carnival in Santiago, Monte Criste, and Le Vega, towns that have become known for the art of maskmaking.

*H*aitian ar

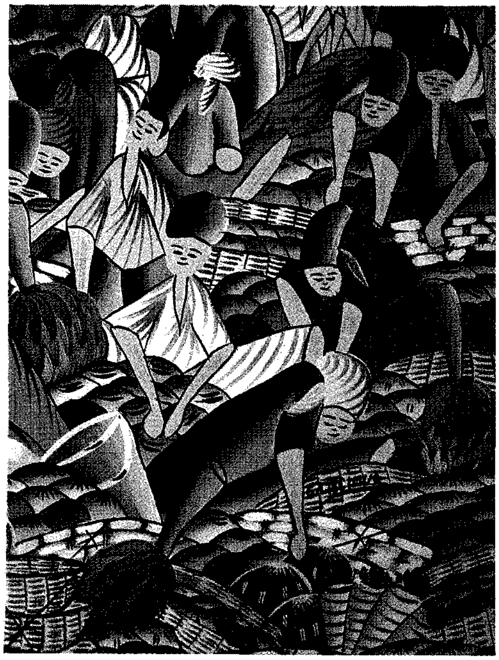
in

Eastertime rituals in the Dominican Republic combine African and Christian deities. There is dancing, music, and singing of religious songs in the streets of Higuey, Villa Mella, Cabral, and elsewhere. The rituals of the Ga-Ga, with whip-cracking, harlequin-costumed dancers is so primitive, it is sometimes a bit unsettling.

Bequia, one of the islands of the Grenadines, has a spring festival with maypole and quadrille dances.

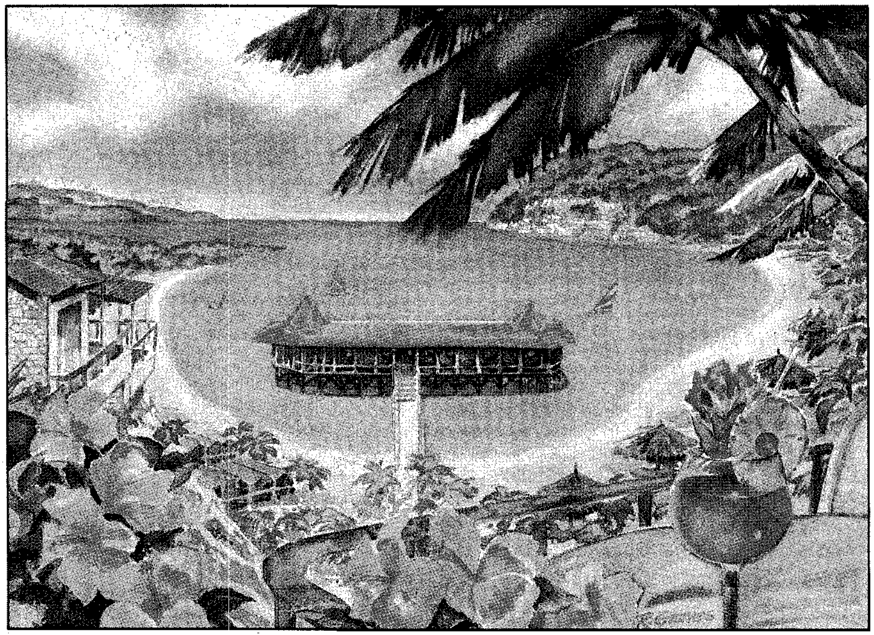
St. Lucia, a curious blend of French, English, and African names, languages, and traits, has a richly textured society that is reflected in two of its festivals. La Rose and La Marquerite Festivals were begun by St. Lucian singing "societies." The celebrations are held on August 30th and October 17th, respectively. Each is preceded by months of nightly singing practices called "seances," which take place in festive settings.

A colorful festival of a more traditional nature is Guadeloupe's vibrant Fête des Cuisinières, or the Celebration of the Women Cooks, on August 12th. It honors Saint Laurent, the



upon the international scene

e nineteen-forties.



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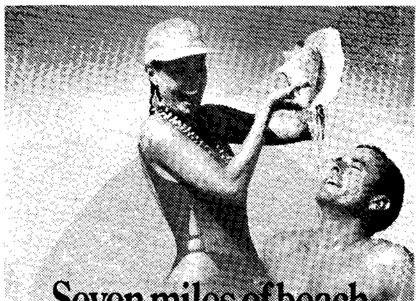

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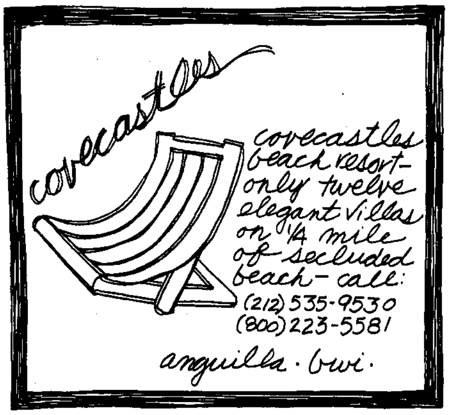

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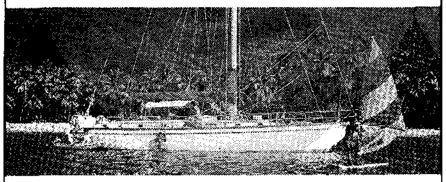

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Virgin Islands St. Lucia Mexico Tahiti Tonga

patron saint of cooking. For days, the women cooks of the island prepare their specialties and make their costumes. The celebration begins with the blessing of the food at a High Mass in the Cathedral in Point-à-Pitre.

Afterward the women, in their Creole costumes, parade through the streets carrying their elaborately decorated plates of stuffed lobsters, roast chickens, and other specialties. The parade is followed by a feast and dancing.

Art

From the moment Haitian art burst upon the international scene in the late nineteen-forties, it has overshadowed the art of the other Caribbean countries. It is easy to understand the popularity of Haitian art. One need not be a connoisseur to enjoy it, it is affordable, and has become almost as ubiquitous as straw hats throughout the Caribbean.

FESTIVAL IN ST. THOMAS

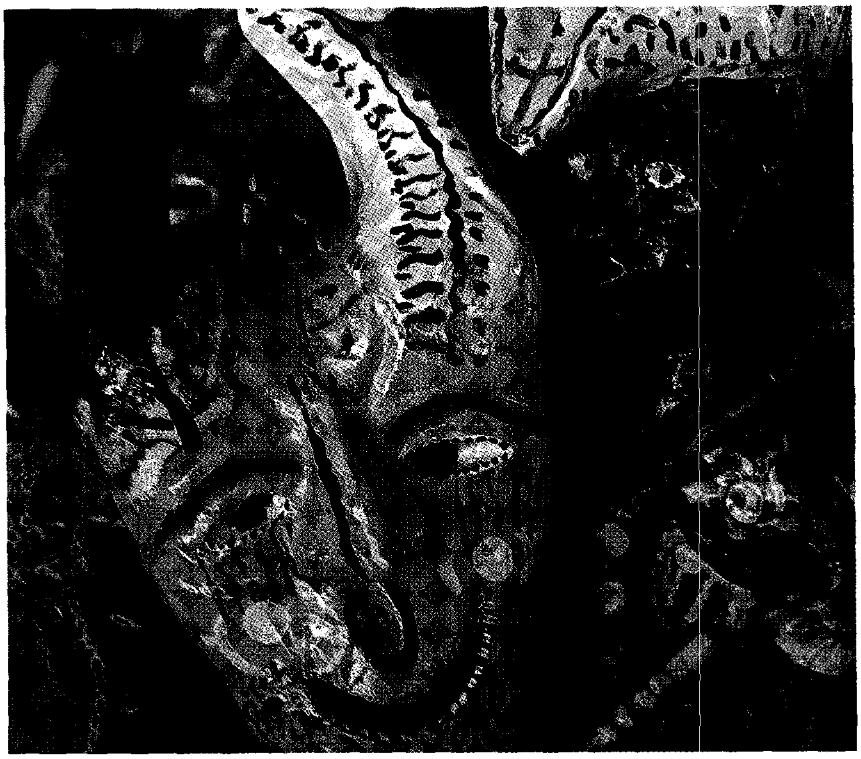
MURALS IN HAITI

But it would be unfortunate for anyone to think that Haitian art is all the Caribbean has to offer. Island art boasts an enormous range, with many artists having achieved international recognition. Encouragement from schools, governments, and individuals has helped more artists develop and mature, and with that has come an increasing number of museums and quality art galleries devoted to contemporary artists. Of added interest, too, are the many foreign artists living, working, and teaching in the Caribbean.

Light, color, and the Caribbean's natural environment inspire art across the spectrum – from fabrics cascading with brilliant tropical colors to paintings, watercolors, prints, carvings, sculptures, and more.

Altos de Chavón, an artisan center built to resemble a sixteenth-century Mediterranean village, is an important art and teaching community. The village is part of the large Casa de Campo resort in the southeastern part of the Dominican Republic. Here, artists-in-residence from the U.S. and elsewhere teach aspiring Dominican artists and exhibit their own work. The village has several art galleries and craft centers, where original works of excellent quality are sold, plus a magnificent museum of Arawak and Taino artifacts found in the area.

In Santo Domingo, the Gallery of Modern Art is the best place to get an introduction to Dominican artists. The gallery is part of the Plaza de la Cultura which includes several mu-



Masks best illustrate the fascinating combinations of African imagery and Christian symbolism.

* * *

seums and the Performing Arts Center.

In Jamaica, Kingston's beautiful National Art Gallery covers Jamaican art from an historic as well as a contemporary perspective. Non-Jamaicans who lived on, or have been greatly influenced by, the island are included. The gallery has frequently changing exhibitions and the Annual National Exhibition, late November-March, presents the year's best Jamaican works.

Last summer the gallery mounted the Caribbean Invitational, an international exhibition designed to establish closer ties between regional artists. The Invitational will operate as a triennial with a small group of artists showing a substantial body of works. Another program, Young Talent Exhibitions, will debut next year.

Harmony Hall, a private gallery in a restored nineteenth-century house near Ocho Rios, is one of the Caribbean's best galleries, and has a representative collection of Jamaican artists. The gallery has regular exhibitions during the winter seasons, and has recently opened a branch in Antigua.

If it is possible to generalize, Puerto Rican art is strong, colorful, bold, often monumental, and clearly reflects its Spanish, Mexican, and North and South American influences. But the most frequently recurring element in the art of Puerto Rico is a search for identity – a characteristic it shares with art elsewhere in the Caribbean.

Graphic art has long been a forté of Puerto Rican artists. On display until the end of the year at three San Juan locations is the Eighth Biennial of Latin American Graphic Artists. Old San Juan has the best and most sophisticated art galleries where one can discover

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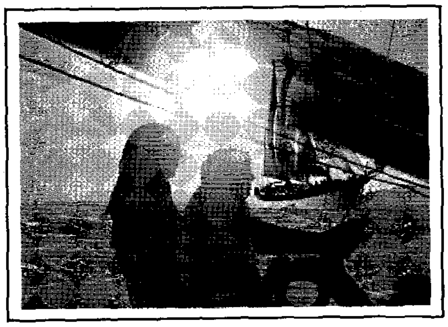

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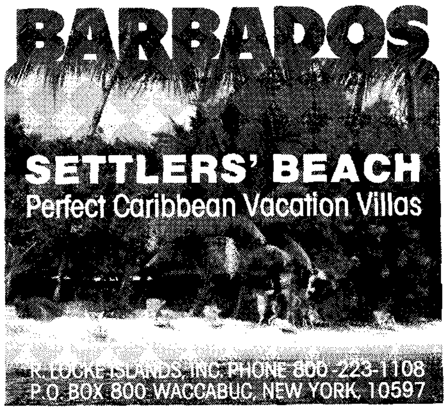
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Bolivar Gallery
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the Muriel Chandler Gallery
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many fine artists from Puerto Rico and the other islands.

The Bacardi Arts Festival in Puerto Rico is held on the first two Sundays in December in the landscaped gardens of the Bacardi Rum Factory in Catano, a ten-cent ferry ride across the bay from Old San Juan. More than two hundred artists and crafts people exhibit and sell their works.

The Exhibit "Puerto Rican Painting, Between Past and Present" travelled to the University of Puerto Rico Museum in Rio Piedros. It was perhaps the first time so comprehensive a show highlighting one Caribbean island had been mounted, providing a rare opportunity to review a century's development of Puerto Rican art.

Innovations '88, a recent show at the Queen's Park Art Gallery in Bridgetown, Barbados, under the auspices of the National Cultural Foundation, included works by thirteen Bajan artists and reflected the diversity of their styles – realism, abstract, landscapes, portraiture, modern, and intuitive.

The artists' community on St. Martin is a growing one. Foundation His-

SCULPTOR WALDRON, TRINIDAD

"LA ROGATIVA" BY LINDSAY DAEN

CARIB INDIAN WEAVER, DOMINICA

torique & Culturelle de Saint Martin, whose mission is to preserve the island's cultural history, is creating a museum.

Fort Napoleon, an eighteenth-century fortification on Terre de Haut (a tiny island off the coast of Guadeloupe) was restored by volunteers fifteen years ago. It now houses the Museum of Modern Art, which has a collection of two hundred and fifty paintings by seventy-three artists.

In the U.S. Virgin Islands, The Arts Alive Festival is held three times a year (November 27th - 29th, March/April, and August) in the Tillett Gardens in St. Thomas. It is a three-day potpourri of the arts, and attracts over fifty island artists who display their paintings, pottery, sculpture, jewelry, needlework, and photography.

Crafts

Local crafts are available at The Women's Desk on Antigua, an organization that trains women to be self-reliant. The Handicraft Centre teaches young people creative skills, and it also sells crafts made from locally grown products. The shop is a sales outlet for local artists.

Best of Barbados, an island-wide chain of shops, specializes in a wide range of gifts and souvenirs made on the island. Pelican Village is a government arts and crafts center with several art galleries, including that of the Barbados Art Council. Temple Yard is an arts and crafts market of the Rastafarians, who specialize in leather work.

On Dominica, distinctive straw rugs are made from khus-khus grass and designed to resemble lace. Tropicrafts in Roseau, the capital, has the largest selection of these rugs. The only surviving Carib Indians, who inhabited the Caribbean at the time of Columbus, have the most distinctive woven straw crafts in the region. One can visit their villages on the northeast coast to watch the weavers at work.

A wide range of crafts is one of the artistic highlights of the Dominican Republic. The best quality is found at Altos de Chavón, especially at the crafts festival in late February. In Santo Domingo, the Artisans Craft Center in the Old City holds a crafts festival in December sponsored by the Dominican Development Foundation; Puerto Plata has a similar outlet.

The Centre des Métiers d'Art (Caribbean Art Center) on Martinique, located across from the Tourist Office in Fort-de-France, is the focal point for the island's handicrafts. Brightly-colored patchwork tapestries depicting aspects of island life are most distinctive. These are original works of art, indigenous to Martinique, as is the art of miniature

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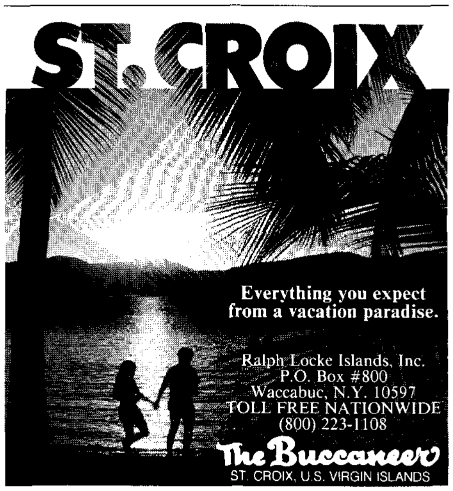

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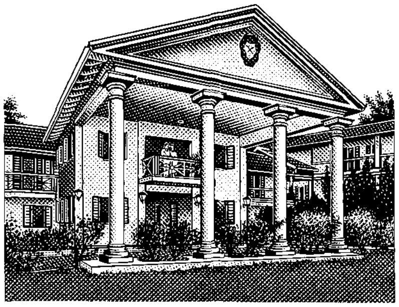

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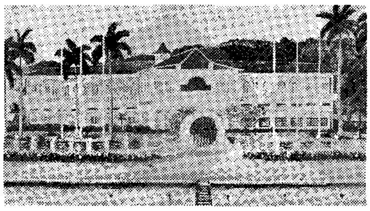

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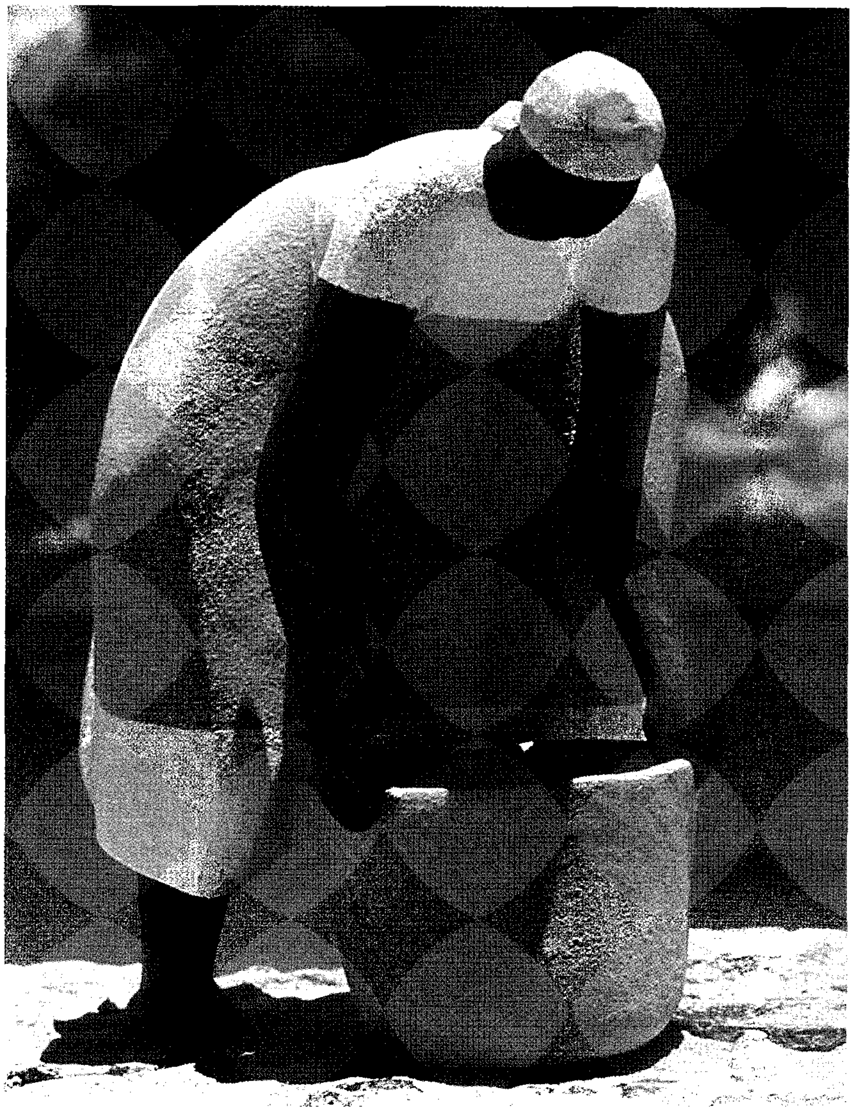

SCULPTURE BY MARTIN LYNN

furniture-making. The Office of Heritage, in Fort-de-France, has an exhibition of the Martiniquais furniture.

Another unusual art form can be seen at the Doll Museum – Musée de Poupées Végétales – located on the grounds of Leyritz Plantation Inn near Basse-Pointe. The exquisite dolls are miniatures of famous women such as Madame de Pompadour and Josephine Baker in full regalia. The costumes are made from over six hundred types of fronds, leaves, and other plant materials.

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The carving of santos, small wooden figures representing saints or depicting religious scenes, is considered Puerto Rico's most distinctive craft, and the best santeros are held in great esteem. The making of musical instruments is one of the island's oldest crafts. The cuatro, a five-double-string guitar, similar to the Spanish lute, is the main instrument of Puerto Rican folk music; the guiro, or gourd, comes from Taino Indian tradition.

The best selections of crafts are found at the Center of Popular Arts in Old San Juan where information on artisans who welcome visitors in their workshops is available. The Artisans' Fair in July, in the mountain town of Barranquitas, features the work of more than one hundred artisans from around the island.

For more than a hundred years, in tiny cottages along the lanes of Saba's storybook villages, the women of this island have produced "Spanish work" or "Saba Lace," drawn threadwork for delicate designs on linens and garments. The Saba Artisans Foundation is the island's handicraft center.

Artisans of the Turks and Caicos specially craft conch jewelry and rare conch pearls. The pieces are available in gift shops throughout the islands, and at PRIDE (Society to Protect our Reefs and Islands from Degradation and Exploitation) on Providenciales, where a program is underway to restock the waters of the archipelago with queen conch. Thatchwork is another traditional craft on these islands.

On Bonaire, Fundashon Arte e Industria (Foundation of Arts and Industry) is the shop of the government-sponsored crafts-training program where leather goods and jewelry fashioned from wood, bone, and shell are on sale. More sophisticated creations are available from local gemologists, who design and make their own jewelry.

The Crafts Co-op on St. Thomas has local crafts and cookbooks. The Sheltered Workshop stocks handmade dolls and other island crafts. It is the workshop of the Island's vocational rehabilitation program. On St. Croix, Many Hands displays handicrafts made by three hundred artisans living in the Virgin Islands.

The Caribbean's lush settings inspire craftspeople who create on something other than easels. Beautifully crafted jewelry, hand-painted beachwear, batik (hand-printed) and silk-screened fabrics, and leathercrafts are just a few examples of the wearable art of the islands.

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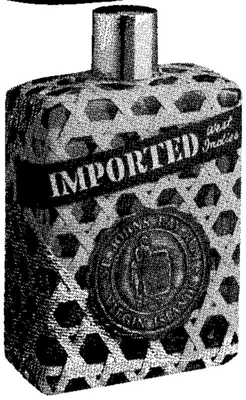

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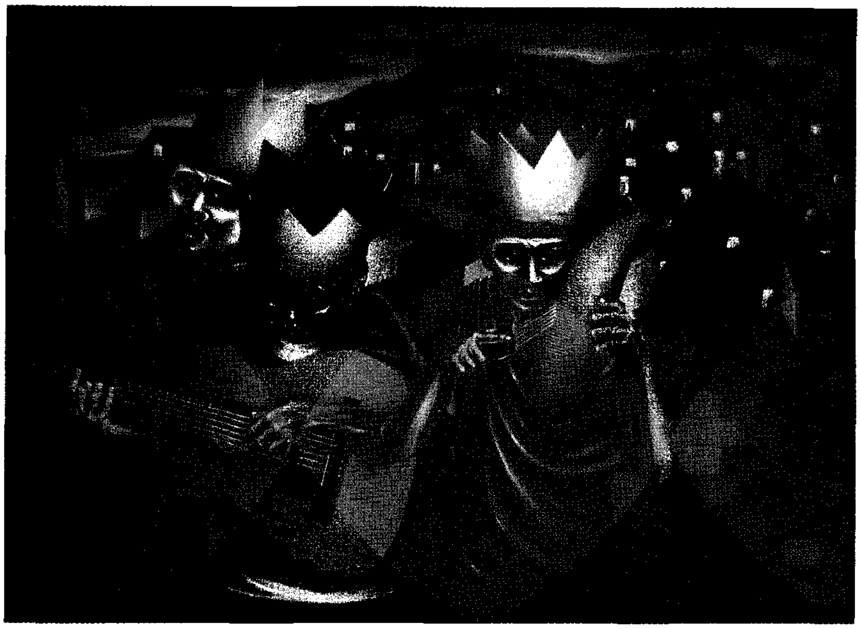
On St. John, The Clothing Studio in Mongoose Junction is one of several locations where artists hand paint designs on beachwear. Batik Caribe and Stitches II have hand-dyed fabrics, scarves, wall hangings, and beach- and sportswear. The Art Project has shirts and dresses which are hand-painted by a local artist.

Batiking cotton and silk, silk-screening, and making and designing Sea Island cotton are thriving cottage industries on several islands. At Caribelle Batiks, situated on a five-acre estate on St. Kitts, artisans work in the centuries-old tradition of making batiks with designs inspired by colorful Caribbean flowers and tropical scenery. Caribelle Batiks also has a workshop on St. Lucia.

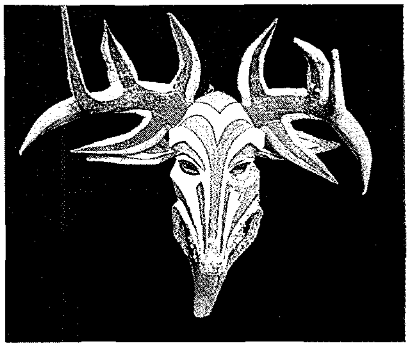
The Dominican Republic has two unusual gemstones: amber, ranging from shades of pale yellow to dark brown, and larimer, a light blue aqua-veined stone similar to turquoise. The best jewelry designs using these stones can be found at boutiques in Altos de Chavón and the artisans' village of Casa de Campo.

MASK ART, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

In the Cayman Islands, designers have perfected the creation of black coral jewelry. Black coral, found a hundred feet or more beneath the sea, takes hours of patient polishing before it is transformed from its natural dull gray color to a lustrous black finish. Caymanite, a local gemstone, is also fashioned into jewelry there.



Puerto Rican art is strong, colorful, bold, often monumental.



MASK ART, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

During Carnival in the Dominican Republic, masked revellers, dressed in elaborate costumes of cloth, small mirrors, and beads dance through the streets. Their masks have varied characteristics, each identified with a different town.

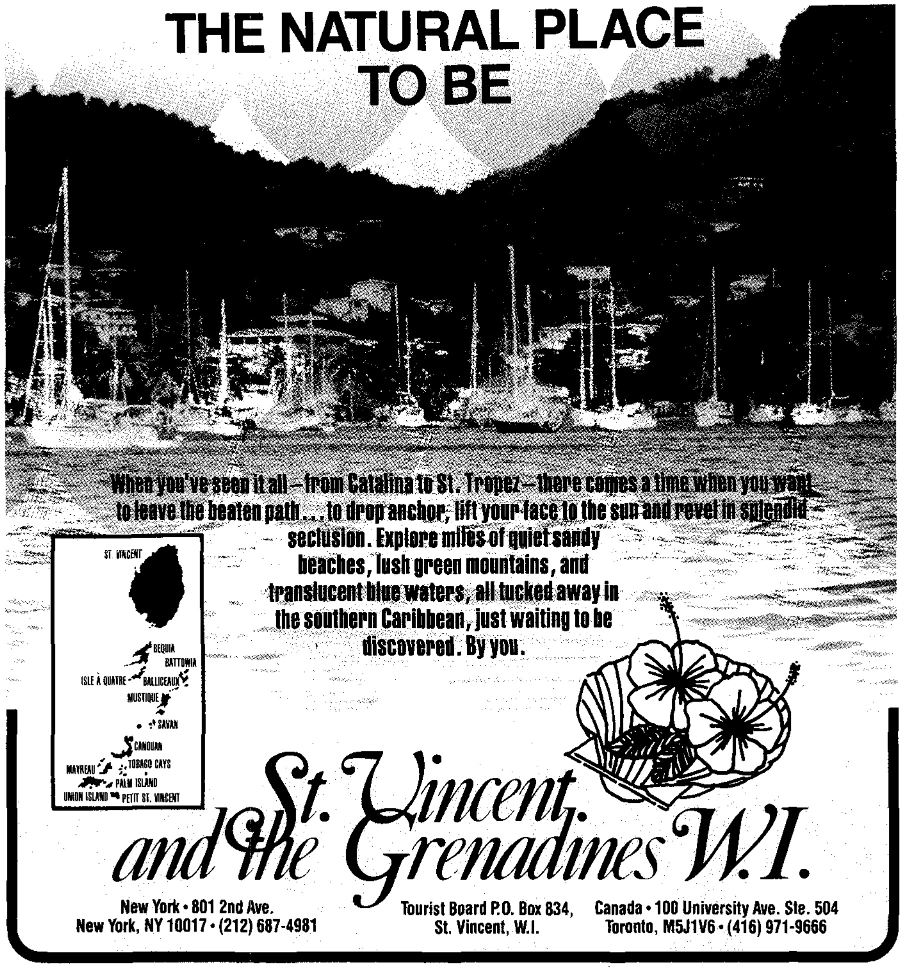
In the village of Monte Criste, near the Haitian border, masks styled with wire mesh inserted in the eyeholes serve as headgear for a "fencing match," a savage festival dance that sometimes becomes impassioned.

The coconut masks of the vejigantes have become a craft in their own right. They are carved out of dried coconut shells and painted in several shades of yellow, blue, and red. They feature hollowed eyes and gaping teeth; long spikes made from pieces of palm trees are glued to the head to resemble horns.

Santiago is home to an annual mask-making contest. A museum in town displays the prize-winning masks.

In Puerto Rico's Ponce, Carnival masqueraders dress in black to symbolize evil forces, or in yellow and red, the colors of hellfire. Masks here were originally ornamented with two horns, but nowadays many are outfitted with ten or more.

KAY SHOWKER, AN AUTHORITY ON ISLAND LIFE, IS THE AUTHOR OF CARIBBEAN PORTS OF CALL, A GUIDE FOR TODAY'S CRUISE PASSENGERS, TWO FODOR'S GUIDES, AND THE OUTDOOR TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN, TO BE PUBLISHED IN 1989.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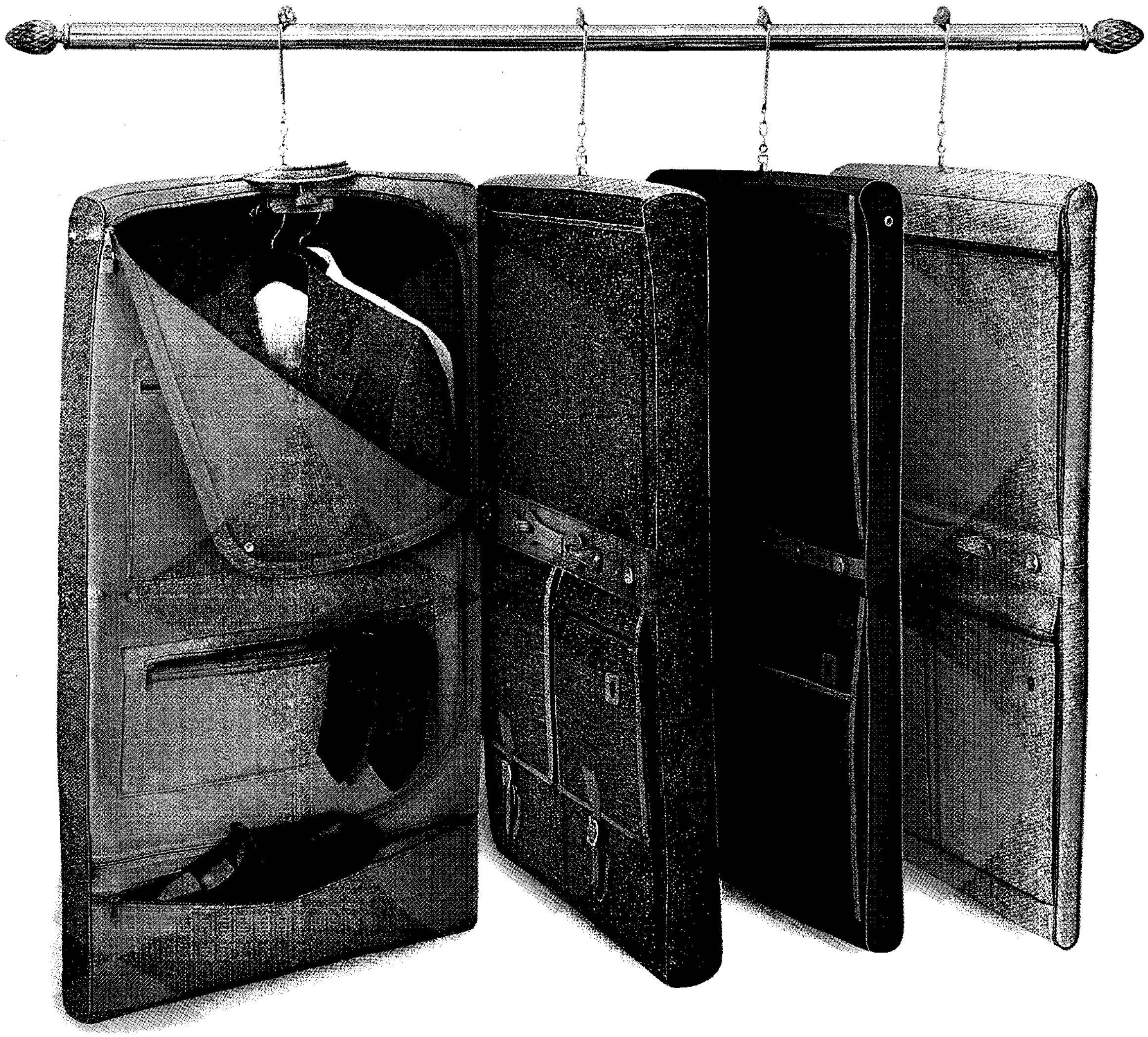

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were necessary," he told me later. "I could have produced the result of ten thousand or any number we wished without counting a single ballot."

"In an unrelated development, yellow ties came in, briefly held sway, and just as mysteriously disappeared."

• •

THE 1985 Charleston trial was conducted between April 9th and May 2nd in a federal courtroom within a few blocks of the registrar's office, where the votes had been counted that November night in 1980.

Midway through the trial, Walter Price gave his account of what he had seen in the computer cage. After some gambits that Price parried easily, John F. Wood, Jr., the attorney for the Millers, pounced on two facts: that in handwritten notes Price had made on what he had seen he had not mentioned seeing Steve Miller give his wife the cards, and that in his deposition he had once called the cards "sheets of paper" and had not said that Steve Miller had taken them out of his coat pocket. Wood suggested to the jurors that the witness was making things up, and one of his closing questions was "That's your story today, isn't it, Mr. Price?"

"I would not characterize my testimony here as a story," Price retorted.

While Nunn was on the stand, the defense lawyers raised at least a hundred objections, and Judge Haden sustained about half of them. Mitchell had planned to have Nunn repeat for the jury, on Charleston's C.E.S. system, his demonstration of how to steal an election, but the attorney abandoned that because of positions the Judge was taking on the admissibility of testimony. "There will be no evidence presented in this case of a Trojan horse," Haden informed the jurors. "None will appear." Nunn was prepared to testify that a "debugger" in the BT-76 program, while enabling a programmer to make repairs in the program, was also a Trojan horse; Haden excluded such testimony. Nor would the Judge let Nunn testify that when he had examined the system he had found discrepancies in the locations of memory addresses for the storage of information.

The fact that the C.E.S. system had been officially approved for use in West Virginia had a perverse effect during Nunn's testimony. Fifty-nine standards for computerized vote-counting had been proposed in 1975 by Roy Saltman, a specialist on the security of computer-tabulated elections, in the then definitive National Bureau of Standards study on the subject. Nunn had concluded that the C.E.S. system sold to Kanawha County in 1979 violated thirty-nine of these standards, but Haden refused to let him say so, on the ground that the state's approval of the system rendered the Bureau of Standards report "immaterial."

Nunn managed to tell the jurors (sometimes only to have Haden order them to disregard the information) that vote totals could be directly changed by means of the toggle switches on the computer's front panel without leaving a trace on an audit trail, and that summary cards, which in the C.E.S. systems are the same size as the punch-card ballots, could be used to add votes to candidates' running totals. Nunn also testified that he had concluded that the program had been changed during the counting.

To alter a candidate's votes with punch cards, Nunn told the jurors, one does not need to know the candidate's location in the computer's memory; all one needs is the number of the candidate's ballot position (a number that anyone voting in the election can know). With that and one punch card, Nunn testified, "you can set his vote total in the cumulative counters or in the precinct counters to zero," and then, with a second card, "you give him, you know, ten million votes if you want."

When the plaintiffs rested, the defendants asked Judge Haden to render a directed verdict for their side and send the jurors home. The legal situation was clear. Before entering a directed verdict in a conspiracy trial, as defense lawyers observed in statements to the Judge, he was obliged to give the plaintiffs "the benefit of every reasonable inference," to read their evidence "in a light more favorable to them"—to give it "favored treatment."

"I find," Judge Haden ruled, "that the only evidence that the 1980 election was rigged is purely speculative in nature; it was mere suspicion; and it does not form the basis for the Court . . . to infer that a conspiracy may be present. . . . The plaintiffs have never proven the existence of a conspiracy or these defendants' membership in a conspiracy." The ruling continued, "Consequently, all we have in this case are a series of unrelated acts that have been proven, most of which have a reasonable and an innocent appearance as easily as they would have a culpable appearance, none of which . . . are attributable to more than one individual or to more than one entity. . . . And there are certain things that have been attributable to the defendants," but "the proof of individual overt acts, however compelling some few of them may appear to be to plaintiffs' counsel, does not suffice for the absence of proof of the conspiracy." Haden entered directed verdicts for the defendants and dismissed the jurors after their three weeks' service.

A year ago, Judge Haden entered a finding that the plaintiffs would have to pay the legal costs of the defendants, including C.E.S., which Mitchell estimated would total about six hundred thousand dollars. Just two of the C.E.S. lawyers had billed the election-equipment company for twenty-seven hundred hours' work on the case—about fifteen working months—and Haden re-billed this to the plaintiffs, on his judgment that, despite the fact that an earlier judge had ruled the case not frivolous, it was "meritless." According to John Mitchell, almost everything that the three plaintiffs own is tied up by liens pending Haden's entry of his final order on costs and the resolution of the three defeated candidates' certain appeal from it.

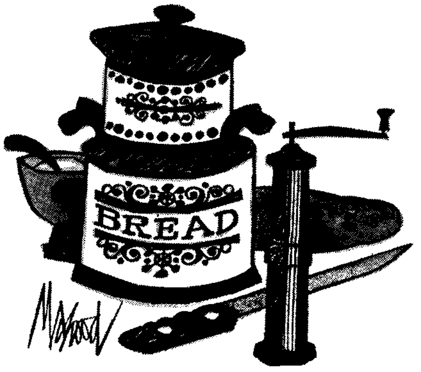
"C.E.S. wasted a lot of money defending a case totally without merit," Stephen Carr, the chief programmer for C.E.S., declared during an interview I had with him. We spoke in his office at Information Processing Corporation, his company, which does engineering work on computer products and consults on computer programming, in Palo Alto, California. "Three politicians who couldn't believe that the electorate hadn't voted for them felt that they were surely gypped by the system. They got a local Ph.D. consultant who worked at Union Carbide. He was not dumb, but he had essentially, you know, taken money to be their expert witness, and they tried to show how the program could be manipulated. The case was so bad that after they presented their side the judge threw it out of court—the whole thing just died."

What was Carr's view of the ten thousand-odd votes that Nunn produced with one summary card during the first demonstration?

"With summary cards, you put in totals and multiple counts," Carr agreed. "But they also, at least in our design, would leave a very noticeable mark on the tape. Anyone who was at all knowledgeable couldn't miss it: a record left that these votes had come in from a special control card, not from ballots. So I wasn't impressed."

Carr laughed and smiled, then continued, "This is funny. Nunn also spent a bunch of time trying to show how you would work from the front panel of the Data General computer called the Nova. It was front-panel switches that computers of that era had. And if you know enough and the people will let you, in half an hour or maybe twenty minutes you might manipulate what's inside the computer and change things."

Walking me back to a room that was almost filled with computers, Carr went to a Data General Nova there and gave me a demonstration of how to raise a storage location for data—sometimes called a memory address—into the lights and change the figures stored in it. "But the chance of doing this unnoticed is just nil," he said. "And doing it in a way that doesn't cause the whole program to stop is terribly tricky. You can always argue the theory that there's some superhuman who's smart enough, but it's so hard to do that that somebody that good probably doesn't use his talent to mess around with one vote-counting machine. I mean, it's not citizens in West Virginia; it's, you know, somebody that's the Godfather! It just doesn't play in my mind that someone that was that up to speed would *care* about the race in West Virginia. And, you know, they had all kinds of theories that we out in California cared about that race. What we wanted was to run an honest election and get paid. Not even to run an election—to provide the equipment that the local people could run an election on. And I will say, as an outsider, I never saw in my contact with C.E.S. people any evidence of *any* kind of impropriety, or even caring. The people I saw at C.E.S. were interested in making honest money."



Turning to charges about Trojan horses, Carr said, "There have been some people who say that the way to phony up these programs is to make them count correctly when the counts are small"—as in a preëlection test with, say, a hundred ballots—"and then cause a fudge factor to come in when the counts are large; you then bring in your bias."

Carr granted that someone could "put a special thing in the code that when it saw some special pattern it did some special stuff."

How could that be detected?

"You could certainly find that by examining the source code," Carr replied. "It would *take* a while."

I asked Carr about audit trails. He mentioned, as an example, "a printer that leaves a hard-copy record of what things happened in time."

Could such a printer be turned off?

"You could imagine someone cutting a wire—you can imagine anything. If the election officials and the clerks were used to running the computer and the printer stopped, you'd pick it up right away, because the printer makes a loud sound. And, of course, typically these Election Nights there are representatives, or monitors, from all parties watching."

I also asked Carr about the possibility of fixing national elections.

One reason it would be very difficult for a single programmer at a major election company to fix a national election, he said, is that although the central source code is general, local election officials have to prepare instruction cards dealing with each local election's different candidates and their different positions on the different local ballots, "so that in one precinct Party One may be the Democrats, but in another precinct Party Two may be the Democrats, and the program then follows instructions to put all the votes for Democrats together. So it would be very tricky to, in this general program— If you set out to help one party in one state, you might totally screw yourself in another, it's just that tricky for the programmer back at C.E.S."

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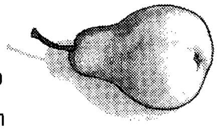

dictions "it wouldn't be impossible," Carr added.

I then asked him how, hypothetically, he himself might go about such an undertaking.

In response, Carr adverted to his basic position: "I just don't know how you'd do it. I really don't. Because, even with the computer doing the counting, there are so many people involved. It would take a major conspiracy. You'd have to have a lot of people—twenty, thirty, a hundred people—on your side. It wouldn't be one man. It certainly wouldn't be anyone who did the program." Even if a corrupt official is running the counting in a big city, "he still has to depend on a lot of staff," Carr said. "It would take at least one person from each of the disciplines—programming, the management—to really get a start on it, and then there'd be tremendous risks you'd be found out. I don't think it's doable."

WHAT had Wayne Nunn actually seen when he looked at the C.E.S. source-code listing in the lawyers' offices? What were the "secrets" he had learned? Bound by Judge Haden's protective order, could he talk about them? On a Saturday night last December, I drove from Charleston to Nunn's home, a ranch-style house in the town of Poca, ten miles away. We talked in the den, where he had an Apple Macintosh Plus on his desk.

Could he say whether he had found a Trojan horse, or more than one?

"The only thing that I'm restricted from doing is telling you exactly the code that's in the program," he said. "It had lots of fascinating little nooks and crannies hidden around in it that no one has ever let me talk about. There are at least a half-dozen places, maybe a few less, where you could lay in a Trojan horse in that source code—lay in routines to do whatever you wanted to in an election—because there's code in that system that shouldn't be there, is not being used, is worthless to the operation of the system. It can be replaced with anything you want it to be."

Had Nunn found a trapdoor; that is, a place in a program where one can break down its security system and emerge undetected deep inside the program?

"Yes. There is one."

And had he found "wait loops" in

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the program which conceivably could control outcomes, or “Christmas trees”—Nunn’s term for surprise packages in a program?

“They’re all there. There are wait loops there. There are routines that are not documented in the manual and, from every way I can determine, do not work.”

As we talked, Nunn got up from the couch, where he had been sitting, walked to his desk, and sat down at the Macintosh. “You continue to ask questions,” he said. “I want to look for something here. I’ve come up with an idea.” After about ten minutes, during which he went on answering questions, he called me over to the keyboard and invited me to add on the computer any numbers that came into my head. I added eight and thirteen, then two multidigit figures; the sums printed on the screen were correct. “Now,” he said from the couch, to which he had returned, “add two and two.” On the off-the-shelf program of this standard-brand computer two and two added up to five. In ten minutes, before my eyes, Nunn had made a Trojan horse for me. He printed the five-step program out and gave it to me. I still have it:

```
10 input x
20 input y
30 if x = 2 then x = 3
40 print “The sum of x + y is”, x+y
50 go to 10
```

Line 30 is the Trojan horse inserted into the program that makes two and two five. “I’ve told it every time it sees the number two, replace it with a three,” Nunn said.

I asked him if signs of these various ways to interfere with the C.E.S. system could be kept out of its audit trails.

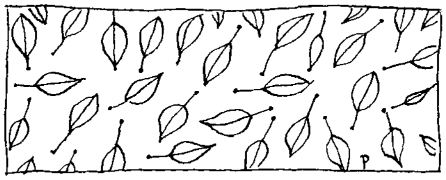
“All of them can defeat the audit trail, some of them better than others,” he replied, with some feeling. “Because, you see, built into that system is the ability to turn the audit trail *off*. Every one of them you can turn off.”

What about the test decks that are run through the C.E.S. systems before and after elections?

“That is the biggest joke in the world,” Nunn said. “Anyone who knows how to run the C.E.S. BT-76 system can be trained to steal an election on it in twenty minutes. A summary card, anybody can do.” Of the switches he said, “As long as they are out there on the front of the machine and they’re turned on, someone has the ability to stop the machine and fool with the panel switches. . . . You have no control over what’s done to the memory of the machine.

“But it’s even more serious than that. I write this program. I go through it. I’m absolutely sure that I know exactly what it’s doing. I compile it and punch a deck of cards and hand it to you. We meet a couple of days later down here at the courthouse and you run what you say is my program. There is no way on earth that I can stand there and watch that computer run and swear in a court of law that that is my program running. Now, it may have the same input and output, but as far as swearing that it’s my program, I can’t. I can’t even look at the punch deck. Now, there may be a few people in the world who can look at the punch deck for the executable image”—that is, the program deck in object code—“and read the punch cards and recognize the instructions, but I can’t do it. Damn few could. From that point of view, there is no security.”

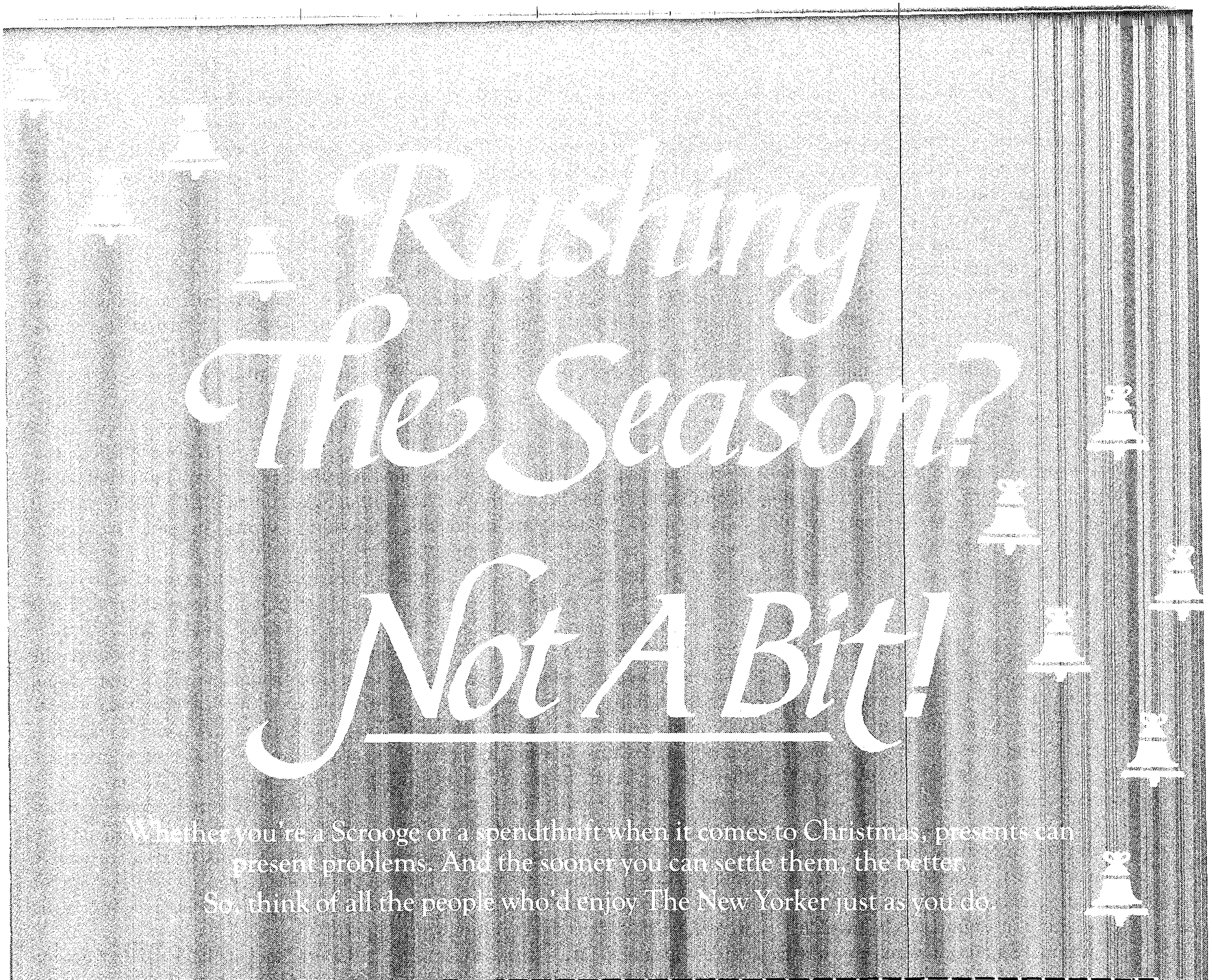
That night, Nunn told me, step by step, how to steal an election with the toggle switches that stick out of the front of the Data General Nova computers in some C.E.S. systems. “Briefly, using the toggle switches, what you do is you halt the computer,” he said. “You examine the memory address at which the computer’s halted—you make a note of it. You go to the memory location that holds the counter of the candidate that you want. You load the memory address for the candidate you want to fix into it, and you say, ‘Load address.’ Then you load the number of votes to give him and then you say ‘Deposit.’ That’s wiped out his real count and given him a fraudulent count right then. If you want to go someplace else and do it—some other memory location—you do as many as you want. You just do this until you’re finished. Then you load the address where the computer stopped. O.K.? And then you hit the button for it to continue. The program continues on *exactly* the way it was. There’s nothing in the computer that— The computer never knows it’s been halted.”



There is no printout on any audit tape, Nunn told me. If a time-and-date record was maintained and someone noticed that the clock was running late, that would be the only clue.

NO matter how deeply public officials may dedicate themselves to it, the task of tightening up the security on Election Night computers will remain a daunting one—and, if complete security is the standard, impossible. The computer scientist Roy Saltman, at the National Bureau of Standards, who is the leading authority in the federal government on the subject, stresses in his new report, “Accuracy, Integrity, and Security in Computerized Vote-Tallying,” published in August, that no manipulation of election computer programs has been proved, but he also warns of “the possibilities that unknown persons may perpetrate undiscoverable frauds,” by, for example, altering the computer program or the control punch cards that manipulate it, planting a time bomb, manually removing an honest counting program and replacing it with a fraudulent one, counting faked ballots, altering the vote recorder that the voter uses at the polls, or changing either the logic that controls precinct-located vote-counting devices or the voting summaries in these units’ removable data-storage units.

The problem in this segment of the computer business, as in the field at large, is not only invisibility but also information as electricity. Secret instructions can be so well hidden in software, especially if the language is the lower-level assembly, that testers cannot be sure of finding them. Testing all the possible paths that a computer program (and therefore a hidden code) could follow through a punch-card ballot apparently could not be done comprehensively short of assigning the job to a second computer, and even then one runs up against what Robert Naegele has called “the polynomial problem”—the vastness of the programming possibilities in the inner space of a program. Mathematicians at Notre Dame, working with Deloris Davisson, a computer specialist, have calculated that the number of possible programming pathways for a program executed through a standard punch-card ballot would be two to the nine-hundred-and-sixtieth power—a one followed by two hundred and eighty-eight zeros. “It’s a number that my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computer can't hold," Davisson said.

At the merely mechanical level, computer experts in a large jurisdiction cannot test punch-card systems for every voting possibility. "It's an infinity as far as our work is concerned," said Rick Fulle, assistant director of voting systems and standards for the Illinois Board of Elections. "For our purposes, it just can't be done." When a state examination of the C.E.S. system in Chicago was suddenly scheduled, Fulle said, the chairman of the state board demanded that all possible ballot-punch configurations be tested, but Fulle figured out arithmetically that running through the sixty-seven million-odd test ballots necessary would occupy twenty staff members full time for four hundred and seventy-seven years.

IF one regarded the manifold issues of computerized democracy in a reductionist way, perhaps the principal concern would be whether, in a close election, the Presidency can be stolen by means of computer vote fraud in several major jurisdictions.

Carr offered reassurance that although theoretically such a calamity could occur, it would be extremely difficult technically and would require too many confederates to be feasible.

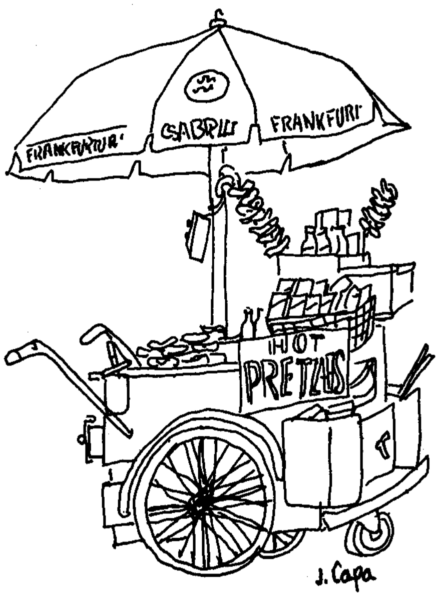
Michael Shamos, the voting-systems examiner for Pennsylvania, does not believe that a large number of people would have to be involved. "This is false," Shamos replied when I asked. "One. One person. The point is that, the way things are going, a national mechanism exists that could be manipulated by anybody, from a single individual to a nationwide conspiracy. It's not whether it exists or not, it's the fact that the mechanism is there to make it easy."

The leading candidates for the Presidency are seldom separated by more than ten points, so "here's what we do," Shamos said. "Working in a company headquarters, I'm writing some election software, which will be sent by Federal Express to jurisdictions in executable object code. I'm going to program this thing so that if there are more than eight hundred people voting in a precinct I'm simply going to trade some votes, take them from other parties and dump them into the party that I want to win. So all the totals are going to be exactly right. I'm going to change ten per cent of the votes, or five per cent—some small number. And that software is going out to pivotal jurisdictions in the country. And that is going to shift the national election. It's easy for a programmer. And his superiors will never find it. There's no way to find it unless they do an exhaustive code audit themselves. And this is a solo effort—one guy who happens to be well placed. Of course, many others are involved, but they don't know."

If some jurisdiction that had been tested for more than eight hundred votes discovered that the program didn't count correctly, and returned it to the factory, the programmer would simply say there had been a glitch on the tape, or a bad ROM—a unit embodying "read-only memory"—"or some other technical mumbo-jumbo," Shamos went on. "And we have an election, and the wrong guy gets elected." If recounts discovered errors in some localities they, too, would be attributed to programming errors, he said.

Shamos believes it "not unlikely for some guy to realize one day, he's sitting there in the room in the midst of all those coding forms—he says, 'My God! I can control this whole thing!' " After all, Shamos said, "we have enough tales of hackers who when they found they could do something went and did it, maybe even not with malicious intent, just to show that they could do it."

He then pointed out a second possibility: "Of course, you can imagine that the venders of the system are in with certain politicians. The politicians agree, 'Yes, I'll buy this system, if you fix the election my way next time,' and they actually give orders to their subordinates to do it. That's always seemed somewhat less likely to me, because of the possibility of a whistle-blower. Then, the third possibility is tampering by someone not in the employ of the company, by a break-in at the vending company."



Summing up, Shamos said, "What does it mean that one company is controlling a large fraction of the voting in the United States? If you provide the software, you are controlling, even if you are not manipulating. Computerized vote-counting doesn't occur in the light of day, it occurs inside silicon in a little black box. That box is completely under the control of the vender, and if anything wrong happens we might never find out."

During an interview in a hotel lounge in San Francisco, Roy Saltman said, "If I broke into B.R.C.'s master computer program and changed the code, how about the nine hundred and ninety-nine other versions that are already out there? It's not a massive, central thing—all the computers are not connected to B.R.C. or to any single vender. There isn't any kind of central control that controls everything. I don't think that's a reasonable supposition. If you do the recount of the ballots, the whole thing falls apart."

Robert Naegele believes that no one person could steal an election by computer and, like Saltman, he does not regard computerized theft of a national election as at all plausible. In a large jurisdiction like Los Angeles County, Naegele told me, five or six people would have to be involved, and hardly any jurisdiction is so centralized that one person could do it there. "My private opinion," he said, "is that there has never been any successful fraud in a computerized election. As I understand it, it's really not feasible. To do this, you require a hell of a lot of very sophisticated code. . . . I am not concerned about fraud on the national level. I don't think that's happened, and I don't think it's going to happen."

Like Carr, Peter Vogel, a computer lawyer in Dallas who was recently appointed an examiner of computerized voting systems by the Texas secretary of state, is skeptical that any conspiracy among large numbers of people would work, but, like Shamos, he thinks that the Presidency can be stolen by computer—"because of the electoral college."

Vogel said to me in his office, "If you have a majority in the right states, it doesn't matter who has the majority of the votes in the country. If you program the right states for the right elections, I think you could control the Presidential results."

Howard Strauss, of Princeton, gave me written answers to a series of questions about the possible rigging of United States elections by tampering with computer-tabulated election systems. He said that "there are many, many ways to do this," but all of them "can be largely eliminated" by rigorously followed procedures.

"If one software vender dominates the electronic-election market, subverting that vender may be the easiest way to alter national elections," he wrote. One individual, working alone, would be able to effect changes in the code more quickly and securely than a group, he believes.

What categories of people might fix computers in elections? I asked. Strauss replied, "In order of ease of subversion, some of the most likely groups or individuals include election-system venders and their programmers and consultants, election-system operators, the Federal Election Commission, technical mavens of all kinds, and election officials and workers. It is possible that foreign agents, candidates and their staffs, and voters with special interests could subvert any of the above individuals or have sufficient expertise to subvert the process themselves."

Peter Neumann, of S.R.I., declared, "If somebody is a skilled user of a conventional computer system, he has the ability to do almost anything he wants and leave no trace, because most of the computer systems today do not have adequate protection or auditing facilities. Personal computers are nonsecure, for the most part. Now, in the election systems the vulnerabilities are enormous. You effectively have to trust the entire staff of the corporation that is producing your software. Every single member has to be trusted. It would take one person to rig the system, typically, because of the way the thing is set up. There are very few internal controls."

Speaking in his office at S.R.I., amid papers stacked and scattered about on his desk and the floor and a chair nearby, Neumann went on, "Even if you can look at the source code, you can't guarantee that there's not a

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Trojan horse embedded somewhere in the code. Any self-respecting system programmer can hack the innards of the system to defeat encryption techniques or any password protection, or anything like that. All this stuff is trivial to break, for the most part. In most computer systems out there, it is child's play. Given the fact that the underlying systems are so penetrable, it is relatively easy to fudge data—for example, to start out with three thousand votes for one guy and zero for the other before the counting even starts, even though the counter shows zero. Essentially a Trojan horse in the coding. I can do it in the operating system. I can do it in the application program. Or I can do it in the compiler. I can rig it so that all test decks work perfectly well. I program it so that, after the test is run, at, say, six-fifty-five in the evening, it simply adds thousands of votes. It would never show up." He added that having a computer count a set portion of one candidate's votes as if they had been cast for his or her opponent would be "utterly trivial to do."

As for stealing a Presidential election, Neumann said, "I would put in a whole variety of techniques. I wouldn't just rely on one. You might use a different technique in each state, for example. You could trigger it so that you didn't do anything wrong if everything was going well, and if your candidate was losing you simply add votes—and you have to subtract, too. You have to make all the consistency checks satisfy. That's relatively easy to do."

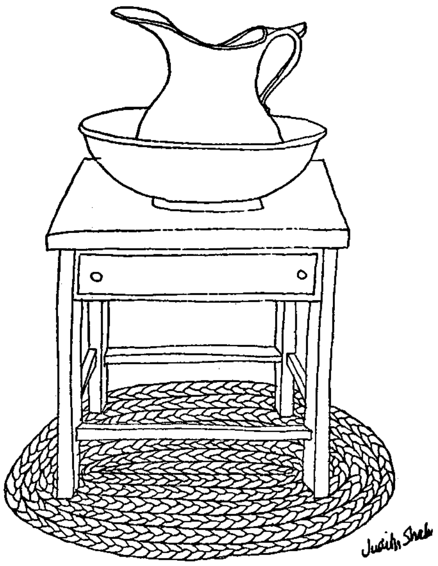
Neumann exclaimed, "The possibilities are endless!" He seemed to be enjoying them, but then drew back. "I think the possibilities for rigging elections with computers are enormous. I'm not going to say it's ever been done. The point here is it's in the hands of one very skilled programmer or somebody who understands the system."

IN the face of such contradictory expert testimony, it is all but impossible for laymen to ascertain the precise degree of risk entailed by the use of computerized voting machines. Nevertheless, given the crucial role of public confidence in the integrity of the ballot, common sense suggests that the question should be resolved definitively, by the press and, perhaps, by Congress. The press has begun to grapple with the issue, thanks in part to a series of articles by David Burnham in the *Times* a few years ago, and press coverage of contested computerized election contests has contributed to several reform efforts in the field.

With lever machines, the risk of vote-stealing has always been relatively easy to reduce. In one of the rules that Joseph Harris laid down in a model election-administration system, published by the National Municipal League in 1930, no lever voting machine could be used until it had been examined by "a competent mechanic." It is also necessary in lever-machine precincts that on Election Day candidates and representatives of parties be present at least twice—when the voting starts, to make sure that the counters are set at zero, and after the polls close, when the backs of the machines are opened, to read the totals. These are the moments of maximum opportunity for a vote-stealer: if he is not observed, he can simply turn the counters to obtain a desired result.

In the opinion of many specialists, there is only one comparably simple and effective way to deter fraud on Election Day in most computerized jurisdictions: an immediate hand recount of the ballots cast in a random group of precincts selected after the vote-counting by various parties to the election. Such a recount would be the greatest fear of anyone implicated in stealing an election.

When Harris reflected on the fact that computerized punch-card elections could be manipulated, he advocated, as a remedy, that every county and city using the Votomatic "set aside a number of precincts to count by hand and to compare the results from a hand count to the machine count." Who chooses the precincts? And when—before or after the election—does anyone know which ones they will be? Harris, in his model system, provided that "the candidates should be permitted to designate the precincts which they wish to have recounted and to amend and add to the list from time to time." "A manual recount of at least one per cent of the ballots of each contest is recommended," Roy Saltman wrote in his new report, and he added, "Responsibility for selection of some of the precincts to be recounted should be granted to candidates or parties." Michael Harty, now the Maricopa County elections director, in Phoenix, and the computer scientist Frederick Weingarten, of the congressional Office of Technology Assessment, suggest that voters who doubt the integrity of a computerized tabulation should, one way or another, at once secure the tabulating software as primary evidence.



Saltman also offered a set of recommendations that are not so easily carried out: all vote-tallying software should be obtained from an accountable source of stock offered publicly by reputable venders and should be scrutinized for "hidden code;" access to all stages of vote-tallying should be controlled; the ballots themselves should be carefully monitored administratively; every vote *not* cast by a voter in a race should be registered by voting machines as not cast; the use of pre-perforated punch cards should be ended, and perforations should be made unnecessary by the use of spring-loaded styluses. (The last change would require modification of the Votomatics.) More broadly, Saltman recommended that the professional science of internal controls which is used in business be adopted in vote-counting.

Naegele proposed to the F.E.C. that vote-counting codes should be written in higher-level computer languages, because they are "quite a bit easier" to analyze for error or, for that matter, fraud. He told me, in California, that "the venders objected to this strongly," saying the vote-counting goes much faster in assembly (lower-level) language. A recent draft of the F.E.C. standards would make the use of high-level languages "discretionary only." "What I wish," Naegele said, "is that some state would adopt a requirement

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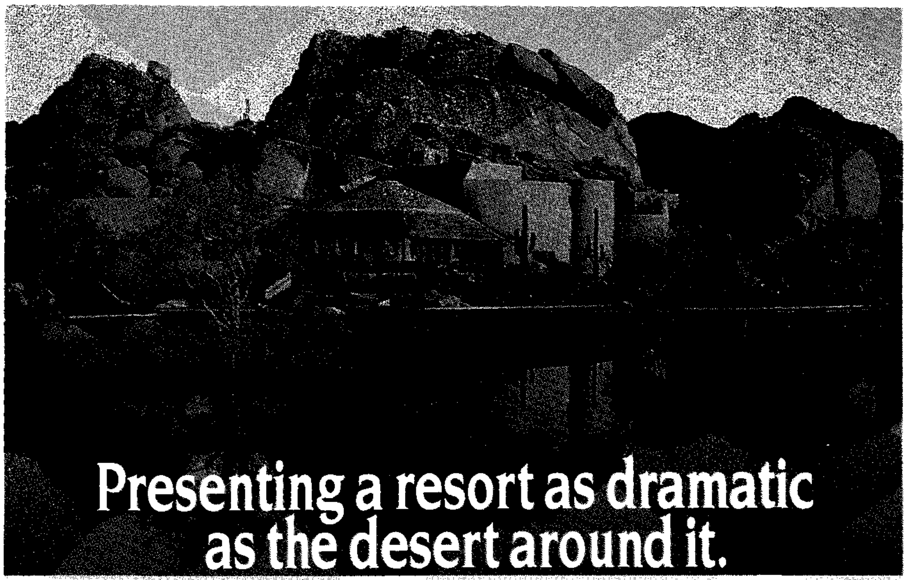

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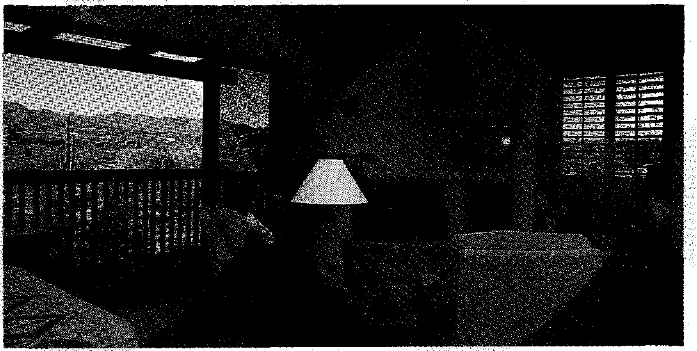

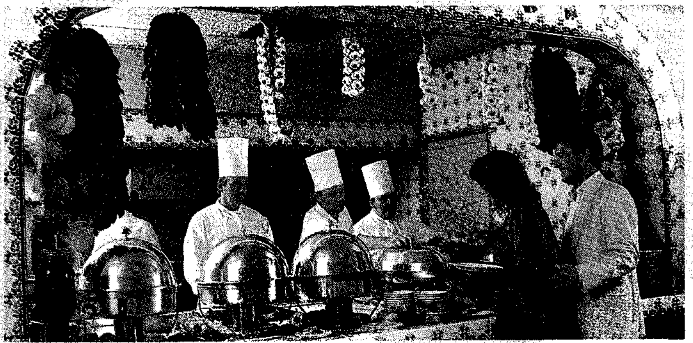

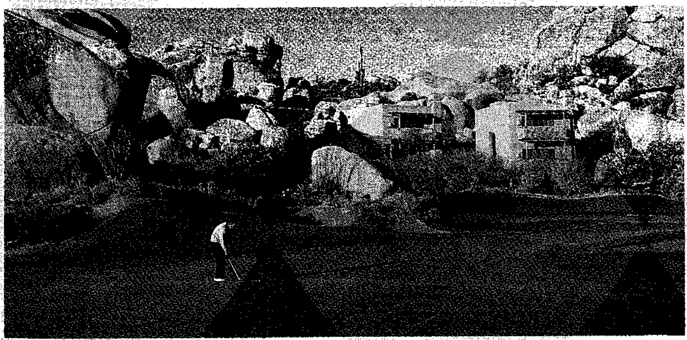

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for higher-level language, so the others would follow."

Ken Hazlett, the programmer who pioneered in the business with assembly language, expressed to me in Corvallis an opinion even more emphatic than Naegele's about the use of assembly language for computerized vote-counting: "*Insane!* It should all be in high-level language, so there's a chance it'll be readable code twenty years later. There's no room for assembly except in some small isolated process."

The concepts of putting source codes in escrow and providing for their examination by independent test agencies seemed well established in the recent F.E.C. draft. Michael Shamos argued during my interview with him that escrow is not a workable concept for protecting election software (among other things, he wanted to know to whom private custodians of the code would be accountable), but the proposal is popular.

A number of other remedies, in addition to those in the studies by Saltman and the F.E.C's Clearinghouse, have been suggested by individuals in the election community.

Terry Elkins, whose inquiries and accusations concerning the 1985 mayoral race in Dallas led to the enactment of reform legislation in Texas, maintains that election officials should be made more accountable at law for their performances. Michael Harty, who suggested that programmers of election computers should be licensed, emphasizes the little-known fact that most state election laws are not mandatory but "directory," and levy few or no penalties against officials who do not obey them. Paul Goldy, the president of the International Technology Group, of Woodbury, New Jersey, a smaller firm in the computerized-election market, advocates user groups for local election officials, organized around specific products, like the groups that many computer buffs belong to. Shamos has proposed that persons who have criminal records for acts of "moral turpitude" should be barred from the vote-counting-equipment business.

R. J. Boram, the chief programmer of the R. F. Shoup Company, and Shamos advocate a high-prestige national election commission to test and certify vote-counting systems, including the software for them; Howard Strauss and a Princeton colleague have prepared for Election Watch, a small group that is working for change in this area, a specific proposal for a national testing authority. At a conference in Dallas sponsored by Election Watch, Strauss said that representatives of the venders and anyone else who could change the counting program should be barred from computer rooms on Election Night.

Some citizens believe that vote-counting software should be in the public domain, available to all parties and candidates, for whatever checks they wish to make on it. "I'm not for a public process being handled by private companies that won't let us see what's going on," says Susan Kesim, a young executive of a computer-security firm in Indiana. "Public-domain software—it's open. I want to see that it added one to the total, because that's the process of voting."

"Maybe a private foundation should do it," Frederick Weingarten has suggested. "Maybe if there was a consensus among the states, the federal government could write its own software and certify it through the National Bureau of Standards or the F.E.C.—say, 'This we guarantee is accurate and untamperable.' "

Penelope Bonsall, the director of the F.E.C. Clearinghouse, said of the public-software concept, "It's a public-policy question; it's too broad for us to consider. It would have to compete with private interests. I don't know who would fund it. I just don't see how you would eliminate private efforts in this area."

By 1984, the year before Joseph Harris, the exemplar of the entrepreneurial approach to computerized vote-counting, died, a subtle change had come over him. By then, lawsuits and accusations were bedevilling his baby, Computer Election Services, Inc. In a newspaper interview, Harris predicted that Americans would probably vote on TV monitors in voting booths, and computers would announce the winners minutes after the polls closed. But then he struck a note new for him, adding that these changes would not come for about twenty years, because such completely computerized voting would require "extremely careful management and planning to prevent error and fraud."

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Little is known about Goodwin's actual life. He lived with great style when he was up, and drank with great abundance when he was not. He was passionate and enormously talented. He won the support of great collectors — Mrs. Jack Gardner, Mr. John Spaulding and John Singer Sargent. Goodwin painted Boston and New York, and gave to those cities an artistic appreciation unrivaled unto this day. So intent was he on painting the city in all its temperaments that he became affectionately known as "Sloppy Weather Goodwin." In 1911 A.C. Goodwin was included in a major exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts along with Frank W. Benson, William Paxton, Philip Hale and John J. Enneking.

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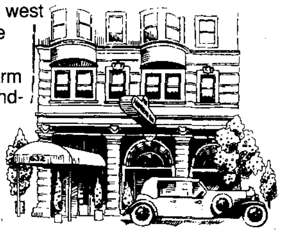

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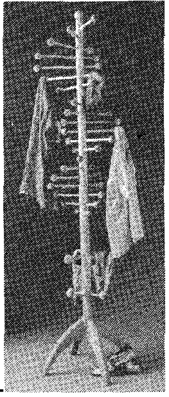

tered voters, may become the realization of Harris's vision of futuristic electronic voting. When citizens vote on one of the D.R.E. systems, they address themselves to a printed ballot affixed to the face of the machine or displayed on a TV-like console and, with a finger or an electronic pointer, press on a box with an "X" in it beside their choice. The four surviving bidders in New York City are Cronus, Shoup, Sequoia Pacific, and, the one firm offering a TV-like system, the Nixdorf Computer Corporation, which is a wholly owned subsidiary of Nixdorf Computer, A.G., of West Germany. The bidders had to provide the technological capability to retain a record of "randomized" (that is, out-of-sequence) electronic images of each voter's set of choices, but the city reserved the right to buy this capability or not.

Saltman's recent report indicated that the D.R.E. systems have one characteristic that from a security point of view may be even more important than the unavailability of real recounts if a voter's choices are not retained electronically. Since those choices are converted onto the counters inside the machines, there is no way to check from the outside whether they are recorded correctly. If the machine retained voters' choices on magnetic tape, the tapes would not necessarily be correct. Saltman wrote, "The fact that the voter can see his or her choices on a display, or even receives a printout of the choices made, does not prove that those were the choices actually recorded in the machine."

"There is no security in using a computer to count ballots," Wayne Nunn told me the evening he made me a Trojan horse. "I don't believe that computers should be used to count votes. I believe that what you should use for counting votes is a system that any voter can appreciate—in which he can fully understand all steps of the process. There shouldn't be any magic involved, because a computer system to the general populace appears to be magic. You put something in one end and, *voilà!*—something else comes out the other. A computer is such a flexible thing that what happens between the time when you put it in and the time when it comes out can be what any clever individual wants."

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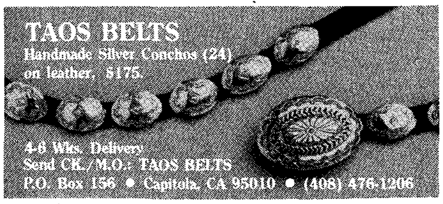

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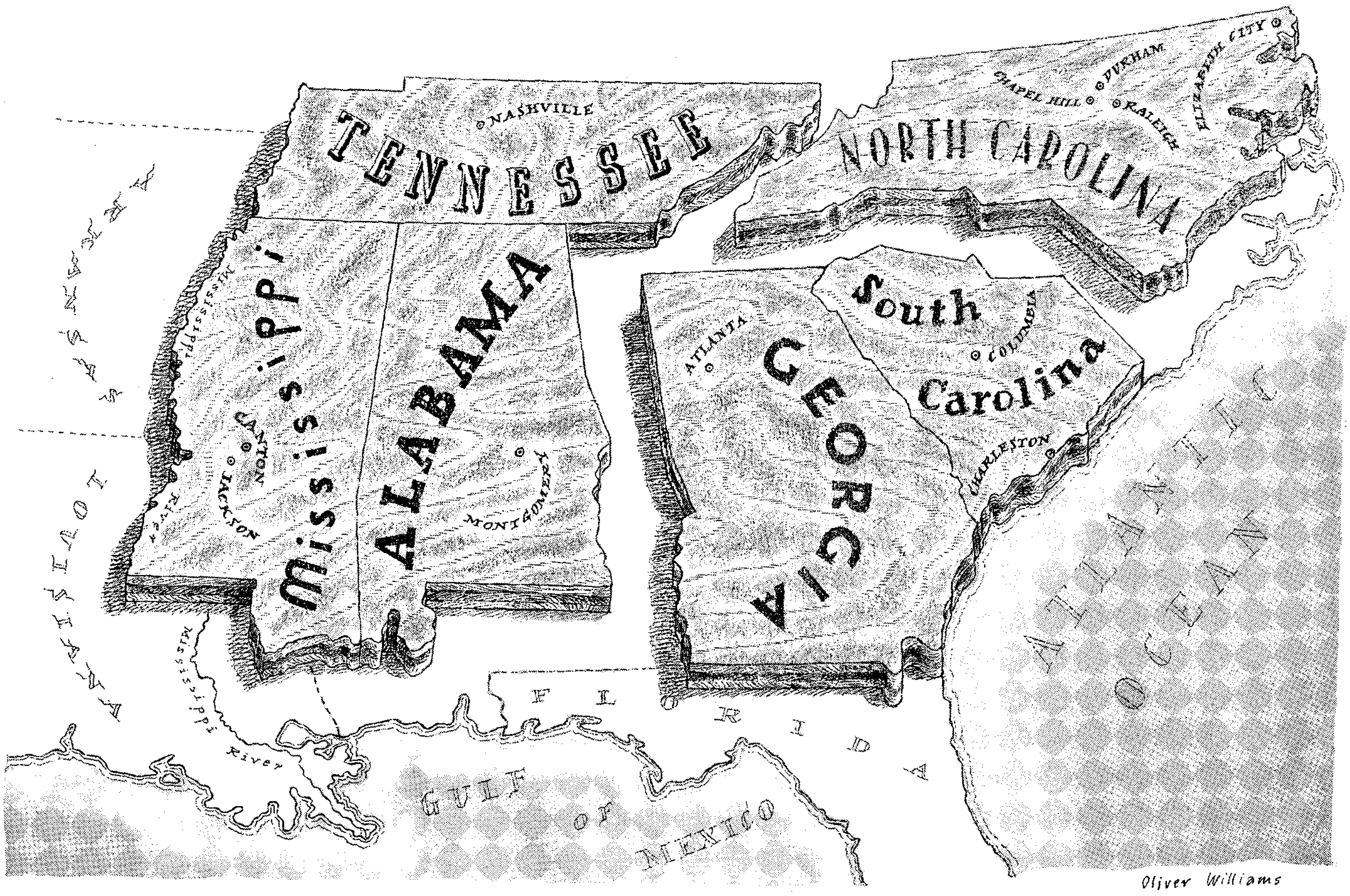
THE RELIGION OF THE PAST

III—SMOKE



THE area of eastern North Carolina known as the Research Triangle is bounded by the university campuses of Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Durham. Over a period of thirty years, an industrial park of sixty-seven hundred and fifty acres has been created here: thirty thousand new jobs; poor North Carolina pineland landscaped into the discreetest kind of industrial garden; many modern technological and pharmaceutical names represented by new buildings—long, low lines of brick or concrete and glass, giving an impression of spaciousness and order and elegance. The land of rural poverty has been remade to suit its new function, the South abolished here.

In Alabama, in the space-research town of Huntsville, a Southern businessman once pointed out a field of cotton to me—more than a crop: something from the past—literally across the road from a high-tech building. It tore your hands and broke your back, the businessman said (because you had to bend all day to pick cotton). In some such way, at the edge of the Research Triangle Park, in North Carolina, on the boundary between Wake and Durham Counties, five or six miles from the Duke University campus, a small, well-tended field of tobacco was pointed out to me in late August: the famous old crop of North Carolina, making the very names of some towns—Winston-Salem—here more famous now as the names of cigarettes.

Though I must have seen tobacco in many places in the South over the summer, I didn't know what I was looking at until then, when the bigness of the leaves was noticeable. I had been told that the great heat we had in late July and the first half of August would be good for cotton, and I thought that the same heat, which had yellowed the leaves of forest trees, had scorched the edges of the lower tobacco leaves. But the tobacco leaves were ripening rather than drying, I was told. That was the way tobacco plants ripened, from the bottom up.

Tobacco leaves had to be picked, or cropped, only when they were ripe, so a row had to be worked several times. The lowest leaves on the plants I was looking at had already been cropped. Tobacco not only called for stoop labor; it had also to be harvested at the time of the greatest heat. The ridges and furrows of this tobacco field were as without weeds and as clean as a swept dirt yard. This little field, which one might have passed by without a second thought, spoke of slow, detailed labor, as backbreaking as the cotton labor.

The man who made me see all this was James Applewhite. He was from an old tobacco family in eastern North Carolina. He was fifty-two. He was a teacher at Duke University, in Durham—the university founded and endowed by a tobacco fortune. He was also a poet. And though he was no

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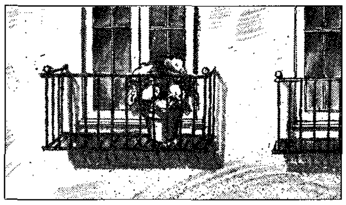

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longer part of the tobacco culture, and spoke of it as physically far away (though in fact it was reasonably close: two hours by car), it was one of the subjects of his poetry.

I didn't know his poetry when I met him, but I began to be aware of his quality as a man when he stopped to show me the tobacco field: a poet's sensibility and a farmer's dedication and seriousness, with an academic evenness of manner.

Durham was not his landscape, he said; he had only recently begun to make it the subject of his poetry. There was no landscape like the first that one knew. He elaborated on that, and he couldn't have known how directly he was speaking to me, and my feeling for my own native place, the West Indian island, Trinidad, where I was born and had spent my first eighteen years (the scarcely bearable idea of the beginning of things now existing only in my heart, no longer existing physically in the ravaged, repopulated Trinidad of today). I could understand how the past he meditated on, though physically so close and still existing, in Wilson County, was in his mind quite far away.

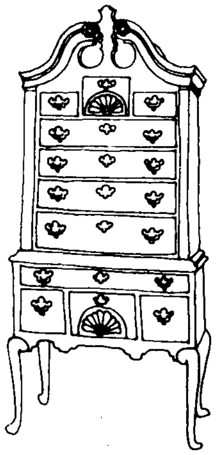
He took me by byways to his house. After we saw a man on a sit-down lawnmower in the garden of a house, he talked about the sweeping of the dirt yards in the old days. The soil would have been sandy; it would have been swept with brooms made of dogwood saplings. "And the marks of the sweeping would have been deliberately left in the yard, to show that it had been swept and was clean."

Would that sweeping have been done by a servant? "No. The mistress of the house did it, with pride, as evidence of her good order."

That touched something in me. But at the time all I could think of was the African huts and their clean yellow-brown yards on the banks of the Congo, or Zaire, River, seen from a river steamer twelve years ago. The yards were scraped like that, I had been told, to keep snakes away. Jim Applewhite thought there might have been something in that, even in the South.

Something else remained, though. It came to me later: a memory, from some unplaceable time in my childhood in Trinidad, of the marks in dark sand of a *cocoye* broom, a broom made from the hard central stems—rigid at the top,

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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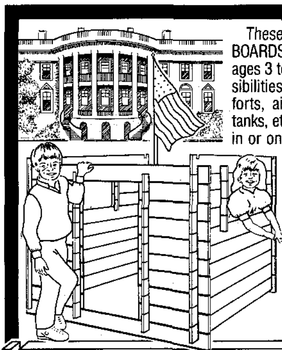

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thin and limber at the bottom—of the blades of a coconut branch. Those marks in a corner of a Trinidad Hindu family's yard did stand for order and cleanliness, almost the piety of a house, its adherence to good old ways. There was a ritual about yard sweeping in Hindu families like ours in Trinidad when I was a child. It had to be done first thing in the morning, before eating or drinking; it was part of the purification of a house before prayers. And there was something like a religious interdiction against sweeping after nightfall (no doubt because valuable things might have been swept away and lost).

Farmer, child, and poet came together in Jim Applewhite's contemplation of the physical circumstances of his childhood, and in his serious, generous talk.

His house was in the countryside, on a dead end with a few other houses in a patch of woodland. It was a wooden house. The end wall of his sitting room was made of old wide planks set diagonally. "The wall boards of a tobacco barn from my family farm," he said. They were pinewood, and were so hard from the years of heat in the curing process, he said, that he had had to use an electric drill to get nails into them. "And the ceiling beams were posts in the barn," he added.

He gave me a copy of his new book, "Ode to the Chinaberry Tree and Other Poems." While he got tea ready, I looked at "A Leaf of Tobacco": "Is veined with mulatto hands." Then the veins were seen as streams, "a river system draining a whole basin," and collecting all the historical debris of the South. At the same time:

> . . . Scented and sweetened with
>   rum and molasses,
> Rolled into cigarettes or squared in
>   a thick plug,
> Then inhaled or chewed, this his-
>   tory is like syrupy
> Moonshine distilled through a car
>   radiator so the salts
> Strike you blind. Saliva starts in the
>   body. We die for this leaf.

The crop that required such labor, slave and free, the crop that gave the region a special calendar and culture, was dangerous to men. Commercially, it was on the way out: another disaster for the South. Jim Applewhite didn't smoke, had smoked only for a short while many years before. But the culture was so close to him that almost in spite of himself the tobac-

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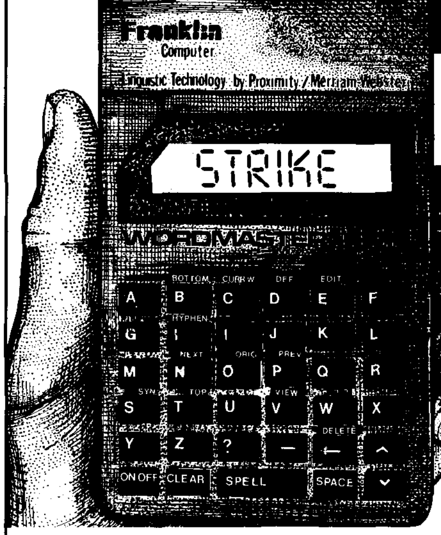

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co product in the poem comes out as tempting. The idea of rum and molasses and tobacco, the sweet and the bitter, made me think of the cellophane- or clear-plastic-wrapped squares of chewing tobacco, as dark and rich as fruitcake, at the checkouts of Southern supermarkets.

He liked tobacco as a culture, for the formalities that went with the growing and curing and selling of the crop. And when, later that evening, I read his poetry in my hotel room I found it enriched by his talk and the sights I had seen, and already half familiar.

In "For W. H. Applewhite" he wrote of his grandfather (and in my imagination I saw the tobacco field he had shown me at the edge of the Research Triangle Park):

> He dug gray marl near the swamp,
> set out
> Tobacco by hand, broke the suckers
> and tops
> Before they flowered, leaving some
> for seed.
> Cropped the broad sand lugs, bent
> double
> In air hot rank in his face from the
> rained-on
> Soil.

"How to Fix a Pig," a celebration of a "pig-picking" at the end of the tobacco harvest, was also a celebration of the pig-fixer, a man called Dee Grimes, who was—still—the sharecropper, or tenant, on the old Applewhite farm.

> . . . It comes from down home, from
> When they cured tobacco with
> wood, and ears of corn
> Roasted in ashes in the flue.
> The pig was the last thing. The
> party
> At the looping shelter when the crop
> was all in.
> The fall was in its smell,
> Like red leaves and money.

Agricultural communities are conditioned—given a calendar—by the crops they grow, and the origin of the crop becomes unimportant: rice in Java, tobacco in North Carolina, sugarcane in Trinidad in the old days. The talk in that poem of celebration at the end of the crop—the hard crop, originally the slave crop—brought back very faint memories of something called "crop-over" in Trinidad, when the sugarcane had all been cut, and the horns of the black water buffalo that drew the cane carts were decorated, and there was something like music in the main road of the small country town where I lived, at the very edge of

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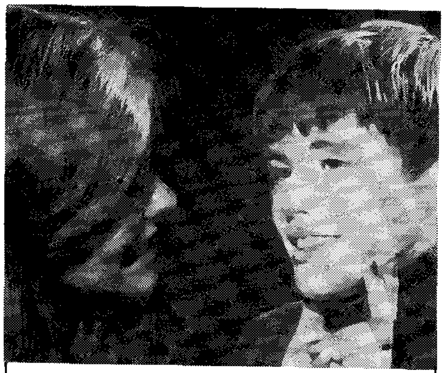
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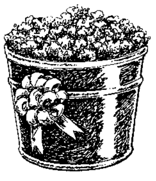
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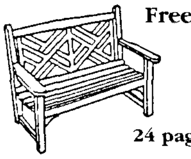
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the sugarcane fields, acres upon acres, scene of bitter labor: memories like snapshots from very far back, when I was six or seven; memories seemingly of a long time but perhaps in reality the memories of no more than a week or so.

THE great size of the land, the distance between places—this was one of the things that would have separated Jim Applewhite's comprehension of the world as a child from my comprehension of things in Trinidad. Was it oppressive or frightening sometimes in the old days? Did people feel lost? I asked him this some days later, when we met at the hotel where I was staying.

He said, "For my grandfather to go on a buggy ride to Wilson, the county center and center of tobacco sales, ten miles there and ten miles back, was a day's journey. Automobiles began to come into that area in the nineteen-twenties, and electric lights. Electrification tended to follow the roads. My wife's mother was reminiscing earlier this year, remembering when electrification got to the country. People did feel lost here. The sense of needing to form a life that had its own regularities, its own formalities—that was a reason that religion had the contour it had. That's why the formalities of tobacco growing were so important.

"Tobacco was associated with an older mode of living—associated for me with my grandfather, with a kind of ritualized cyclical time order, where the cycle of the seasons was marked by sowing the plant bed, preparing the land in the spring, setting out the plants in early summer, harvesting in midsummer. You'd be finishing up curing and grading in August.

"Grading involved separating the leaves from the different levels of cropping, and, actually, different levels of ripeness. So that the best tobacco was placed together, wrapped together, in 'hands,' to bring the highest price at auction. There might be three or four tobacco companies—or five, maybe, in flush times—bidding for the tobacco whose quality they liked. The buyers would travel to different markets. There would be a kind of marketing sequence. The market would begin south and go up north, following the pattern of tobacco ripening and harvesting, roughly. I think that tobacco in its best incarnation was a sort of folk art. An art practiced by people who were extremely good at it but who might not be able to read and write. I remember when other areas, like Canada and Rhodesia, were trying to get into tobacco growing—they would come to North Carolina to get to these folk experts, who might not be able to sign their names but who knew how to harvest, cure, and grade tobacco.

"The artful thing about harvesting is knowing when the tobacco should be cropped. It won't cure properly if it's picked too soon or too late. You can't make a perfect leaf some seasons. That's why tobacco has a vintage, like wine."

"Are you an expert?"

"No, no. I just know what is involved. I saw this around me all my youth. Mostly, I think I was impressed by the aesthetic contour of the tobacco ritual. Planting had to be done at the right time, with hand care, individually. A hand-crafted mode of agricultural production. It's much more mechanized now. But this hand-crafted aspect of tobacco was predicated

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upon cheap labor in the South, at a time when the South was economically disadvantaged.

"Typically, the land would be owned by landlords who didn't any longer live precisely on the farm. Like my grandfather. People who had left the Civil War farmhouse homeplaces built by their grandparents or great-grandparents and had moved to town—to small hamlets, such as the one I was born in. And in those houses on the farm there would be living the sharecropper, the tenant farmer. He could be black or white. Typically, in my experience, they were white. They farmed on shares. The farmer got half the proceeds on the crop. The owner furnished the supplies and the capital. Typically, there might be one or more black families living in smaller houses on the farm, living rent-free. They were not participants in the sharecrop deal but worked as a kind of distanced retainer. They worked for money, and their large families provided the many hands required for housing tobacco—getting the tobacco from the field into the curing barn and then into the packhouse, where it was packed up and stored until brought to market. It was important to have a good, tight packhouse that wasn't too humid and, above all, didn't leak—you couldn't afford to have your tobacco get wet after it was cured. If it had too much moisture, it would mold, and lose its value radically.

"This housing involved whole teams of people, with different ranks of hierarchical importance and responsibilities. The croppers—those who actually broke the leaves from the stalk—were in a sense the most important. They had to do two difficult things—do hard physical labor, and make the decision about which leaves to gather. And they had to work very fast. There would be two or three or four of them going through the field breaking the leaves. It was most difficult when they were breaking the leaves at the bottom of the stalk. Then they would have to work bent double all day long in very hot temperatures.

"Some of them would go along the row walking on their knees, to avoid bending over. But that was hard, too. Following the croppers would be a mule-drawn or a tractor-drawn tobacco truck. These tobacco trucks were really small wooden wagons with wooden wheels. They had stakes at the corners and burlap sides to hold the leaves in.

"The other persons of most importance were the loopers. They worked at the barns. They tied the tobacco leaves with cotton twine onto the sticks, which were then laid horizontally on racks in the barns, with the leaves hanging down from the sticks, stem ends up. Again, this had to be done rapidly. The loopers were always women—they might be the wife of the tenant farmer. And there would be handers. They would hand the tobacco leaves from the tobacco trucks to the loopers.

"Some people nowadays have taken whole tobacco trucks, with the wheels, and made coffee tables out of them. An old-fashioned tobacco truck was only half again as large as a coffee table. It was made small to go down the rows. And possibly one truck packed up with about five feet of tobacco leaves was very heavy, enough for one person to manage. Tobacco, before it was cured, was heavy.

"The looper would receive five or six tobacco leaves, stem end toward her, in her left hand, and, with a few swift motions, wrap and secure the stem ends together. And then she would flip the bundle so that it straddled the tobacco stick and hung there. It was very important that the leaves not fall off the stick, because if several leaves fell and landed on the galvanized-steel flue beneath them they could start a fire, and the whole barn could be consumed in fifteen or twenty minutes."

"Did that happen a lot?"

"It was not unusual for a tobacco barn to burn. You would expect one or two barns to burn down in a growing season."

I asked about the effects of mechanization.

His reply was unexpected. "The technological innovations that did away with much of the hard labor also did away with some of the quality of the tobacco. No hands of tobacco are tied now. Leaves are clamped together in bulk barns and cured." He spelled out the word "bulk" for me, as though the word itself contained some of the grossness of the method. "Tobacco is no longer graded. The leaf is placed in canvas sheets and sold."

A lot of the ambiguities of his attitude to tobacco came out in that expression of distaste for the new methods, which spared men but were bad for the tobacco. I put that to him.

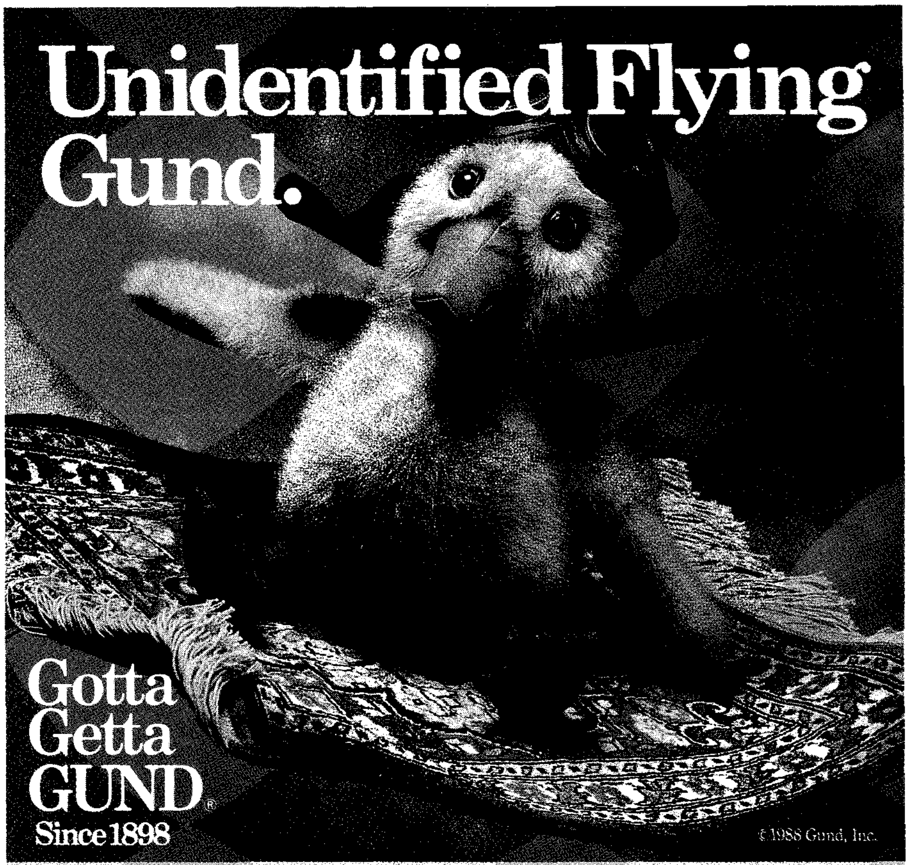
He didn't reject it. He said, "It's a mystery and a paradox. For me, it has a certain resonance—the whole tobacco business—and it is close to the paradox of civilization itself that this essentially poisonous substance formed the basis of a way of life that had so many attractive aspects: a formalized, seasonal cycle, which left the land combed into its even furrows after the stalks were cut in the autumn. Which had the spectacle of the tobacco market, with the golden piles of aromatic leaf being sold for what were really considerable sums of money."

Jim Applewhite's wife, Janis, came from a tobacco family as well. They had been talking recently about tobacco, he said, and his wife's mother had said that in the old days it was possible to tell just from looking at a hand of tobacco leaves who had tied the hand—so individual were the loopers' tying styles.

"Tobacco was a product that allowed the South at a time of pretty serious economic disadvantage to bring in cash money from the whole country, and even from abroad," Jim said. "No other crop brought in so much money per acre, or was so lucrative in return for effort expended. In a sense, as a poet who didn't know he was going to be a poet— the fact that the product was a folk art and non-utilitarian must have appealed to me. The final use of tobacco was as a social gesture. From production to consumption, it was a style-bearing medium. The life style has changed. I don't think the South absolutely needs to produce this poisonous substance anymore. I think of tobacco as an Old Testamentish aspect of a past way of life, a kind of traditional, conservative fallen world, a world marked by original sin, of which tobacco was a kind of symbol. I don't think that there's anything analogous in the West—except alcohol."

I asked whether members of his family smoked.

"Father smoked a little. Not much. That's part of the paradox. The workers mostly smoked. Two of the sharecroppers who worked on the family farm during my teen-age



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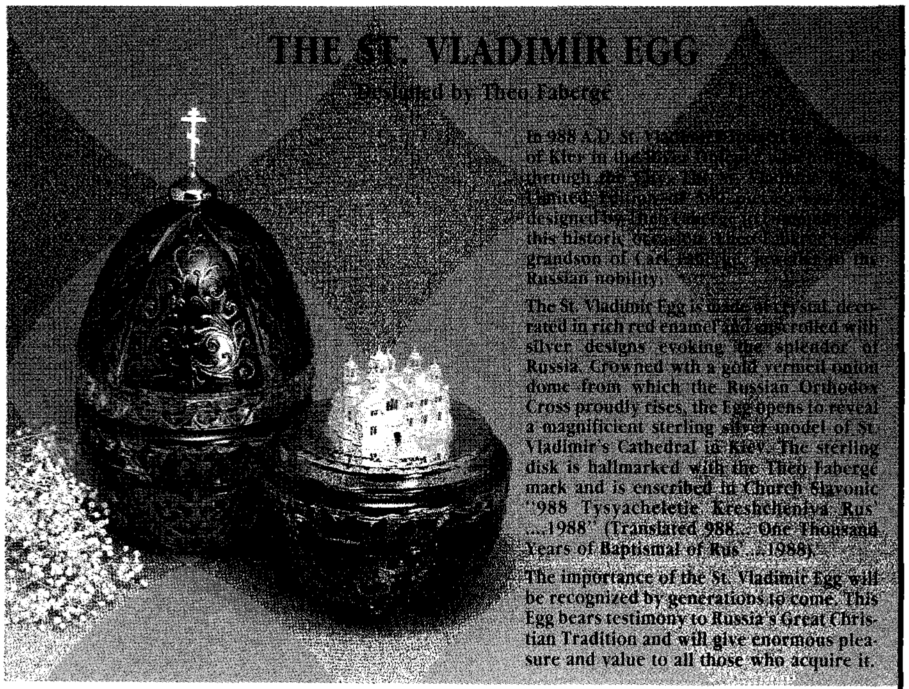
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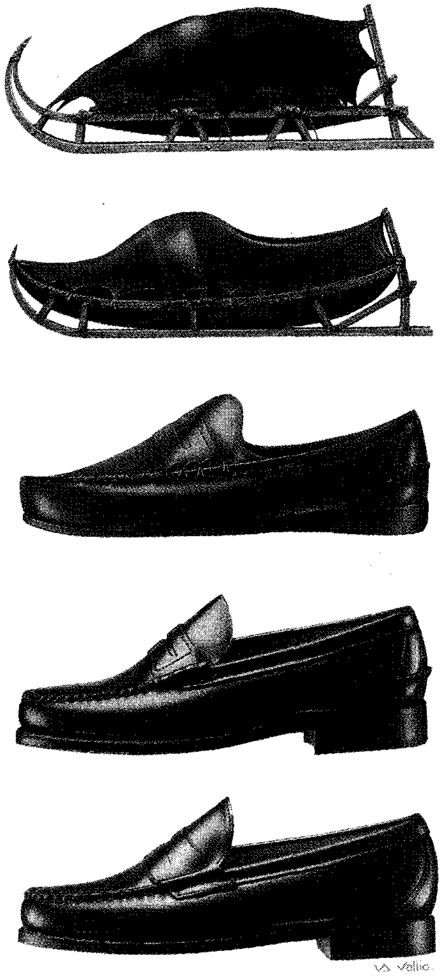

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and adult years died of lung cancer."

Those deaths worried him. He had spoken of them with feeling at our first meeting, almost while he was showing me the ripening tobacco field on the edge of the Research Triangle Park. But, as always in his talk, there was another side to the poison.

"One can argue that any successful agrarian economy has most of the aspects of tobacco farming," he said. "What it doesn't have is the handcrafted, graded, aromatic, sold-by-auction quality that tobacco has. The issue of quality, determined by color, scent, and flavor, was central to tobacco. There's a regional specificity to wine, and tobacco is in a sense analogous—there's a regional specificity to tobacco as well.

"The industry changed in its desires when the filter tip came in. The classic cigarette was the unfiltered Lucky Strike or Chesterfield or Old Gold. That's the kind of cigarette the companies wanted the most beautiful tobacco for, the most beautiful lemon-yellow, bright-leaf tobacco. When the filter came in, they wanted a heavier kind of tobacco, less bright, not as good a quality. So the premium for growing the most golden bright leaf lessened.

"The intangible aspect of the tobacco business is that one cannot represent in political terms this kind of formal, aesthetic, ritualized way of life that tobacco growing supported. That's poetry, not politics. But tobacco is now less defensible as a crop for a number of reasons, one of them being that the whole mode of production has been degraded by different kinds of demand and, most flagrantly, by altered growing practices. A chemical is used to inhibit sucker growth which artificially increases the bulk, the weight of the leaf. It's called MH-30. And there's the decreased attention to quality. And of course it doesn't support as many people in its mechanized aspect. Formerly, tobacco growing would support whole countrysides of people. It was the chief cash source for the rural descendants of slaves and white Southern farmers who owned no land of their own, as well as for the landowners. Today there's simply so much more money, and the importance of tobacco is less. And also affecting the relative attractiveness of tobacco growing is the aggregation of small tobacco holdings into larger farms, in some cases owned by corporations."

His past had been more or less abolished. But it was this past that gave him eyes for the landscape he now lived in—though there could be no landscape like the first.

"I am now able to write about the landscape of Durham County," he said. "But I realize that that is in part the case because the landscape has been historicized for my imagination by the evidences I can still see there of an older agrarian economy, before the land was covered again with trees.

"A Southern field, if you leave it alone, will grow up in broom sedge, and in a few years young pines will be bristling up, scattered through the broom sedge. After twenty or thirty years, it's woodland again." Hardwood trees then grow up in the shelter of the pines, and then the hardwoods kill the pines. He lived in a landscape of second-growth timber, eighty to a hundred years old. "But in places the old farm rows are still there—like small waves in a bay frozen by time. They were the rows of the last crop planted by some farmer in the last century, perhaps, or the early part of this. And deep in the trees you see fallen chimneys, areas where, in spring, jonquils still come back where there had been family gardens. A few old tombstones in places. Some beech trees with names and dates still legible from being cut into the bark, in 1908 or 1911 or 1914. This is about the period when this change we've been talking about began—electrification, roads, motorcars."

Every stage of history marked by small ruins, a landscape of small ruins—this had been my first impression of the South.

Jim Applewhite said, "The landscape of eastern North Carolina was always to me a kind of landscape of the past. There was this dichotomy in my own life between my father and my grandfather. My grandfather had been born in that Civil War-era farmhouse, and he was always associated in my mind with the agrarian economy. It was in my grandfather's house—just across the road from our house—that we went for the ritual occasions that marked the farmer's year. My father believed in progress and ran a service station and sold electrical appliances for a number of years. He was always in a hurry. My grandfather was never hurried."

Jim Applewhite took me one day to see his family farm in Wilson County, in what he said was the heart of the eastern-North Carolina tobacco country. We went first to Wilson, the main city of the county, ten miles from the farm.

Wilson was a more substantial city than I had expected. The residential part through which we drove looked rich and settled, with big houses set back in wooded gardens. In the old days, money in Wilson came principally from the tobacco market. On the other, industrial side of the city were the tobacco warehouses.

Jim Applewhite said, "This was 'big city' for us. It was the town where we went for a movie, and for swimming in a concrete-bottomed—as against a silt-bottomed—pool. The silt-bottomed pool we called the sand pit. My uncle would take us there. He would stay with us in the summer. He was a bachelor. He was probably my first literary influence. He told stories which I later realized were from the Odyssey."

We crossed the railroad track. It had once divided the white town from the black. There was still an Amtrak station and, on what would have been the white side of town, an old hotel. Like an arrangement of properties on a simple film set: station, rails, the small hotel.

"Travelling salesmen would have stayed here," Jim said.

"What a life."

"Some of them would have liked it."

Beyond the rails, and in what was still the black town, there were shotgun houses, as narrow as mobile homes, and set close together side by side. Already, the Wilson of the big houses seemed far away.

The ten miles to the farm went very quickly. There were old tobacco barns everywhere, three or four together sometimes in a field. And, before I was ready for the farm, we had turned off the road and parked in a clear space between an old two-story frame house and many galvanized-steel farm buildings. There were two oldish cars in the yard: part of the yard's metallic aspect. Across the road were fields.

I had been told by Jim about the family house and farm, about the family move to the nearby small town of Stantonsburg, about the sharecropping family and the black hired hands. But I was confused. I thought that Jim's family would be in the old frame house; I thought of the sharecropper as a kind of employee.

Jim got out and went into the house, and in a while a heavy pink-and-white man in his late forties, in dark-blue trousers and a checked shirt, and with glasses, came out to the car, smiling.

He said, with a certain confidence, "I'm Dee Grimes."

I knew the name well. He was the man celebrated in the poem "How to Fix a Pig." His speech, his life in tobacco had been turned into poetry. I said that I had read the poem about him.

This pleased him. He said that someone else who had read the poem had wanted him to do some cooking.

And it was only after some time that I understood that Dee Grimes, the sharecropper, lived in the old Applewhite family house, one of Jim's sacred places.

Between the main house and the former kitchen, which was a separate building, there was a breezeway, and that was where we sat, though Dee Grimes would have liked us to go inside to enjoy the air-conditioning.

His talk was about the drought. There had been no rain and no rain. He had tried to dig a well, but he had found no water. Some of his talk was about Dan, a neighbor. Dan had an irrigation system; Dan had watered three times this summer. Dan also had a mechanical tobacco-cropper; it had cost him thirty-five thousand dollars some years ago. Dan was that very day "putting in" tobacco, using the mechanical cropper to pick the ripe leaf, and then getting his people to "put in" the leaf in the curing barns.

He talked about the house. He said that one of the most notable things about the house was that so much of it had been put together with wooden pegs—even the rafters of the breezeway. The house was more spacious than one would have thought from the outside. There was a solid feeling to the floor, no hollow sound in the wooden house. When we were outside again, we considered the brick chimneys at the sides of the house, and the two railed porches facing the road and the fields across the road.

The bulk barns, for curing tobacco, were at the other side of the open

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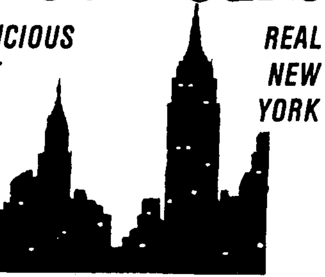

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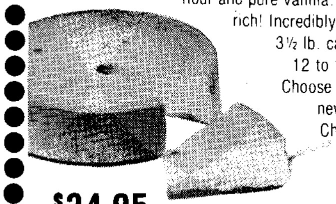

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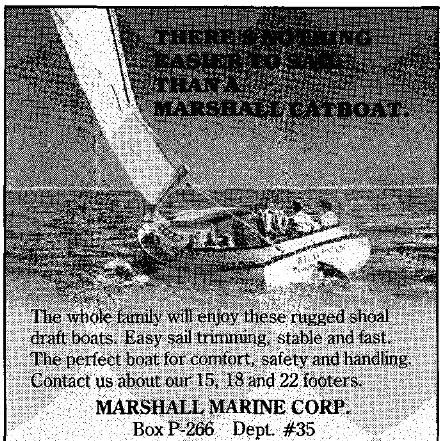

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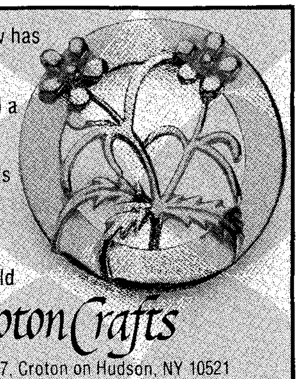

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yard. Three or four stood side by side. The heat inside was generated by gas burners and distributed by electric blowers, and the air around the barns smelled of hot green leaf. When Dee opened the door of one barn, the air that came out was very hot and the smell was a little cloying. The outer leaves on the racks, leaves already brown, were ragged. Dee said this was from the colder air striking them every time he opened the door to have a look—the leaves farther in would be better.

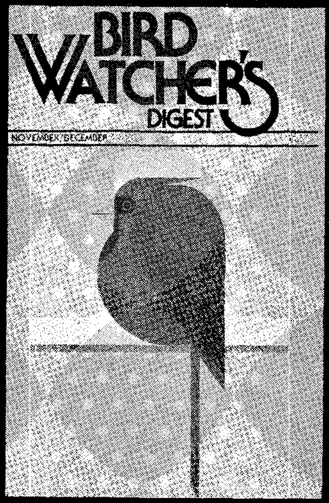
In the packhouse, where the cured tobacco was stored after it had been "ordered"—moistened, that is, to prevent the cured leaves from turning brittle and shredding away—we saw the poor crop of the year. In a large space, there were just a few bundles of golden leaf in sacking. There was a warm, rich smell here, and the floorboards had a sheen from the resin of years. Without being asked, Dee prepared a couple of "hands": taking six leaves or so, holding them stem up, and then tying them tightly at the stem (on the principle first of the cummerbund and then of the loincloth).

The old mule barn, another of the structures in the yard, was still whole—a reminder of another labor of the past. There were no mules to look after now, but there were reminders of mules that had been there: the top boards of the stalls had been gnawed away in a wavy pattern.

At the end of the yard was an amazing contraption—a tobacco-leaf harvester, with a canopy. There were low metal seats for four croppers, and the idea was that as the harvester was pulled along by a tractor the seated croppers would break off the ripe leaves from the tobacco stalks, without the strain of bending or walking on their knees. But, with the "handers" and others needed to transfer the picked leaf to the clamps, it took eleven people to keep the harvester going.

Farmhouse, barns old and new, the house for the hired help at the back—there was as great a simplicity about this layout as about the railroad station, the railway track, and the small hotel at Wilson. But a poet had looked long at this yard; and for him everything in it was shot through with radiance.

Later, we went to see Dan—the lucky neighbor with the irrigation system and the mechanical harvester, of whom we had heard much from Dee Grimes. He was a friendly, well-exer-



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cised middle-aged man, with glasses, in pale-brown clothes and with a dark-brown baseball cap that said on it "Pride in Tobacco." His hands were black with grease and also with tobacco tar, from the leaf he was "putting in."

His harvester—with a black man at the controls—was at work, straddling many rows. It was fascinating to watch this large, awkward-looking but delicate machine, which had done away with the brute labor of tobacco cropping. The wheels of the harvester, and the driver in his seat, moved along furrows; on either side, two long rubber rollers with a little space between them caught the tobacco stalks and rolled off the leaves up to a certain height. The rolled-off leaves fell into bins and were taken up fast-moving bands to the leaf basket. The tobacco stalks, with their uncropped upper leaves, snapped back into their upright position; and at the end only an occasional yellow-green leaf remained on the ground to show that the harvester had just passed.

In the shed outside Dan's bulk barns, four black people, two men and two women (casual workers, to judge by their goodish clothes: no overalls), unpacked the leaves and fixed them into metal clamps. They slid the clamps along the racks in the bulk barns. "Putting in" was easier in a bulk barn than in the tall old barns, where a man had to climb on a ladder to hang the sticks on the upper racks. Some years ago, Jim said, Dee Grimes had fallen off a top rack and fractured his hand. The racked leaves in the bulk barns looked like gigantic green salads.

WE left to go on to the small town of Stantonsburg. This was where Jim Applewhite's grandfather had moved after he left the family farmhouse. It was there, not far away, that Jim was born.

Jim said, "The Applewhites came from England, from Suffolk, and seem to have landed in Barbados. There are Applewhite or Applewhaite records in Barbados. The next records are in Virginia in the eighteenth century, and then in North Carolina. They were probably in Stantonsburg before the town was incorporated, in 1817. I've been told that at one time the Applewhites owned the land on both sides of the road between Stantonsburg and Saratoga, the next small town."

There it was again, the recurring Southern story of great wealth in the past (the whole of the island of Trinidad belonging to one family, a third of an English county belonging to another, a chest of gold that sent up a cloud of gold dust when it was emptied onto a floor of a third family). But there would have been some substance to this story: the Applewhites owned the Stantonsburg general store as well as a sawmill.

The town was like Wilson in miniature. There was even a railroad track dividing the black town from the white—the side-by-side black shotgun houses from the frame houses, with their lawns.

We passed what had been the Applewhite store. It was a low white frame building with a shelter over the sidewalk. It looked empty. The Applewhite name was no longer in the windows of the store. It had been in gold letters; for Jim the letters still existed, "in a ghostly way."

Jim said, "It held everything you'd need to house a crop or carry on your life. In the old days, these stores were essentially a company store. In other words, the farmers would get everything they needed on credit, paying back when they sold their crop. And when my grandfather owned a lot of land the tenant farmers would get their things there and pay him back."

The past, for Jim, was where the child had seen completeness, even in the stock of his grandfather's general store: mule collars, tobacco twine, tenpenny nails, bonnets, shoes for children.

"I did feel there was a kind of complete world contained there. Partly because the houses here were built without architects, without trained builders, and I grew to feel that the capability of building those houses was contained in those objects in the store."

The Applewhite house was on a residential street with two churches. Outside the Baptist church, some black men and a white man were working. The street was full of children. Old Mr. Applewhite, Jim's father, was in the sitting room watching football on a big television set. He was eighty, and a little proud of his age. He was much shorter than his son, and stouter, his physique suggesting a man who had been very strong.

On the table in the dining room, there was food for our visit. There was

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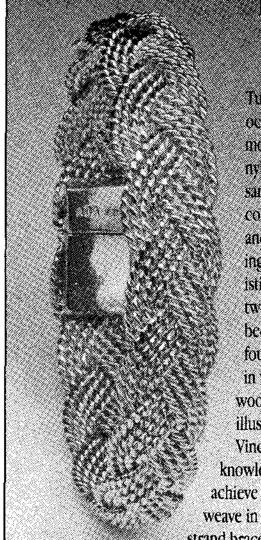

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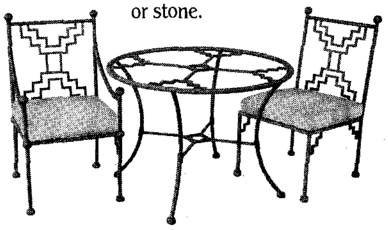

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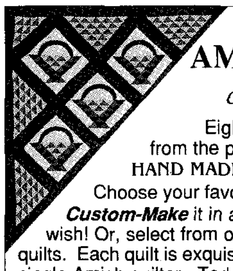

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a magazine the old man had got out for me, *The Flue Cured Tobacco Farmer*, together with a booklet for tobacco farmers, "How to Grow It Ripe."

He said, "This has been the sorriest tobacco crop for thirty-five years. There's been no rain for thirteen weeks."

He told me that the farm was between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and seventy-five years old, and he showed me a framed certificate that said the farmhouse was listed in the National Register of Historic Places. He thought that Dee should have persevered with his well, and gone down another twenty feet; someone he knew had found water at a hundred and fifty feet.

Then he grew philosophical, religious. "We can't complain," he said. "The farm has done very well, up until this year. If you do right by your fellow-man, it will be all right. My father was in the best financial shape of anybody around. And he did kind of what Social Security does now. He was blessed."

Jim had from the start spoken as though he had cut himself off from his past, made a far journey. But that past was here still, a couple of hours away from Durham—or as much of the past as a man of fifty-two might reasonably expect still to find.

"I think I'm always conscious of the fact that I'm not truly of the world I've been showing you," he said now. "I've not worked in tobacco. Dee Grimes is truly of that world, is truly a man of tobacco. A real tobacco man, if you want to be colloquial. I feel a kind of kinship and a kind of separation when I am with him."

"Separation?"

"There is a sense of separateness in being in part of myself an observing stranger in my own native land. At times I was fascinated by the idea of the preëxistence of the soul—fascinated especially, as a child, by the original Edgar Rice Burroughs book, 'Tarzan of the Apes,' the first and best of the Tarzan books. In the movie version I saw, the Tarzan-to-be was landed in the jungle by the crash of his parents' plane. There was something in that idea—of a person from another culture being deposited from the sky in a tropical environment—that was fascinating to me. At the time, I felt a duality. I identified with the world I was in physically, but I also recognized

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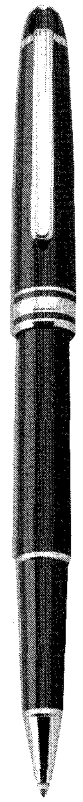

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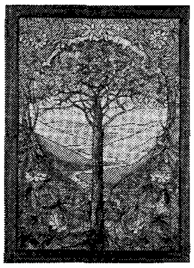

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that it completely left out a whole other side of my psyche, or soul. There was still a cultural transmission here—from something quite other—through the churches, the hymns, the words and the music, the poetry of the Psalms and through books. As I said, my uncle told me stories out of Homer when I was six years old.

"There was a duality of worlds as a child and a young man which was given an exceptional tension by the intensity with which so many in this small-town world defied or opposed those values which were foreign to it—those cultural values that were transmitted from afar. There is a sense of self-subsistence about the South—that it is itself, knows itself, and needs nothing else. Because of this sense of beleaguered self-sufficiency, it can be extremely pigheaded. It can cherish ignorance. It can cherish the unreasonable, the unreasoning.

"And I was hungry to have things explained. I remember looking up at the constellations and not knowing the names of the constellations. Or not knowing the names of trees.

"Finally, one wanted consciousness, the right to be aware, or to name in language—in harmonious language, or in music. To name things, or else simply to name. Art is a sort of divine uselessness. That's one of the reasons I'm also attracted to tobacco. It's not practical. It's not for any use that's good for anything."

SHE had a name tag on her blouse—in white on black plastic—drawing attention to itself and making you see that she was almost flat-chested. She wore cheap jeans, of a vivid, factory-fresh blue. She was thin. There was a lot of makeup on her face: rosy cheeks below big tinted glasses and above a thin white neck. She was a waitress in a newish salad-and-quiche "gourmet" bar in one of the rich towns of the Research Triangle.

She said, "Would you like a cocktail or a drink before your lunch?" It was a formality. There seemed to be as little zest in her for these restaurant refinements as there was in me, after months of restaurants and hotels. "Now let me tell you about our specials." Mechanically, she recited the specials.

At first, on this trip, I used to smile during these recitals in restaurants; they seemed ironic, a kind of joke between the waiter and the customer. But the recitals were always perfectly serious; the waiters were doing, often doggedly, what they had been told to do.

She got through to the end of what she had to say. Then, unexpectedly, life came into her voice. She said, "I'm leaving today."

"Leaving the restaurant?"

"After this serving. Leaving here. Leaving the town. Going to Wilmington. Tomorrow."

"Have you packed? You don't have much time now."

"I'll just throw it all in the Chevy. One of those little subcompacts. Like a Pinto."

"You won't take a U-Haul?"

"I've been throwing away things for, like, a month. You throw away and throw away, and then you find you still have things you want to throw away."

"You really think it will all go in the Chevy?"

She said, "Well, you see, my husband and I had, like, a fight about a month ago. And he took half the stuff, and I had, like—well, the other half. But God gave me the strength to see that through."

"What are you going to do in Wilmington?"

"Peter's there. I'm going to be with him."

"Your husband?"

"God worked the miracle. Let me bring you your salad."

When she brought the salad, I said, "The U-Haul people have a depot here. I saw it yesterday."

"We have a lot of bills. I want to pay those off first. It'll all go in the Chevy."

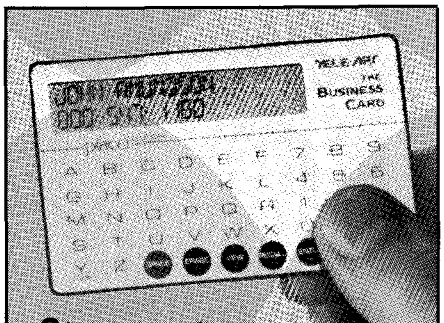
"Bills. I know."

"It was one of the things we used to fight about. He'd pay some. And some he'd outright refuse to pay. He said he was saved. Like me."

"Are you saved?"

Her voice trembled. "Oh, yes. But he didn't, like, grow. Grow in Jesus, as they say." The last phrase, and its tone, suggested that she was slightly mocking what she was talking about, or keeping at a certain distance from it. But, as with the specials, she was speaking seriously. She was a small, worn-away woman with a rustic accent: all the weakness and fight, all the will to survive, contained in that little body.

She brought the quiche—stale,



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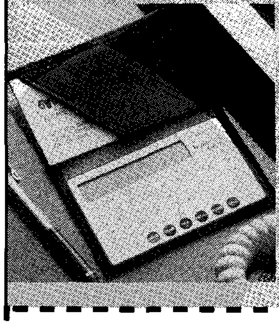

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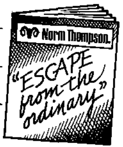

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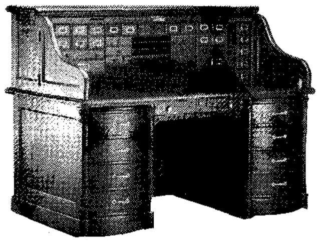

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soggy, dead-looking from its long exposure.

She said, "We were always quarrelling. Fighting every day. We would fight and he would want to go away, and then I would beg him not to leave."

"Had you been married long?"

"Three years."

"You didn't think you would get someone else?"

"I was frightened of being alone. But God gave me the strength this time. I didn't ask him to stay. I let him go. And then God worked the miracle in both our hearts."

"How were you saved?"

"I just got saved."

"Did you have a pastor? Was there some preacher you were following?"

"Nothing like that. I was feeling for some years that I had to do something. Feeling that if I didn't do something . . ."

"You would be unhappy with yourself?"

"Unhappi*er*. But I felt that the God of the earth or the universe, or whatever, couldn't be interested in someone as unimportant as me. And I did nothing."

"No one was advising you?" Many of the words she was using seemed to have been put in her mouth by someone who knew about the saving of souls.

"There was a minister." She gave the name of a fundamentalist Protestant church. "And one day—I don't know what came over me—I found myself walking to the altar during a service. And I said something—I don't know what—and I knew I was saved. I just felt the love of the Lord in me then. It was after that that I met Peter."

"Was he already saved?"

"He got saved after me. When I told him. But Satan was tempting me with an ex-boyfriend."

"After you were married?"

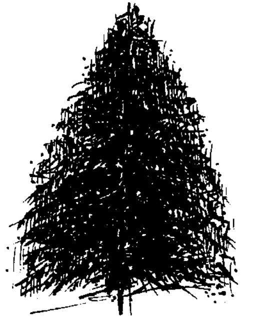
"After I was married. That was when Peter stopped paying bills and started to make trouble about the tithing. Started to make trouble generally. And we had these fights."

"Did you fall when Satan tempted you?"

"Only in my head."

"Did you meet the ex-boyfriend?"

"No, never. He wasn't interested in me. He never wanted me. That was the trouble."



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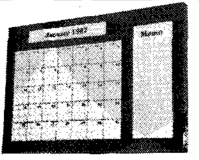

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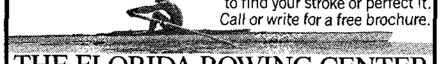

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"What was it about the ex-boyfriend that was so attractive?"

"I can't say. I don't know. It was just there. Satan's temptation."

"I can see how your husband would get unhappy."

"I'm not blaming Peter. But the tithing and the bills, and especially the tithing—that didn't have anything to do with anything. But God gave me the strength last month, when he left. I didn't fall before him and hold his knees and ask him not to leave. I just had the strength. I didn't know what I was going to do, what was going to happen to me. I just felt the strength God gave me. And now it's all right."

"How often do you pray?"

"Every morning. For about twenty minutes."

"Do you speak to God in your head? Do you feel you have to make some physical gesture? Do you kneel?"

"Sometimes I talk to God in my head. Sometimes I talk to him aloud."

"You enjoy it?"

"Most definitely. And the prayers are answered. Like the way Peter and I have come together again. That's prayer. That's God. But he answers prayers only when they're according to his wishes."

"How do you know when they are according to his wishes?"

"I used to pray to get my ex-boyfriend. But that wasn't according to God's wishes."

"When did you pray to get your ex-boyfriend? After you were saved?"

"After I was saved." She smiled at the boldness.

"Do you love your husband now?"

"That's why I'm going to him. I love him. I love him. God worked the miracle in both our hearts."

"And your ex-boyfriend?"

"I've forgiven him."

Or she might have said she had forgotten him.

Satan and God fighting for one woman's soul, the woman herself not responsible for the movements of her passion, helpless, capable only of choosing salvation and asking God to reveal his will: a medieval idea of chaos, and the solitude and helplessness of men, and the necessity for salvation. But this was not set in a medieval world of plague and disease and deprivation, the arbitrariness of the sovereign and the humility of the poor. We were in a town of the Research Triangle, and the theme of this culture was abundance and choice, the paramountcy of the individual (if only as consumer), with beauty and luxury and sensual satisfactions imminent possibilities for all. Abundance and choice were the motif even of this little restaurant, which had on its walls very big color photographs of loaves of bread and ears of wheat and unsmeared glasses of translucent red wine, and where even on her last day the waitress dutifully recited the specials.

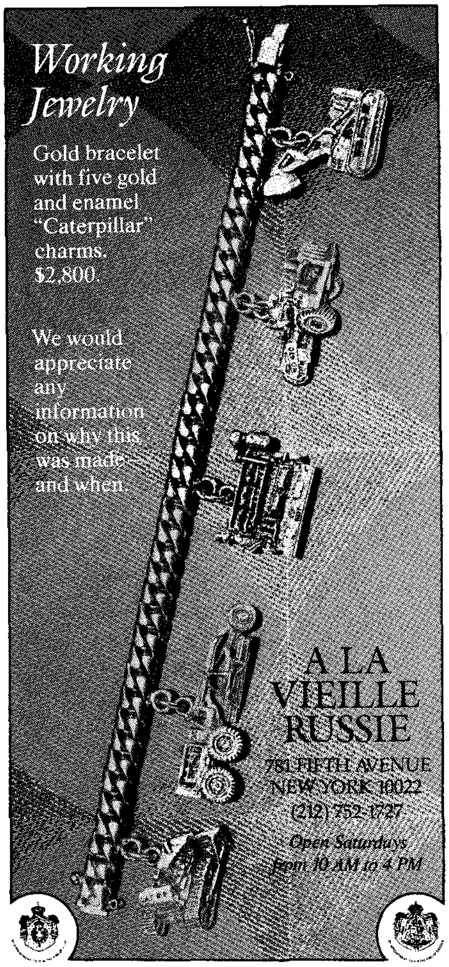
To the east of the Research Triangle, it was a land of small farms, never absolute country, no big towns. The fields of corn were tall and brown. The big, thick leaves of tobacco, ripening fast now, were lime yellow, and for me it was as though, having learned a little about the crop, I had learned to see its beauty: lime yellow, gold, bright leaf against the brown and green of other fields—potatoes or soybeans, plants low to the ground, intermingled with white and purple flowers that Jim Applewhite later told me were morning glories.

There were old tobacco barns everywhere—tall, squarish sealed structures, sometimes with green asphalted felting on the outer walls, the felting (originally intended to keep the barn as tight as possible, and now much torn) held in place by closely spaced vertical battens. Battens and tattered felting sometimes suggested, from a distance, an old barn wearing down to its frame. Weeds and small trees grew right up against abandoned houses and farmhouses; vines covered chimneys; crêpe myrtles marked the sites of drives and old gardens.

Small fields, small houses, small ruins, churches, small towns, with the freeways of the central part of the state giving way to crowded and dangerous two-lane roads: the land spoke of the nature of the people—independent small farmers, conservative or fundamentalist in religion, and conservative in politics.

I had been told that the politics of the region were "tobacco politics," small-farmer politics, in which a promise of a continued subsidy for tobacco growers could somehow be read as also containing a promise to keep blacks in their place.

But the Reverend James Abrahamson, the pastor of the Chapel Hill Bible Church, thought that this ridiculing or underplaying of the conservatism of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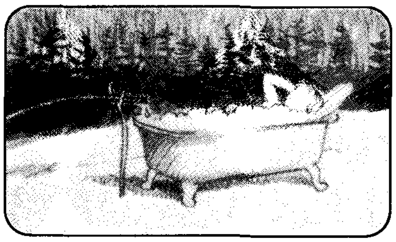

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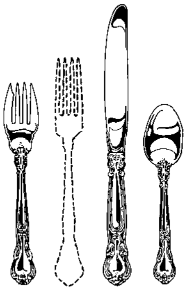

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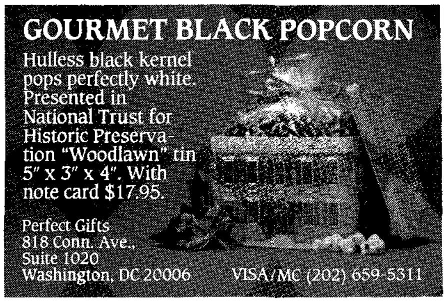

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eastern North Carolina was foolish. He said, "The fundamentalist political impulse has always been there. From the nineteen-thirties it has been repressed, largely because it did not have the support of the universities. Ideologically, the universities pulled up their tent pegs and moved to another side. Ideologically, they moved from a world view that embraced a Christian God to a place where the only reality that was recognized was material, could be measured, scientifically defined. They are reappearing—the fundamentalists—largely because they have seen or felt the pressure of a secular society.

"That eastern-North Carolina conservative side is viewed by many as being redneck and knee-jerk. Irresponsible—fanatical, almost. Unenlightened, lacking what I call the three 'I's—intelligence, information, and integrity. But the conservatives have got a stronger argument. They're easy to laugh at, and they will never be popular. Our culture may self-destruct before they have a chance to articulate clearly the common sense they represent—for a culture that is based on more than self and materialism."

Jim Abrahamson—it was the way he announced himself on the telephone—was from the Midwest. He was a fundamentalist himself, and he felt that his Bible Church was meeting a need in Chapel Hill. He had a number of Ph.D.s in his congregation, and his church was expanding. Extensive construction work was going on when I went to see him. American society, he said, had been built on a religious base. It couldn't float free. A recent poll had found that one out of every three Americans claimed to be a born-again Christian. "That's a lot of people."

Still, he had his quarrel with the fundamentalists of North Carolina. "I think there are powerful and legitimate and almost eternal principles that would recur again and again. But the people fighting for those principles are not able to articulate them palatably. The religious right appear not to understand the world view that the left, or the secular, intelligentsia embrace. They tend to dismiss them as God-haters or infidels. And they have a difficulty about knowing how to translate religious ideals into a political policy."

That was the Islamic problem, too—since the Islamic state had never been defined by its founder—and it was the prompting to fundamentalism in many countries: how to know the truth and hold on to one's soul at a time of great change.

It was strange that in a left-behind corner of the United States—perhaps the world motor of change—the same issue should come up, the same need for security.

BUT no one was more secure in his faith and in his politics than C. Barry McCarty. Politics and faith made with him a whole. He was only thirty-four, but he had already made some impression, and people who followed political affairs in the state saw him as one of the new generation of New Right leaders, someone whose time was going to come in ten or fifteen years.

His training had been in theology and debate. (Like the training of many fundamentalist leaders in Muslim countries: again, this curious convergence of two opposed cultures.) He was born in Atlanta, and came to North Carolina to take a degree in Bible studies at Roanoke Bible College in 1975; got a master's degree in speech at Abilene Christian University in 1977; and got his Ph.D. in rhetoric and argumentation at the University of Pittsburgh in 1980. When I asked him about his course of study, he said, "I found I was attracted to the basic skills of thinking and speaking. These are two keys to just about any field of endeavor in life." Since 1980, he had been professor of public speaking and debate at his old school, Roanoke Bible College. Since my visit, he has become president of the Cincinnati Bible College and Seminary.

The college was a Church of Christ institution. It was in Elizabeth City, a small town on the coast, nearly two hundred miles east of Raleigh and the landscaped pinelands of the Research Triangle. Beyond the Chowan River, the land, already without hill or accent, became flat, the land of a delta, with a high sky.

Barry McCarty's office was a small room on the upper floor of a turn-of-the-century wooden building. There were autographed and framed color photographs of President Reagan and Senator Jesse Helms on one wall. Below those photographs, and also framed, were Barry McCarty's various admission tickets as a delegate to the

Republican Convention in Dallas in 1984. A young politician's treasures. He also drew my attention to a flag on another wall—a flag with two red bars and a white bar, and seven stars in a circle on a blue field. It was a Confederate flag.

He was a small, stocky man, cool, self-possessed, pink-faced, with glasses. He looked very clean and neat in his collar and tie—as neat as his office, his bookshelves, his photographs, his files. He looked a middle-class professional man from a small town, and not a politician, not a man anxious to stand out.

He idolized Jesse Helms. On the telephone, trying to persuade me to make the two-hundred-mile trip to Elizabeth City, he had said (as though it were going to be reward enough for me), "We're Jessecrats here."

I asked him now what a Jessecrat was.

He said, "It describes a conservative North Carolina Democrat who votes for Jesse Helms and people like Jesse Helms. They represent the conservative values of the Old South. Faith in God. A belief in limited government. A belief in free enterprise. Individual liberty and individual responsibility—two ideas that go together."

And within those principles were contained all his politics, all the conservative program. He showed me the text—typewritten in capital letters, with emendations in handwriting—of a speech he had made in praise of Jesse Helms at a dinner for the Senator. The speech began, "It is one of the greatest honors of my short life to be asked to present to you one of the greatest living Americans." And very quickly then, while offering praise to the Senator and criticizing his enemies, the speech outlined the conservative program on taxes, welfare, government spending, education, and Communism, and fitted it together with freedom and religion.

There was a story about the Senator in the speech: "I was with him on one occasion as he checked into a hotel for an overnight stay. The woman behind the desk asked the Senator if he had a credit card to charge his room to. He turned to her and said, 'Young lady, I'd just as soon carry a rattlesnake in my pocket.' And paid cash."

Was it still true about the Senator and the credit cards?

Barry McCarty smiled. "He has one now. But that's the mind-set of

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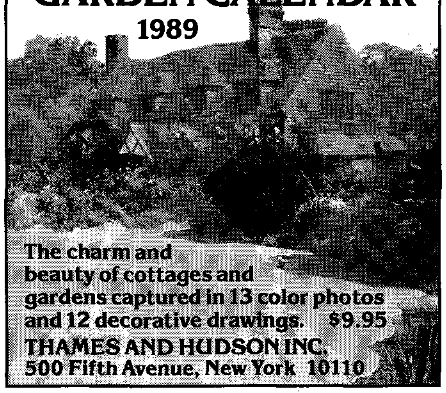
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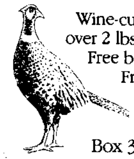
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someone prudent with his finances."

In 1985, the governor of North Carolina appointed Barry McCarty chairman of the state Social Services Commission for a four-year term. "We've been trying to introduce the workfare idea instead of welfare," he told me. "The basic idea of workfare is that welfare recipients who are able to work are required to work in order to continue to be able to receive their benefits. It's part of the Southern work ethic.

"You must remember that the majority of the Founding Fathers of this country were Southerners. The first English-speaking colony on these shores was founded in 1585, under the charter of Sir Walter Raleigh, not sixty miles from where we are—at Roanoke Island. A second colony founded there is known as 'the lost colony' because when the provision ship came to find them they were lost."

Barry McCarty said, "The country actually began here in the South. And when you look at the guiding minds of constitutional government in America you find that so many of them were Southerners—Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, Randolph, Madison.

"Slavery was not the real issue in the War Between the States. The real issue was the power of the federal government over the states. The same distrust of a central power, the same jealousy over individual rights that moved the Founding Fathers to demand the Bill of Rights—that same spirit is really what led the Southern states to resist the North on the issues that led to the War Between the States."

Was that still of moment today?

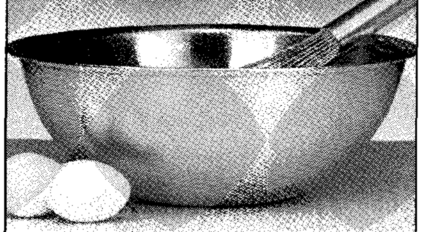
"Here is a man—Jesse Helms—who believes that the powers of the federal government ought to be strictly limited. The most important government to the individual should be the one closest to him. The more remote the government becomes, the less it should have to do with the life of the individual."

"Where did you get your passion about politics? Was it through your father, your family?"

"The first influence could be religious. The Bible teaches that governments are necessary in order to establish order and justice in human society."

"Does the Bible teach that?"

"Romans, Chapter 13. Where the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apostle Paul teaches that governments have the authority of God."

Later, in my hotel, I read the chapter in the New International Version of the Bible: "Everyone must submit himself to the governing authorities, for there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God. Consequently, he who rebels against the authority is rebelling against what God has instituted, and those who do so will bring judgment on themselves. For rulers hold no terror for those who do right but for those who do wrong. Do you want to be free from fear of the one in authority? Then do what is right and he will commend you. For he is God's servant to do you good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for he does not bear the sword for nothing. He is God's servant, an agent of justice to bring punishment on the wrongdoer. Therefore, it is necessary to submit to the authorities, not only because of possible punishment but also because of conscience. This is why you pay taxes."

The epistle could be used to defend anything. Barry McCarty's interpretation, which appeared to turn things inside out—"Governments are necessary in order to establish order and justice"—was the interpretation of a believer, though that injunction about taxes seemed to go against some of his political beliefs. The whole of that chapter, in fact, could be said to be contrary to his ideas about government. But I did my reading later. I couldn't, at the time, raise the point with Barry McCarty.

He said, continuing his thoughts about the thirteenth chapter of Romans, "That teaching suggests that the first function of government is to establish order, to punish the lawbreaker." He went on, "But nowhere in the Bible are such things as charity enjoined as duties of governments. They are definitely enjoined as the duties of individuals, never of government. So I have a personal obligation to feed and house and clothe the poor."

"You?"

"Yes. The poor who it is in my power to help. There is another Biblical belief that shapes my passion for strict constitutional government. The Bible teaches that we are fallen creatures, that men are by nature sinful. The way constitutional government provides a remedy for that is that the

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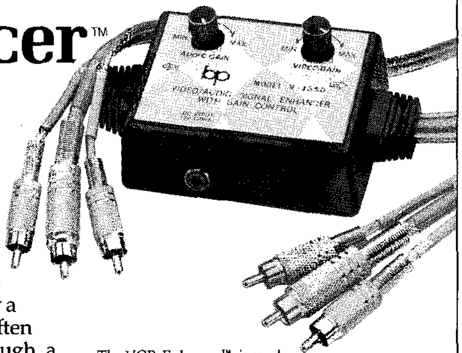

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collective power of men is checked and balanced. I believe that the basic difference between the liberals and the conservatives is that the liberals believe in the perfectibility of men and the conservatives do not.

"Conservatives believe that human beings are fallen creatures whose collective power must be checked and balanced. Look at social spending in this country. Their belief—the liberals' belief—is that if you give the right people enough money they will eliminate poverty. I don't think that will ever happen. What will happen is that those people who have all the power and money become king, and because they are human, in some way sinful creatures, they will find a way to abuse that money and power. I question the very morality of the federal welfare system. If you are hungry, and I take you home and feed you, that is benevolence, because I have chosen to show charity toward you. But when the federal government legally plunders me through taxation in order to give to you I consider that immoral."

He had so far not been interested in answering personal questions, so I hadn't been granted any human understanding of his political drive. When I asked about his background, he didn't reply directly. He said he had an up-to-date biographical sketch in his word processor. And saying, with a smile and a shake of the head, how strange it was for someone like him to be using a word processor, he sat before the instrument, pressed various keys, and, after a while, presented me with a printed text. It was a formal account of his education and his professional experience, his political life, and his career as a Church of Christ minister.

I put the sheet with the other papers he had given me, and asked what his father did.

"My father was a fireman. He served in the U.S. Navy in World War II, and for the first eleven years of my life he worked as a firefighter in East Point, Georgia—a suburb of Atlanta. Then until 1981, the year of his death, he was a safety engineer for an insurance company.

"I was two weeks old the first time I was in church. I grew up in the Church of Christ. I happen to come from the branch of the church that uses music in its worship. Our people don't have the Calvinistic belief that you have to see some sort of miraculous

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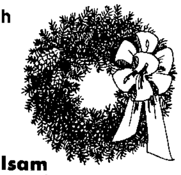

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I asked about the strength of the Church of Christ in the region.

"The movement began in the early nineteenth century, through the efforts of Alexander Campbell, a Presbyterian preacher. Campbell said he wanted to be just a Christian. Campbell lived in West Virginia. From there the movement spread west and south." The Church of Christ college in Elizabeth City had been founded, in 1948, "to provide ministers and Christian leaders on the Eastern seaboard." It was an impressive set of buildings, occupying two residential blocks in what Barry McCarty said was the nicest part of the town. Most of the buildings were turn-of-the-century frame houses. The college had also bought eighteen acres across the road, beside the Pasquotank River. That was an Indian word, Barry McCarty said, meaning "where the current divides." The way he said that made me believe that he had some romantic feeling for the Indian past on this grand coast. But that wasn't so; he had got that fact about Pasquotank from *The North Carolina Manual*, a state publication describing North Carolina's history and government. Two dormitories, in brick, had recently been put up on the Pasquotank land. There were now a hundred and sixty students at the college. In five years the college was hoping to have two hundred.

I asked him to describe the people of the region.

"Most of the people here are very traditional and very conservative. They would be of basic European stock."

"Scottish, mainly? That was what I was told."

"Not Scottish. Most people can't remember that far back. They are very American. Southern. One of the phrases you might hear, or see on a bumper sticker, is 'American by birth, Southern by the grace of God.' The

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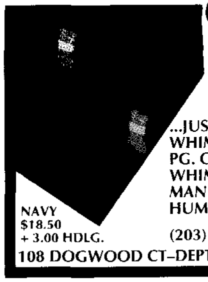

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people of this region are proud to be Americans and Southerners. They are small farmers, many of them with a hundred or two hundred acres. Some of them are fishermen. Some work in the tourist trade. There isn't a lot of heavy industry. People are more tied to the land here than in Raleigh or Charlotte. I like the small-town atmosphere. The suburb where I grew up had very much of a small-town flavor, where you knew your neighbors and they knew you."

"What do you feel is the difference between people here and people in towns?"

"I probably qualify for membership in the yuppie society, as someone with a doctor-of-philosophy degree from a major American university, but I have a respect for the old values of Southern culture. Earning money is not the most important thing in my life. The people here have a devotion to principle over a love of profit. The basic difference from the towns is materialism. People in the towns are more devoted to things than ideas. The people here admire a statesman, a man of principle."

"But they like people to look after their economic interests?"

"Helms is interested in the right of the individual back home to earn a living for himself. The small farmer, the small entrepreneur."

But how could the small farms last? Tobacco was on the way out.

He agreed. He himself didn't like the idea of the tobacco subsidy, and he thought that most of the farmers accepted that tobacco was on the way out. "I know many people here in North Carolina who do not earn their sole livelihood through farming. You will find people who will be farmers and carpenters, farmers and mechanics, or farmers and other things. Or they will farm and log. I do not own a wood stove now. Before, I would buy firewood from a man who farmed in the summer and logged in the winter. The average person in eastern North Carolina is not wealthy. These people are working-class people."

And the future for them?

"I'm not in a position to predict the future of the small farm. But I would make two observations. One would be that simple, decent people have been working and making ends meet for centuries on this continent, here in America. I see most of the folk of eastern North Carolina as being sons

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of pioneers. The people who carved this country out of the wilderness did so by simple, honest labor. There wasn't a gigantic federal system to take care of everybody—the people on Roanoke Island and, later, at Jamestown.

"The second observation is that these simple, honest people who are laboring down here are not so far behind the times as they appear. They watch the same TV programs as people in Chicago or New York or Atlanta. And many of them send their children to school in Chapel Hill or Vanderbilt or Raleigh. What I'm saying is that the conservatism and values that are held are held by choice, and not through ignorance of what the modern world has to offer. They are timeless values, enduring values. And here in eastern North Carolina when you talk of the future you talk of something that only God knows for sure. And these folks know God pretty well."

I was moved by his passion and directness, and I read to him what Jim Abrahamson, of the Chapel Hill Bible Church, had said to me about the religious right—that they were people who were easy to ridicule, but they represented a necessary common sense.

Barry McCarty's eyes softened behind his glasses. He was surprised and pleased by what I had read. He became philosophical. "Up until the seventeenth century, Western civilization basically was Christian. Within that world view, the universe and everything in it, including human beings, had meaning and purpose. In the modern view, the world is just one damned thing after another. A *horrible* world view. Ultimately, a world view that human beings cannot live with. It cannot last. It will destroy itself.

"When you look at the paintings of the Dutch masters and other artists whose work was informed by the Reformation in Northern Europe, the world view is of a world that God made and God is in control of. A world in which individual people possessed freedom and dignity because they had been made in the image of God. That's why Rembrandt would bother to paint a picture of a woman cleaning a fish or slicing a loaf of bread. Because that woman had infinite value to God—she was made in the image of God."

Easy to ridicule, conservatives like him? But he had been to a major university, he had studied philosophy—he

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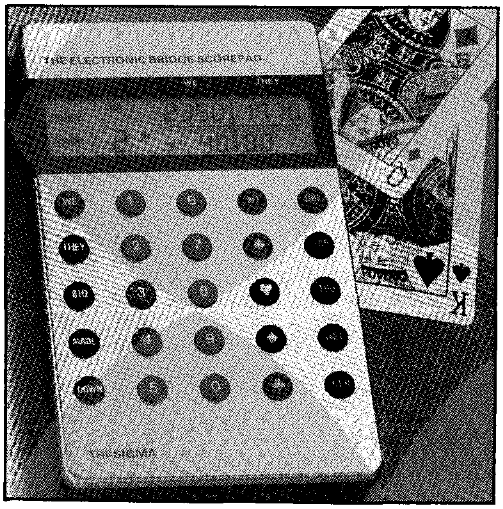

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knew the modern world. People knew that about him.

He said, "That is why they feel that that man, the man who has looked at the new world and dismissed it, is to be feared."

The eyes that a minute before had been soft grew hard. And I felt—quite suddenly—that within him, within the correctness of dress and manner, was a fire.

At the end of our meeting, he took me to see the Confederate Memorial in the Courthouse Square. It had been put up in 1911 by the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, a chapter that no longer existed, he said. He showed me the memorial: a pillar (suggesting mass manufacture) with a soldier at the top. He said nothing more about it; he said nothing while I looked. And then it was time to drive him back to the Bible College and make the long drive back to Raleigh.

A day or so later, I realized that Barry McCarty had opened our meeting by showing me the Confederate flag in his office and had closed it by showing me the Confederate Memorial. The past transformed, lifted above the actual history, and given an almost religious symbolism: political faith and religious faith running into one. I had been told that the conservatives of North Carolina spoke in code. The code could sometimes be transparent, "Tobacco is a way of life" being the small farmer's plea for government money. But this flat land of small fields and small ruins also held certain emotions that were too deep for words.

—V. S. Naipaul

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

Canterbury, England

A wildlife park is trying to revive a huge earthworm, claimed to be a world record at 1.98 metres long, which was caught by a bird in southeast England last week.

The worm apparently died and its body began to break up while a camera crew was filming it as evidence for the Guinness Book of Records just after it was found, park boss Alan Breeze said.

"But the head section lived, and I have placed it into a heated tank with some high-quality earth in the hope it will grow again to something like its former glory," Mr. Breeze said.

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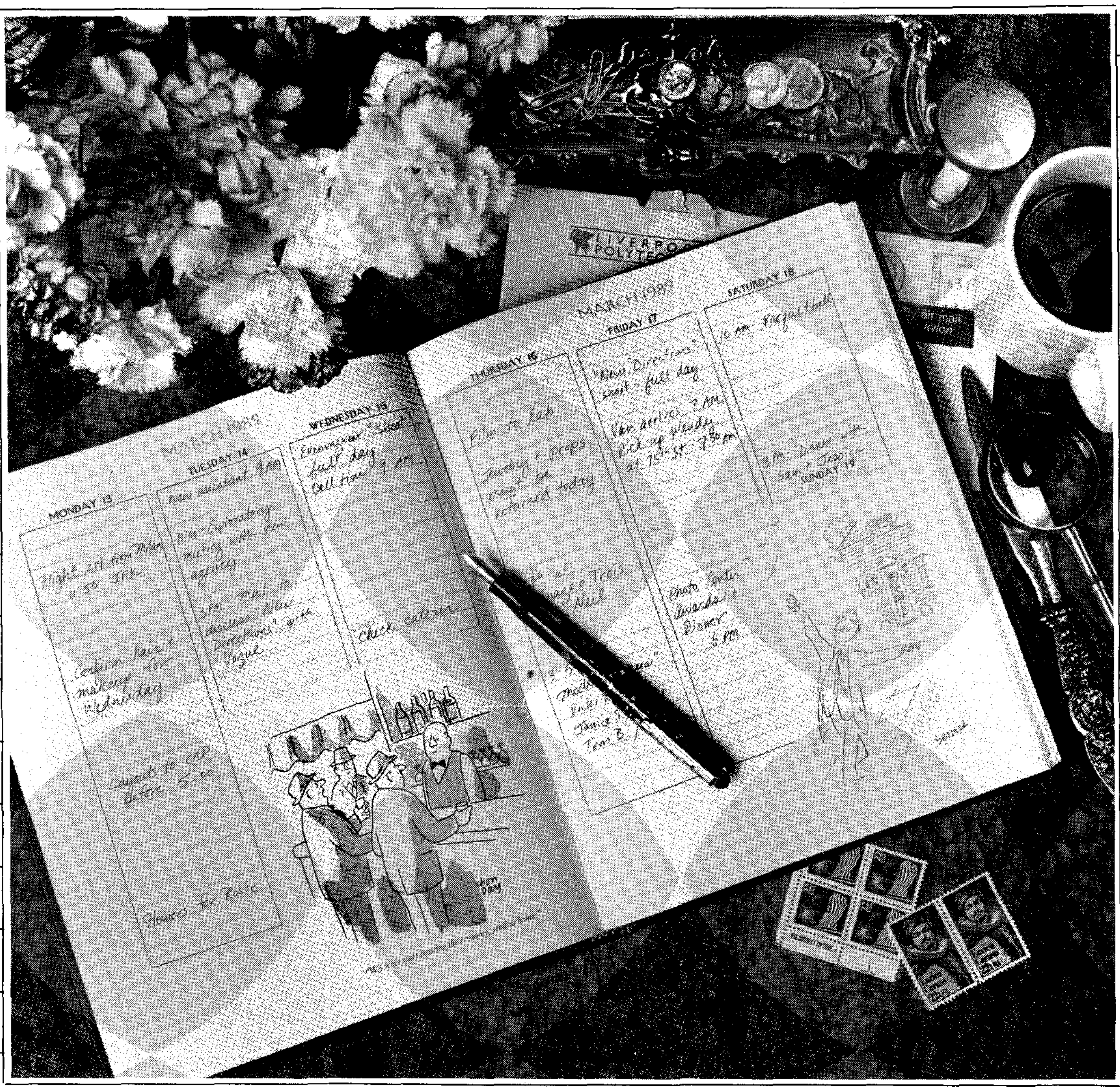

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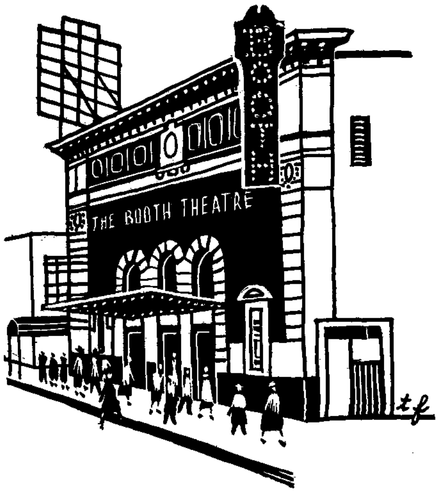
THE THEATRE

Playwright's Return

HUMOR seems as natural as breathing to A. R. Gurney; in play after play he has demonstrated that his humor can plunge as deep or scatter as widely as he needs it to. His "The Cocktail Hour," which opened recently at the Promenade, is a beauty. After a number of on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand tries over the past few years, he has regained his sure touch. "The Cocktail Hour" is as funny and moving as "The Dining Room" and "Scenes from American Life" and "The Middle Ages;" it could well be the best play he has done so far. The characters are again the wellborn and the well heeled, always aware of encroaching obsolescence, this time in a city in upstate New York that is probably Mr. Gurney's home town of Buffalo. (He has said that the play is autobiographical.) "The Cocktail Hour" is about a playwright, John, who returns to his family's house bringing with him a new script, this one about them, and seeking the permission of his parents and sister to proceed with it into production. Fat chance—at the beginning, anyway. All the action takes place during the cocktail hour, in the living room. Father, a businessman and, by avocation, a toastmaster, is appalled, worried about insults and wisecracks and immediately dredging up obscure (and irrelevant) secrets of the clan; Mother, Martini glass always at the ready, is distracted by preparations for dinner and the incompetence of the temporary maid in the kitchen, but when she can focus on the matter at hand she is affronted by its tastelessness; Sister is sore when she is told that hers is a minor role (hasn't it always been; haven't John and his offstage brother always been the most important, the best-loved members of the family?), and she and John sible some.

The action is a series of colloquies and probing conversations about a lot of matters. Why a play, asks his father. Since John is a publisher, whose sideline is playwriting (as Mr. Gurney was a professor at M.I.T.), why not a book, which nobody will read? Plays are so awful now, anyway—not charming and comforting, as they used to be, with the Lunts or Ina Claire. Such subjects as servants come up, and the morality—shaky morality—of having them at all. Sister feels strongly about this, but even more strongly about her preference for dogs over people; she reveals that she'd like to go off for a few days each week to Cleveland and work with Seeing Eye dogs. Offstage Brother telephones to report that he is leaving the East and his present job to build boats in California, which he has secretly yearned to do. To Mother, this is an incomprehensible hurt. And all the while the liquor flows and the story surges forward and the witty lines flash by. Laughter is continuous. John, who has been drinking soda water, reveals that he is off booze, because he fears his anger, but then agrees to a Scotch. His own secret is a serious one, and it is the heart of the plot. As exercises in self-discovery go, the only similar play that comes to mind is "Awake and Sing!," and "The Cocktail Hour" ends on the same emotional note of exhilaration.

Play and acting, under Jack O'Brien's direction, are as well matched as you'll see On or Off Broadway. The production is, among many other things, an occasion for a glorious performance by Nancy Marchand, as the mother. The role is a rich one, and there isn't an aspect of it that she does not make vivid and funny. Holland Taylor, put on earth for Gurney parts, again plays Marchand's daughter, as she did in "Children," and with intelligence and humor. Keene Curtis does well as the father, and Bruce Davison, hero and author's proxy, is always believable in what must be a demanding role.



And now back to Mr. Gurney and those dazzling lines, so sensitive and deeply rooted in each character who speaks them. Miss Marchand seems to have a vocabulary all her own, with her "unattractive" and "not helpful" and "The cocktail hour is sacred," which brings a whole way of life onto the stage. In the past, it was the sheer theatricality of Gurney's plays—the overlapping scenes and multiple roles—that made them so stimulating. These actors stay put; each inhabits a character fully and completely. If I've made the play sound too serious, I've done it an injustice. It is as fast as light and much funnier. The good setting and costumes were designed by Steven Rubin and lighted by Kent Dorsey.

—EDITH OLIVER

Just Say What?

THE first thing you hear at the start of Larry Kramer's new play, at the WPA, is a recording of Frank Sinatra singing "My Way." Listening to the words of the song and knowing anything at all about the author of "Just Say No," it's hard not to interpret the lyrics as a personal statement from the playwright. Mr. Kramer is the notoriously embattled gay activist whose controversial play "The Normal Heart" managed to offend so many people when it opened at the Public Theatre in 1985, and "My Way," with its *Je ne regrette rien* ethos, might very well be his theme song. "The Normal Heart," set in New York in the early days of the AIDS epidemic, sought to take various groups of people to task—the media, the city government, homosexuals—for failing to issue or heed warnings that might, Kramer felt, have stopped or retarded the spread of the disease. Ironically, the play's fate mirrored that of its abrasive hero, who was forever alienating those he most wanted to persuade. It offended many in the gay community, who felt that Kramer was criticizing their way of life and urging them to impose strictures on their hard-won freedoms. Others, with a less personal stake in the matter, thought Kramer

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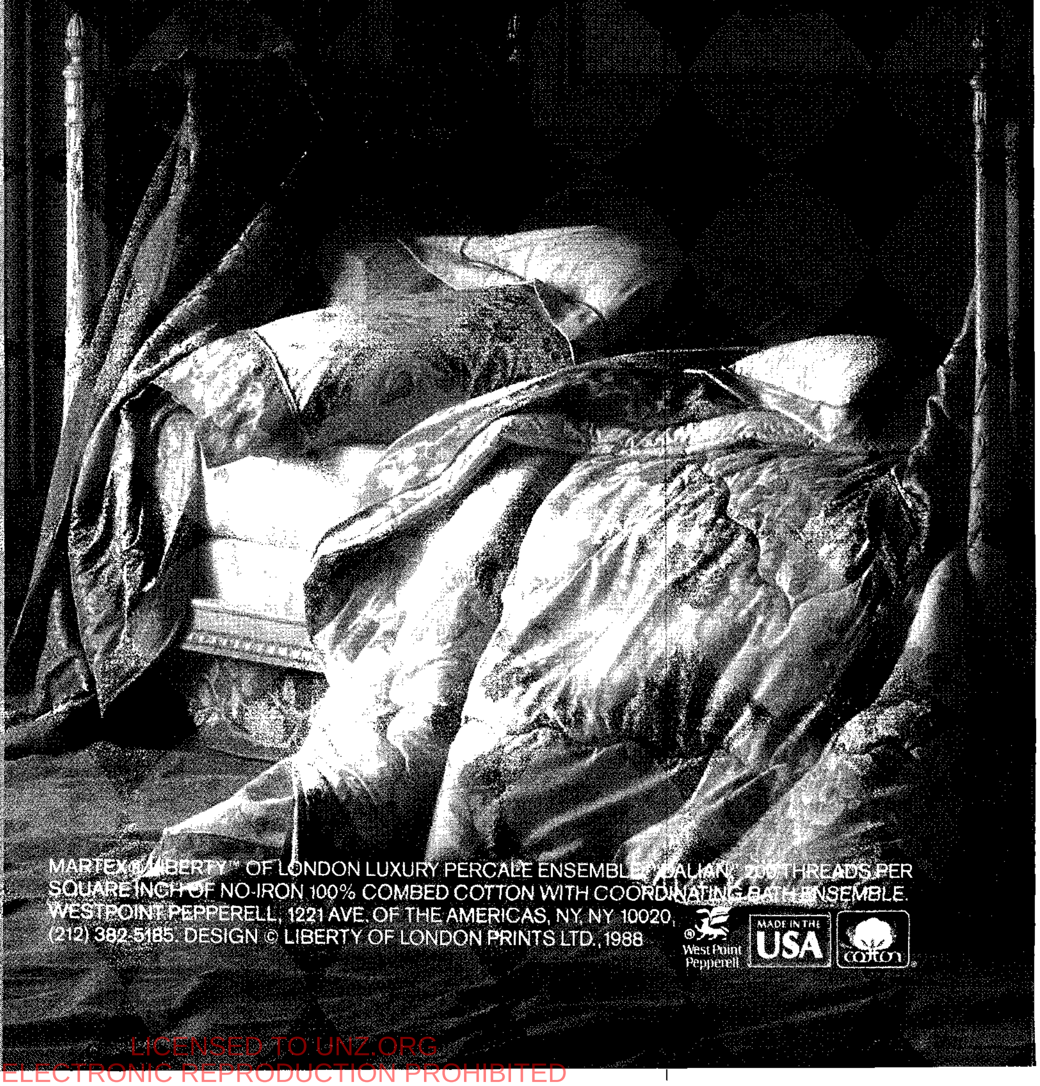

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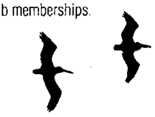

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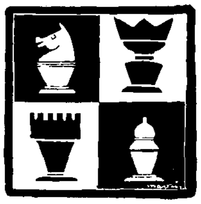
Shrill it certainly was. "The Normal Heart" was no pleasure to sit through, but it is the only play I've ever seen that made me think that theatre as propaganda might have some value. Quite simply, it made you fall in love with a character who was going to die of AIDS—thereby humanizing a phenomenon too alien and frightening to think about. The play was raucous and strident and, moreover, so sprawlingly conceived as to have no real validity *as* a play—except that a theatre, at that time, was the only place where you could address certain issues. Things happened very fast that year; one moment there was no such thing as an "AIDS play," the next moment there was. Within weeks, it seemed, a whole genre sprang up. But the play that opened at the Circle Rep a month or so before "The Normal Heart" and subsequently moved to Broadway—William Hoffman's "As Is"—wasn't really about AIDS, any more than it was about gun control. Its doomed hero could have been dying of anything; its audience could weep facile tears and leave undisturbed. "The Normal Heart" showed you the lesions and the fear and the spilled milk. It wasn't by any means a good play, but it was what was wanted at the time.



Confronted with Kramer's new play, I feel a little like one of the characters in his last: repulsed by the abusive rhetoric of someone wanting to convince me of something. "Just Say No" is an attempt to mix boulevard comedy with political satire by representing a number of barely disguised public figures and involving them in an old-fashioned sex farce along the lines of "No Sex Please, We're British." The play is set in the fictional city of Georgetown, capital of "New Columbia," in the home of one Foppy Schwartz (David Margulies), an aging aesthete and libertine who runs his elegant town house like a brothel and earns his bread taking rich, prominent women to parties. Numbered among Foppy's intimates are the trimly dressed First Lady of the land (Kathleen Chalfant), who runs the nation from a cellular phone and likes to consult an astrologist; her ballet-dancer son (Richard Topol), who desperately wants to come out of the closet; a fabulously wealthy man (Richard Riehle) who shares the name of a well-known department store and suffers a stroke while in a compromising position with his mistress (Julie White); the loudmouthed mayor of a large Northeastern city (Joseph Ragno); and the mayor's former lover, a gentle young man named Gilbert (Keith Reddin). For various unconvincing reasons (most of them having to do with sex), these characters all converge in Foppy's home. There is much talk of a Supreme Court decision curtailing the rights of homosexuals and much talk of a pornographic videotape that someone has made. The videotape depicts various high government officials misbehaving. The good guys, the ballet dancer and Foppy's wisecracking maid (Tonya Pinkins), want to use it to bring down the government; the bad guys, the First Lady and the mayor, want it suppressed. The only morally ambiguous figure is Foppy, who stands to lose his social position if he tells what he knows. In the end, evil triumphs over good: Foppy is made to toe the line, the First Son is pushed back into the closet, and Gilbert is made to take the rap for a murder he didn't commit. Thus, the honest are made to conform to the dictates of the powerful, the parasite flourishes, and the most vulnerable character is turned into a fall guy.

All this may be an accurate expression of Kramer's world view, but it hardly qualifies as either political satire or farce. Farce is supposed to be light, political satire daring. Farce has a rudimentary, mechanical cleverness that relies on split-second timing. In David Esbjornson's production, there is much physical movement, and every door in Edward T. Gianfrancesco's set gets slammed several times, but nothing about the play is structurally clever. And the discoveries Kramer's play makes—that corruption and sexual hypocrisy exist among the rich and powerful—wouldn't shock a nun. What would shock a nun—the vulgar costumes and sight gags, the Christopher Street paraphernalia—would offend anyone more interested in ideas than in body parts and functions.

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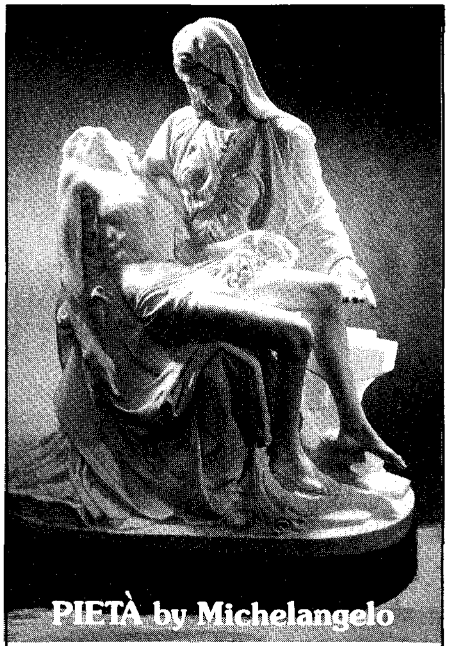

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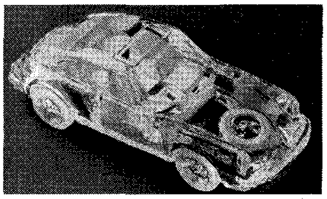

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play seems to be a confusion about what sorts of things are intrinsically funny and what sorts of things qualify as political commentary. Kramer seems to think that Miss Chalfant has only to enter and strike a photo-opportunity pose to make us roar with knowing laughter; but mimicry isn't satire, any more than the fact that your play expresses the idea that life under certain administrations is a farce means that you have necessarily written a farce. If Miss Chalfant and Mr. Ragno are genuinely funny in their portrayals of a promiscuous First Lady and a sexually voracious mayor—and they occasionally are—it's when their performances suggest something more general than personal insult. Had there been anything even remotely clever about "Just Say No"—some mechanism unifying Kramer's plot and theme, or a mode of thought whose wit and subtlety made his targets look foolish—the play might have been effective to some degree. But there's no real connection between his quarrel with those in power (their indifference to AIDS) and his main charge (that they are licentious). His jokes, moreover—endless streams of bad puns and topical one-liners—amount to the adult equivalent of bathroom humor.

If "The Normal Heart" was moving partly for the bravery with which it undertook to engage certain issues, it was also interesting for the portrait it offered of a man frustrated in his desire to persuade people of something by his own character. In "The Normal Heart," the figure of the embattled missionary was embodied in the play. It's sad to find that in the case of "Just Say No" that conflict is present only in the figure of the playwright himself, who seems to have given up trying to engage the issues and is just screaming behind the scenes. —MIMI KRAMER

•

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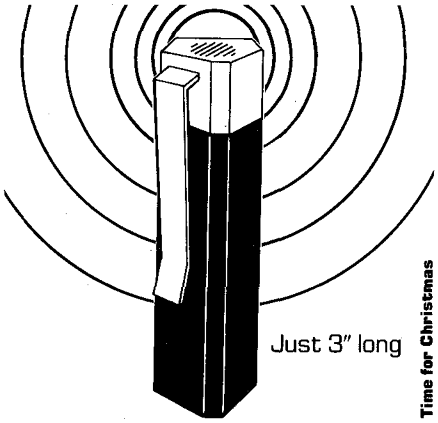

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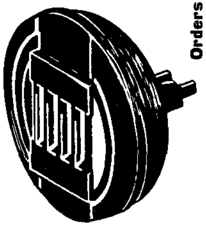

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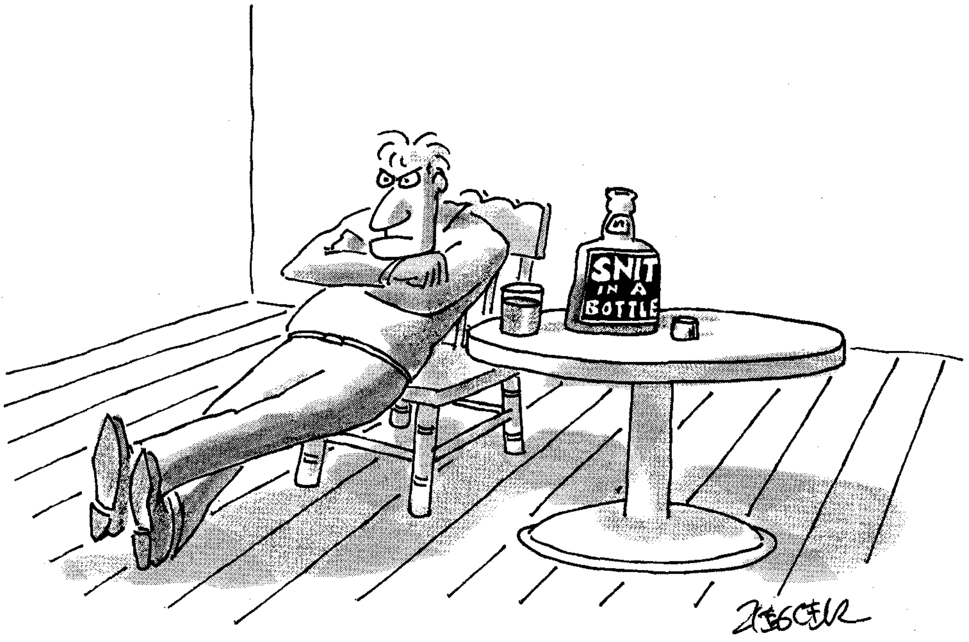
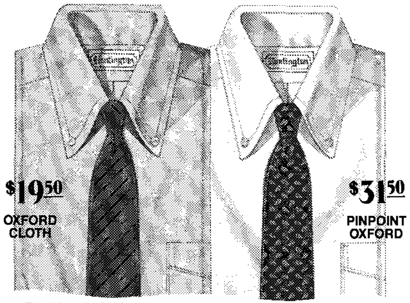
LAST INNINGS

OVER the long haul, Winston Churchill probably remains the philosopher most likely to be quoted by politicians, but in this election year the quotation record almost certainly went to a noted thinker, Lawrence ("New York's my home") Berra, better known, of course, as Yogi. In 1988, you could hardly make it through a week—sometimes a day—without hearing "As Yogi would say, 'It ain't over till it's over.' " Sometimes the Reverend Jesse Jackson would add, "And *then* it isn't over." Yogi's "It's déjà vu all over again" was also quoted a lot. The *vu* the Republicans liked to invoke was 1984, when Ronald Reagan took forty-nine states. The Democrats naturally preferred 1948, and at some campaign stops their candidate, Michael Dukakis, the celebrated underdog, would wave a copy of the Chicago *Tribune* showing the historic headline "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN." In the middle of last month, Richard Bond, the political director of Vice-President Bush's campaign, having concluded that there was a chance the Republicans could carry New York State, previously written off to the Dukakis forces, did strike a Second World War note. He announced that the Republicans might hit the beaches here in a Normandy-type invasion. New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who heads up the Dukakis campaign in this state, responded, Churchillian style, that local Democrats would fight the enemy in the streets and on the beaches. He even suggested a shore area for a Republican landing: Long Island's Jones Beach. The summer swimmers and surfers would be mostly gone, but the joggers and shellers could be counted on to put up a good fight for their turf (or sand).

The first—and only—Republican foray here to date was a suddenly got-up rally deep in a landlocked area of Queens on the afternoon of October 20th. The Vice-President was due to come to town that day—as was Dukakis—to attend the Al Smith dinner, which is given annually by the local Roman Catholic Archdiocese to honor the onetime governor of New York who was the first Catholic Presidential candidate. The rally, at Christ the King High School, a Catholic school in Middle Village, Queens, was primarily a backdrop for Bush to receive the endorsement of the city's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. The school had been chosen by Serphin Maltese, who is chairman of Christ the King's board of trustees, chairman of the Conservative Party in the state, and currently a candidate for the State Senate, running on the Conservative, Republican, and Right to Life lines. The rally turned into a far more dramatic event than its planners could have imagined. October 18th had been a terrible day in the city: two young police officers, Christopher Hoban, twenty-six, and Michael Buczek, twenty-four, were gunned down in separate incidents less than three hours apart in northern Manhattan. On October 22nd, more than fifteen thousand policemen from all over the Northeast would gather for their double funeral in Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church in the Irish Brooklyn neighborhood where Hoban had lived. Within a few days, three alleged perpetrators, all of them Hispanic, were arrested. Most violent crimes in the city are now described, almost routinely, as drug-related. Hoban had been killed in a city-owned building after he was recognized as a cop while he made an undercover drug buy from a small-time drug trafficker. Buczek and his partner had answered a call concerning a woman with a stomach ache, which had turned out to be a minor crisis. As they were leaving the woman's building, they encountered two men who, the partner later said, "looked suspicious." The policemen approached them, and Buczek was shot down. The alleged gunman, it turned out, was someone with an arrest record for preying on drug dealers. There was a question as to why the site of one murder, like so many buildings owned by the city (as Koch administration critics have complained), had apparently been a haven for drug dealers. There was a question as to whether two policemen should have been sent to handle a stomach ache. Still, there was no doubt that the killings had been drug-related.

On the night of October 20th, with far less debate than there would have been if the killings hadn't taken place, the city's Board of Estimate unanimously approved a budget modification which would lead to the expenditure of a hundred and sixteen million dollars for six additional police Tactical Narcotics Teams around the city; one is already operating in the neighborhood in Queens where Police Officer Edward Byrne was shot dead last February as he guarded the home of a witness in a drug case. (Four young black men are expected to stand trial in Queens Supreme Court in that case. It's hard to remember a time when racial tensions were as bad in the city.) Six hundred more policemen will be assigned to the T.N.T. operations, and there seems little doubt that, in the chaotic world in which they will be sent to enforce





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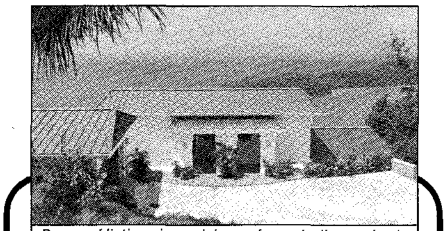

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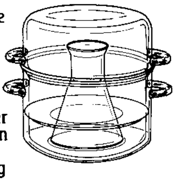
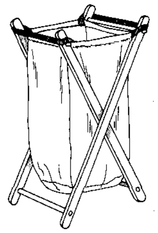
the law, more young cops will be, almost casually, shot down.

After the Vice-President received the P.B.A. endorsement at the Queens rally, he promised to appoint judges to the federal bench "who have a little more sympathy for the victims of crime and a little less for the criminals." Philip Caruso, the head of the P.B.A., said that what he called "civil libertarianism" was not necessarily a vice, "but when that particular philosophy is used to handcuff and shackle the police then it is a vice." Because of the widely publicized Massachusetts furlough program, he said Dukakis should be known as "Cut 'Em Loose Duke." Bush noted that the Democratic candidate opposes the death penalty. Senator Alfonse D'Amato had introduced Bush as someone who supports it, adding, "America needs George Bush." Matthew Byrne, the father of the police officer murdered last February, gave Bush his son's police shield and a Mass card. He denounced those who blame lack of effort on the part of the Reagan-Bush Administration for the drug epidemic and the drug-related killings of cops. Instead, said Byrne, New Yorkers should "look up the Hudson River to Albany, where two successive governors"—that is, Hugh Carey and Mario Cuomo, both Democrats and both, as it happens, Catholics—had regularly vetoed death-penalty bills. Each time someone on the platform spoke well of the death penalty, there were loud cheers from the crowd, including hundreds of children from the school, who stood, waving flags, in the background. The spiritual director of the school, the Reverend John Savage, had posed holding a copy of the *Post* with the headline "TWO COPS SLAIN." Someone asked him about the fact that not only the Catholic bishops but Pope John Paul II opposed the death penalty on spiritual grounds. He explained that the children had been informed of this, so they had heard both sides.

Among the out-of-town reporters there to cover the Bush campaign was Lars-Erik Nelson, of the Washington bureau of the *Daily News*, who wrote that the murdered policemen had been used as "props for Bush's Presidential campaign . . . Republicans in death, whatever they may have been in life." The young cops' deaths, he said, were "an unparalleled stroke of political luck for the Bush campaign. What a





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chance to move into New York and maybe beat Dukakis there, too. . . . So what is Bush doing in New York, playing on the city's pain?" In the next few days, the Bush state chairman boasted to reporters of the way his campaign was sticking the death-penalty issue to the Dukakis forces. "What they did in Queens is a disgrace," said Sal Albanese, a Democratic City Council member from Brooklyn, "but unfortunately it will work." Although the Democrats have a three-to-two advantage in registration over the Republicans in New York State, the only Democratic Presidential candidate to carry the state in the last four elections was Jimmy Carter, in 1976. A poll taken in the state late in October by the Marist College Institute for Public Opinion gave Dukakis only a four-point margin over Bush. A Gallup poll taken in the city last month had Dukakis leading Bush sixty-two to twenty-eight per cent. Among blacks his lead was eighty-nine to five per cent and among Jews seventy-one to eighteen per cent. Among white Catholics, however, Bush was ahead fifty-two to thirty-seven per cent.

Bush's happy afternoon in Queens was also attended by several Republicans, including Maltese and D'Amato, who had said over the summer that they wished he had picked someone besides Indiana Senator Dan Quayle as his running mate. There was, prudently, no mention during their discussion of the drug crisis that help might be at hand: four days earlier, Bush had announced that, as President, he would appoint Quayle the nation's drug czar. Reference to this solution might have set off a few muffled hoots even among those in that carefully chosen company. Possibly Republicans here have a sense that in a town where the registration is five-to-one Democratic they have to stick together. A Democratic candidate, on the other hand, can count on being shown no mercy if his actions or manner have offended some of the highly articulate locals: being a card-carrying Democrat will get him nowhere. "He spoke the words with all the fatalism of a Red Sox fan," complained Doug Feiden, city editor of the *Post*, of what he saw as an insufficiently impassioned Dukakis response to some bad news about Democratic prospects. What was decreed here to be insufficient emotion in Dukakis's answer to the celebrated rape question in

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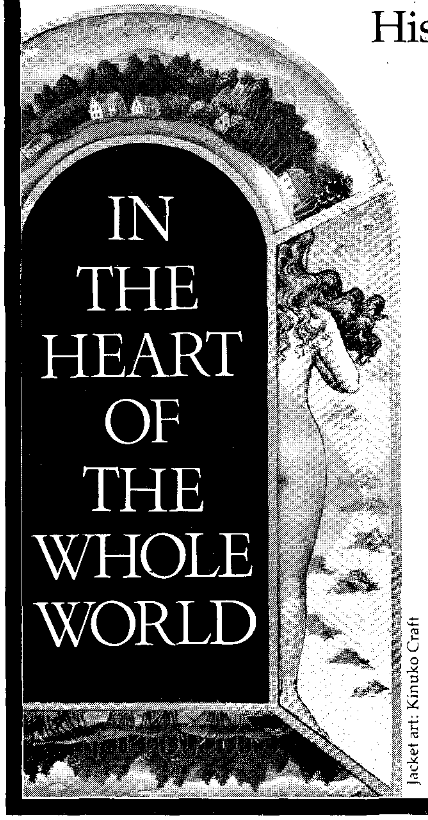
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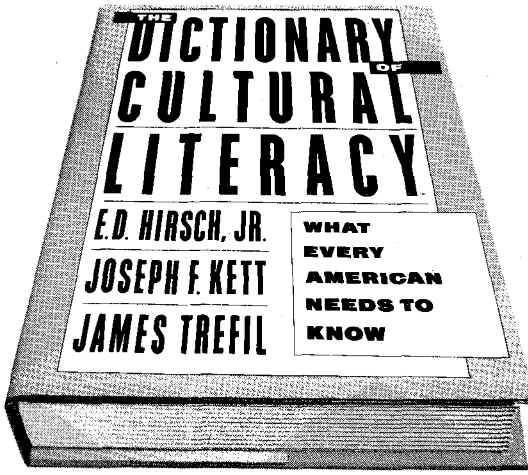
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the second Presidential debate set off some especially wrought-up responses. William Cunningham, the former executive director of the State Democratic Committee, said, "For six thousand years, we've looked on the Greeks as a happy, passionate people. But Mike Dukakis? It's going to take the Greeks a few thousand years to get over this." Future historians will doubtless study how often the passion quotient was brought up in connection with previous Presidential nominees, including the last Republican to carry this city, Calvin Coolidge. Columnist Jimmy Breslin seized the opportunity to denounce his good friend Mario Cuomo for having taken himself out of the Presidential race last February and sticking the Democrats with what he called "a busted computer." Cuomo probably didn't help his candidate's cause here when he came up with his answer. If someone had murdered his wife, the Governor said, "I probably would have strangled him." Having it both ways, he also said, "That's why we have laws. You can't rule this country by the passions of the moment." There were disbelieving smiles all around when, speaking of Dukakis, he added, "I'm inclined to believe his kind of discipline, control, is better for being President than my kind of passion." Murray Kempton, writing in *Newsday*, described Dukakis as having an "absolute want of charm," and mentioned "the bloodlessness of his person," which, he said, "has begun to seem like one of those incurable diseases that force us to struggle not to avert our eyes from their victim." He also said, however, "Oh well, I shall vote for him, inadequate creature though he may be," adding that casting such a vote would be "a cheerless duty." Dukakis could possibly take consolation from the news that columnist Charles Krauthammer, in an effort to debunk John F. Kennedy as a mythical hero, recently pointed out that in 1960—which Dukakis often mentions since it was the year when Kennedy, like Dukakis a candidate from Massachusetts, defeated a sitting Vice-President for the Presidency, as Dukakis hopes to do—Kempton had described a Kennedy performance at the Democratic Convention that year as "whimpering," and had concluded, "The Kennedy boys are essentially punks."

Joseph Papp, busy producing the Shakespeare Festival here, took a lighter view of the choice facing American voters on November 8th, as reported in *Roll Call: The Newspaper of Congress*. Pretending that the election was about the casting of "Twelfth Night," he said that Dukakis could play the steward, Malvolio. ("There's a certain correctness about Malvolio. . . . He's very punctilious, puritanical. He wears cufflinks.") Bush, Papp said, would be all right as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. "He's passive, easily led. He's very little, nothing much. Trying to play a role out of his reach." He went on to say, "With Dukakis, there's always a half sense of bemusement. . . . Something is slightly satirical." And he added, "You know, if I were casting a play with these two, I'd want more talent."

To some New Yorkers, the arrival here of Bush and Dukakis last month was welcome no matter where they stand on capital punishment for drug dealers or how they would play "Twelfth Night." According to the Convention and Visitors Bureau, tourism is thriving in the city. In 1987, nearly eighteen million people checked in for at least one night at a local hotel, and the numbers for 1988 look as good or better. The Presidential nominees have made only very minor contributions to this aspect of the local economy. Indeed, the economic benefits have been going the other way. Until last month, Bush had not been here since a big fund-raiser in June, and Dukakis's few appearances since the Atlanta Convention had been largely to pick up money. "I would say New York serves the same exact position in political fund-raising as Mecca" was the way local media adviser David Garth once put it. This willingness to bypass New York for other than financial stops was taken as an affront by some politically minded old-timers who remember how things used to be or have looked it up. They may remind you plaintively that in fifteen of the first twenty-two Presidential elections after the Civil War New York political figures—usually present or former governors—were the major party nominees seventeen times. In some years—for example, 1904 and 1944—*both* the Democratic and Republican candidates were New Yorkers. The last politician from this state to be nominated, however, was Dewey, and the last to be elected was F.D.R., four years earlier. Some local residents grumble that, although in the 1984 campaign the name of F.D.R. was often heard in the land, this year it was J.F.K. all the way. One of the grumblers pointed out that the only New Yorker who seemed to have a significant role in this year's race was Martin Van Buren, of upstate Kinderhook, whom Bush has often mentioned because he was the last incumbent Vice-President to be elected President.

Some of the same people who are unhappy about New York's being largely shut out of the Presidential campaign consider that it's too much, really, for the city in the same year to have been shut out of another national spectacle in which, in the past, participation of New Yorkers had verged on being a national tradition: the World Series. Yogi Berra, for instance, was in twenty Series as player, coach, and manager (he managed both the Yankees and the Mets) from 1947 through 1981. Between 1947 and 1958 New York teams were in the Series in every year but one, and in six of those years, both of the finalists being from this city, it was a subway Series. Then, in 1957, two of the local teams, like so many other elements of life along the Eastern Seaboard, joined the migration to California. Although the Mets came along five years after the Dodgers and the Giants moved west, there has been no subway Series since. The Yankees' last Series appearance was in 1981. The Mets have made it to the finals once in each decade, winning, memorably, over Dukakis's Red Sox in 1986. This year, local hopes for the Mets were so high that City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, overcome, as he said, by Metsmania, went to the trouble of calculating how much a seven-game Series involving the Mets would contribute to the city's economy: nearly

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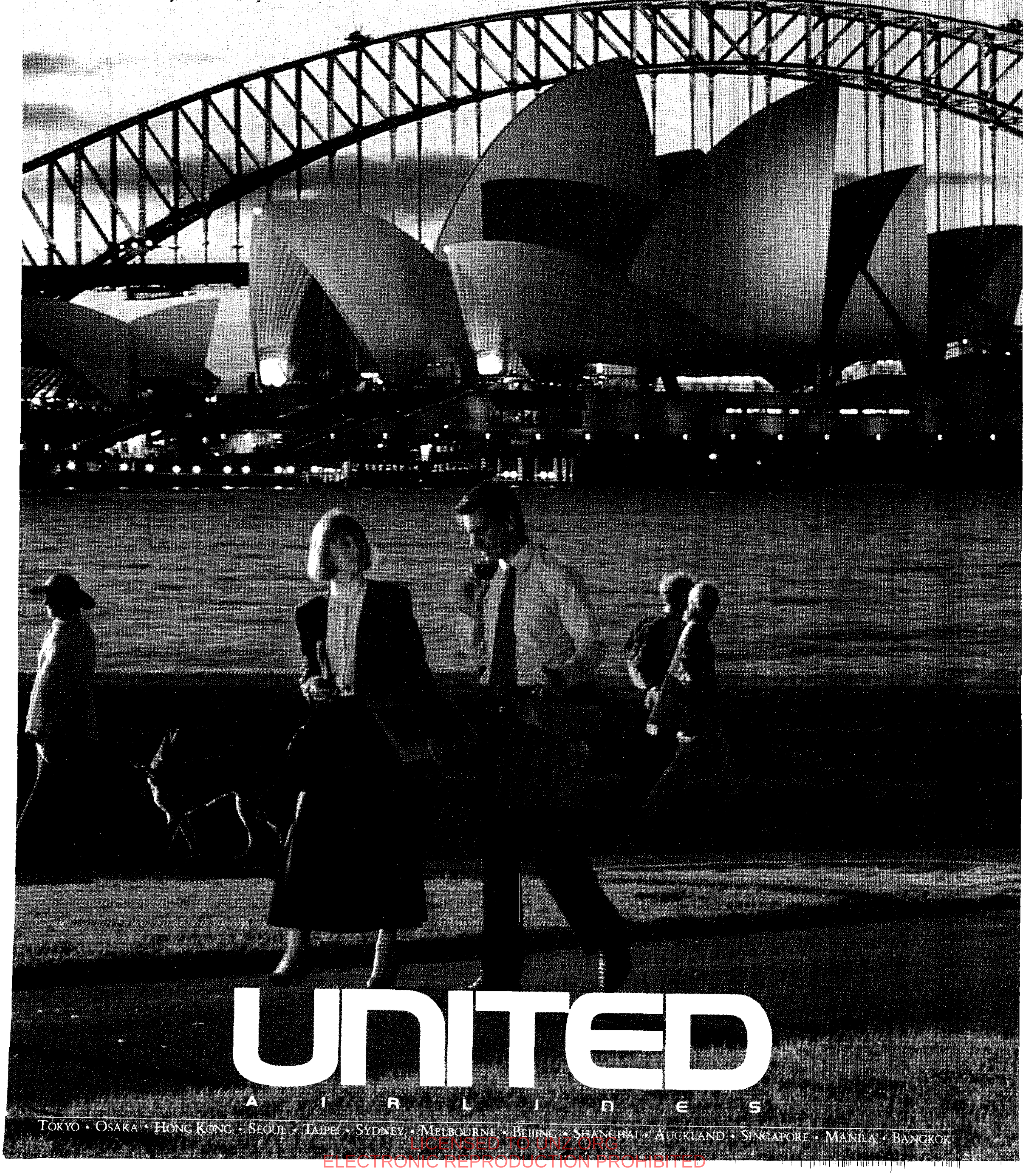

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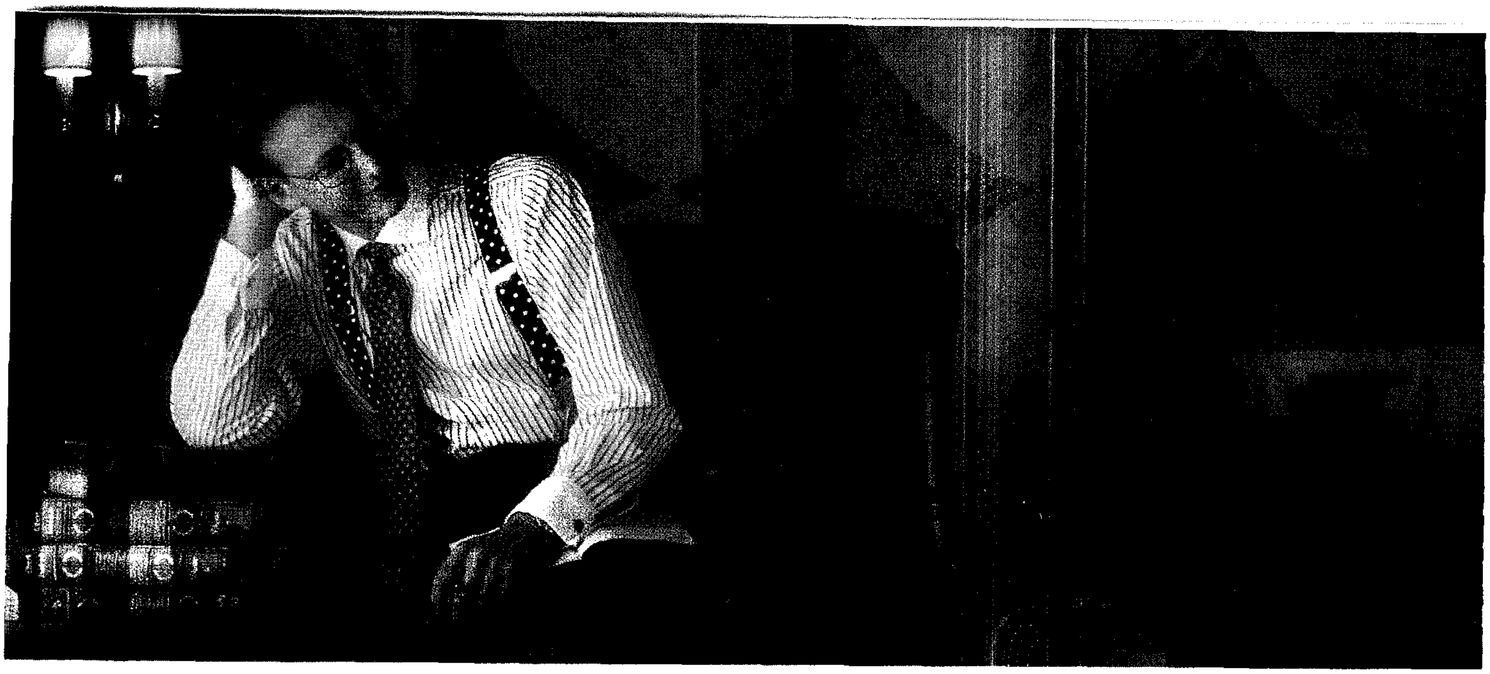

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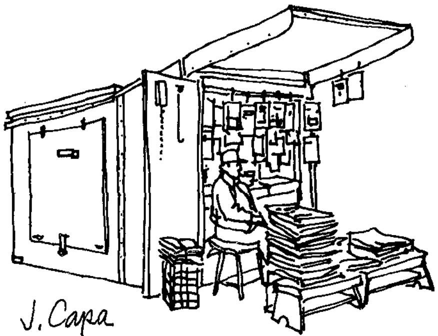
forty million dollars, he concluded. That's not the way it worked out, of course. After the fifth playoff game against the Dodgers sent the teams to Los Angeles for the final two games, all three local tabloids came up with the same front-page headline or a variation thereof: "TO LIVE OR DIE IN L.A." Many baseball fans here who consider that a subway Series should be a matter of national jubilation acted as if this year's all-California series—an event happening, as some local headlines placed it with derisive intent, in "La-La Land"—were against nature.

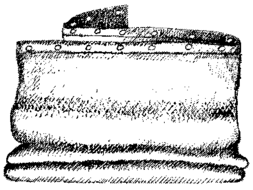
IN sending their candidate to states other than New York, the national Dukakis campaign was relying on the advice of Governor Cuomo. At the opening of the Dukakis-Bentsen headquarters here on September 7th, Cuomo said that nobody should give New York a thought. Efforts should be concentrated instead on California, Texas, the Midwest, and other hard cases. Obediently, Dukakis was elsewhere that day and was represented by his thirty-year-old son John, who said that for New York to give his father a victory in November would be only fair, considering the many gifts from Massachusetts to New York over the years. He mentioned Robert F. Kennedy and Babe Ruth (who reached the Yankees by way of the Boston Red Sox). And, he added ruefully, "the 1986 World Series." Some fifty Democratic city and state officials were on hand for the opening, including Mayor Edward Koch, who stood on one side of Cuomo as young Dukakis stood on the other. Koch made it clear that, while others might see the event as a coming together of local politicians to plan their strategy for electing a Democratic President, his mind was on a narrower subject. "I look around this room, and there's a lot of people here who I'm not crazy about," he said. "There's lots of people here who are not crazy about me." The Governor's eyes rolled slightly upward. For the big photo opportunity at the end of the meeting, Cuomo grasped young Dukakis's left hand with his right and, with a big smile, raised their two arms high in a prize-ring victory gesture. He did not include the Mayor in the tableau.

What to do about Koch has been a problem all along for the Dukakis staff. He could be helpful with New York's Jewish voters, who in Presidential elections account for about eight per cent of the vote in this state. On the other hand, there was the loose-cannon factor. Vividly in mind was what happened last April in this state's Presidential primary. Koch, campaigning not for Dukakis but for Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, savagely attacked Jackson not only for being anti-Israel but for having "character flaws," which, the Mayor charged, included lying, instability, and cowardice. When the primary votes were in, Koch's candidate, the hapless Gore, had only ten per cent of the total, and there were deep scars on the local body politic. Some whites were offended by Koch's performance. So were many more blacks, who could account for fifteen per cent of the state vote but who, if they are unenthusiastic about a candidate, are likely to simply stay home.

Late in July, the Mayor publicly announced that he would welcome the opportunity to campaign "arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder" for Dukakis. The presumption was that he believed such cozy tandem appearances would make it harder for Jackson to dwell on Koch's alleged character flaws in next year's mayoral election, a project Jackson has left no doubt that he is looking forward to. Cuomo tried to ease matters by bringing Koch and Jackson together in his office for a so-called "summit meeting" on August 31st, but the meeting did not go well. In September, the Mayor approached Dukakis's national field director and proposed that he campaign for the Democratic candidate around the country, as, among others, Jackson and Cuomo were doing. ("You could have had it all, Mario!" ABC's Sam Donaldson called out to New York's governor last month after Cuomo got a standing ovation at a Dukakis rally.) The field director's response was not overly enthusiastic. If Koch happened to be going to some out-of-town city anyway, it would be all right for him to speak for Dukakis. The Mayor had been invited to Miami on October 17th to address the National Action Committee, which supports candidates who are pro-Israel, and it was agreed that he might appropriately deliver a speech for Dukakis the same day at a North Miami Beach condominium complex. That audience would include large numbers of retired, mostly Jewish New Yorkers, who probably had relatives who were registered to vote in this city, and this would work out well for a 1989 candidate for reëlection as mayor. As for the Dukakis campaign, it hadn't much to lose. The Miami organization was paying for Koch's trip, and the latest poll put their candidate twenty-six points behind Bush in Florida. Nevertheless, Dukakis representatives who accompanied the Mayor to the second appearance kept a nervous eye on him, and their nervousness was not misplaced. In a month in which President Reagan was engaged in an all-out campaign for Bush, Koch assured his listeners at the condominium complex that Reagan is the "greatest friend Israel ever had in the White House." To the Dukakis people, the scene was only too reminiscent of the one in 1980 when, having been invited to give a Florida campaign speech for Jimmy Carter (who, of course, lost that year), Koch said that Carter "should rot in hell" if he did not do right by Israel. Prompted by a Dukakis supporter, Koch agreed that Bush was not as great on Israel as Reagan. He also attacked the American Civil Liberties Union for going too far, and criticized a woman for criticizing Bush's positions on abortion and prayer in the schools. Asked by someone in the audience whether Kitty Dukakis would make a good role model for Jewish women, the Mayor said, "How the hell do I know?" Before he left, he told reporters that Dukakis would probably lose. A popular observation around Koch's home town lately is that it's getting so you can't take the Mayor anywhere. At last word, the Dukakis campaign had no plans to have Koch make any further out-of-town appearances in support of their candidate.



SOME small comfort could be taken here in the fact that one of the few benign events of the second half of the Presidential campaign happened in



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New York, the last place some out-of-towners would have expected it. Although Al Smith, who was honored at the dinner given by the New York Archdiocese on the night of October 20th, ran for President as a Democrat, the dinner is generally dominated by conservative Republicans. In 1980, Jimmy Carter was booed when he said, "The paint on Ronald Reagan's 'I Love New York' button is still wet." This time, the two candidates put on a joint demonstration of good humor and self-mockery that seemed a true marvel in view of the immense ugliness of the campaign, particularly on the part of the Bush forces. The Vice-President said that his forebears, like those of Dukakis, had landed at Ellis Island—when the Mayflower made a "pit stop" on the way to Plymouth Rock. In paintings of the Mayflower, he said, "My people are the ones waving the Bloomingdale's shopping bags." He added that he'd never seen so many well-dressed people since he'd gone to a "come-as-you-are party in Kennebunkport." Dukakis told Bush, "You've said many times in this campaign that you want to give America back to the little guy. Mr. Vice-President, *I am that man.*" As for the alleged inadequacies of his personality, Dukakis assured the audience, "Some people say I'm arrogant—but I know better than that. . . . I've been told that I lack passion, but that doesn't affect me one way or the other." The two men were then off to other parts of the country, Bush carrying the murdered Edward Byrne's police shield which he waved at crowds just before he denounced Dukakis for opposing the death penalty. California would get both candidates' special attention. The Vice-President had reserved a third of his local television money for that state during the weeks before November 8th, and Dukakis knew that he could not win without it. Sometimes he pointed out that nobody had expected the underdog Los Angeles Dodgers to win, either. Within hours after the welcome interlude of civility in this city, the Dukakis people were calling the Bush campaign racist and Bush people were putting out literature saying that Dukakis was supported by "all the murderers and rapists and drug pushers and child molesters in Massachusetts." Surely, the fervent hope was, when it was over, it would be over.

—ANDY LOGAN

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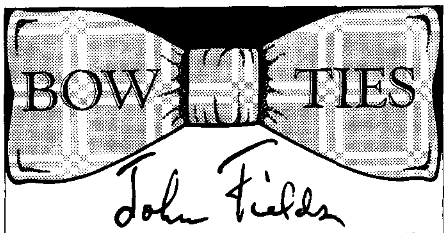

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Distortion and Recognition

A LETTER in the *Times Literary Supplement* of October 7-13, from Robert Donington, begins:

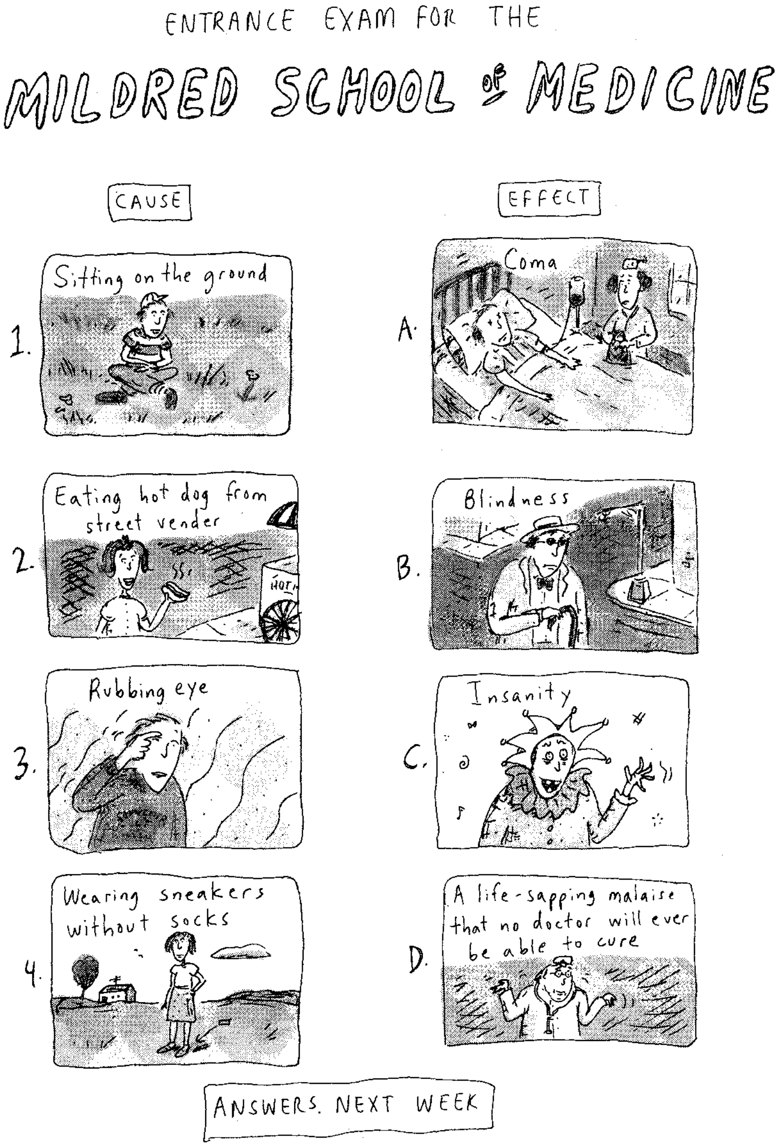
> May I air with you a grievance concerning opera production which I think a number of opera enthusiasts may well share?
>
> The grievance is that opera producers [directors, in American usage] today are pressing to an extreme a principle of which the motives are excellent but the effects are almost infallibly counter-productive.

In short, two of opera's three main elements, the music and the words, are retained, but the third, the staging, is modernized: epochs specified by the composer are shifted to other periods, actions altered, and "all manner of gimmicks used which are of our own age, with the laudable but misjudged intention of involving the modern audience more enticingly." As a consequence,

> the clash of styles overpowers the totality of the whole, and the modern audience, so far from becoming more involved, is left confused by the inconsistencies and robbed of the naturalness which that totality has all along been able to establish, and no misalliance of words and music with an incongruously modern staging can ever really hope to achieve.

Mr. Donington's letter opens another front for a battle that has been raging in the columns of the *Musical Times* and of *Opera;* and it chimes—or clashes—with the Chicago Lyric Opera's successful new production of "Tannhäuser," directed by Peter Sellars, which is set in a Miami motel room, in the Crystal Cathedral, and in an airport lounge. The protagonist is a peccant televangelist.

Wagner's music dramas have been in the van of "directors' opera" for several linked reasons. They arouse passionate responses both emotional and intellectual. They are richer in symbolic content than any others. (Mr. Donington, the author of "Wagner's 'Ring' and its Symbols," urges a director "to stage the symbols as he finds them and leave them to do their own uncanny work.") They lend themselves to political and to psychological exegesis. Although "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Die Meistersinger" include historical characters, most of the works have mythological content, and directors feel a challenge to demonstrate—to *underline* so that no sleepy businessman can miss—a myth's applicability to modern life. ("The incomparable thing about myth," Wagner wrote, "is that it is true for all time, its content eternally inexhaustible.") In addition, the annual continuity and dominance of Bayreuth propagated and propagates a style, a "tradition," against which lively directors feel impelled to rebel. Tradition accurately observed and valued is a good thing. What Mahler denounced as slovenliness was not tradition but "what you people call tradition": unthinking, uncritical continuance of what predecessors had done. Cosima Wagner's pondered, intelligent Bayreuth ideals were uncritically reproduced elsewhere, and so, after the war, were Wieland Wagner's: sub-Bayreuth "Ring"s with Wieland staging ideas borne as a cosmetic badge of modernity turned up all over. The process continues: Patrice Chéreau "touches"—actions that are no part of Wagner's intention—from Bayreuth's 1976-80 "Ring," directed by Chéreau, have invaded San Francisco's, Covent Garden's, the Metropolitan's "Ring" productions. Discrimination is needed. Proper critical attention to tradition obviously calls for an acceptance, an embrace of whatever from the past seems satisfactory, revelatory, good. In the way that a soprano, I trust, studies how Frida Leider, Kirsten Flagstad, and Astrid Varnay sing Brünnhilde and is inspired, and a conductor studies how Furtwängler, Reginald Goodall, and Knappertsbusch conduct the "Ring," so directors take stock of what predecessors have done—but test it, as sopranos and conductors do, against what Wagner specified and against their own perceptions, resources, and abilities. They might do well not to adopt, for example (as Nikolaus Lehnhoff in San Francisco and Otto Schenk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A. Coma
2. Eating hot dog from street vender
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B. Blindness
3. Rubbing eye
C. Insanity
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ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

in New York did), Chéreau's sentimental death of Siegmund in Wotan's arms.

"Directors' opera" is no new thing. The Kroll Opera's "Flying Dutchman" in 1929 was evidently as radical a piece of work as anything seen since. It was conducted by Klemperer, was designed by Ewald Dülberg in strongly colored *Neue Sachlichkeit* rectangles, and was directed by Jürgen Fehling, from the Berlin Schauspielhaus, who had not tackled an opera before. Senta, the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* said, resembled a "Communist harridan," and the spinning room "a workshop in a women's prison." The Richard Wagner Verband Deutscher Frauen, the Bayreuther Bund Deutscher Jugend, and the Akademischer Richard Wagner Verband registered protests. Oswald Georg Bauer in his "Richard Wagner: The Stage Designs and Productions" remarks dryly, "With the help of up-to-date stylistic means, the work's historical remoteness was overcome. . . . The work was distorted to the point where it became recognizable."

Directors' opera, however, soon encompassed more than Wagner. Bellini's Norma sang "Casta Diva" from the turret of a tank; Sellars staged "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" in settings of contemporary New York. It has become a party game to take up the latest number of *Opera*, cover the captions, and challenge people to guess what operas are illustrated. Can this depressed office cleaner, with bucket and mop, really be an Aida, this Fifth Avenue doorman a Figaro, this gun-toting female guerrilla a Carmen? This is too blunt a way to supply "relevance." It implies a contempt for contemporary audiences, deemed to be without historical awareness, unable to comprehend life's basic symbols or catch any allusion that is not spelled out. It turns opera—potentially the highest, subtlest, and most potent of all arts—into something "instantly" communicative. Directors' opera has become dominant. A composer's work—Wagner's, Mozart's, Handel's, Verdi's, Bellini's, Donizetti's—has become raw material to be not lovingly presented but refashioned for quick topical success. No wonder the public protest grows.

There is a saving "almost" in Mr. Donington's second sentence. The qualification cheers me when readers complain because I admire Sellars' work and such things as David Pountney's "Rusalka" while deriding what, say, Andrei Serban does to "Norma" and to "La Traviata" and David Alden does to Szymanowski's "King Roger;" because I praise David Freeman's "Orfeo" but dislike his "Così Fan Tutte." There are distinctions to be made between productions patently false to the music, like Serban's (no one listening to Verdi's music can believe that Violetta treats Germont's letter to her with disgust and contempt), or productions pepped up with modish clichés—dark glasses, mackintoshes, suitcases, discarded shoes, rows of beds, television monitors onstage—and productions, like Sellars', in which every move and every scenic invention, however startling, seem to spring from the score.

THE Chicago "Tannhäuser" was arresting, ingenious, entertaining, powerful, and very beautiful to look at. If I found it less stirring than Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth productions of the opera (the first a chessboard conflict where rules were broken when the White Queen sped to save the Black Knight, the second the tale of a man torn between two goddesses, dark Earth Mother and blue-robed Madonna) and than Götz Friedrich's Bayreuth production (about an artist unwilling to tune his songs to conventional expectations), it was only because Sellars, unlike Wieland or Friedrich, had replaced Wagner's symbols, which are of manifold application, with specific, singular signs. While engaged on "Tannhäuser," Wagner read Jacob Grimm's "Deutsche Mythologie":

> My whole imagination thrilled with images; longlost forms for which I had sought so eagerly shaped themselves ever more clearly into realities that lived again. There rose up in my soul a whole world of figures, which revealed themselves as so strangely solid, and familiar from earliest days, that when I saw them clearly and heard their voices I could not account for the almost tangible familiarity and certitude of their demeanor.

What the composer found in and felt about Grimm's characters Wagnerians find in and feel about Wagner's—unless the myths have been cut down to man-size. Sellars demythologized "Tannhäuser." Not altogether. Just as the diner in which his "Così" played might have been designed by Palladio, and the New York street scenes of his "Don Giovanni" alluded to Giotto, so the scenes of this "Tannhäuser"—designed, like "Don Giovanni," by George Tsypin, with costumes by Dunya Ramicova—were shot through with imagery of the past. Medieval motifs from the time of the historical Tannhäuser layered the modern settings and influenced their forms. Sellars has said that his aim is not to update great works of the past but to test the present against them. In this "Tannhäuser" he made one feel how a televangelist can sin against what he enjoins, repent, relapse, preach to his flock a most peculiar sermon, repent again, and finally—in the face of an unforgiving public—lose his faith. One sympathized with the Reverend Heinrich Tannhäuser in his plights, suffered along with him. But the production could hardly touch ordinary listeners' plights in the ways that Wieland Wagner's and Friedrich's productions did. If the opera to the average person presents in heightened form the daily conflict of right and wrong (and to creators of any kind poses further questions of whether or not to tailor work, for whatever reason, to what is expected of them), then this "Tannhäuser"—one modern application of the myth, with symbols become signs—proved narrow. Narrow but gripping, always alive.

Compelled by company policy to use supertitles, Sellars elected to make them part of his show. Written by John E. Woods, they were projected in three colors. White text presented a translation of what was being said,

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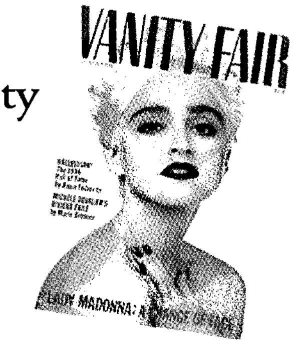

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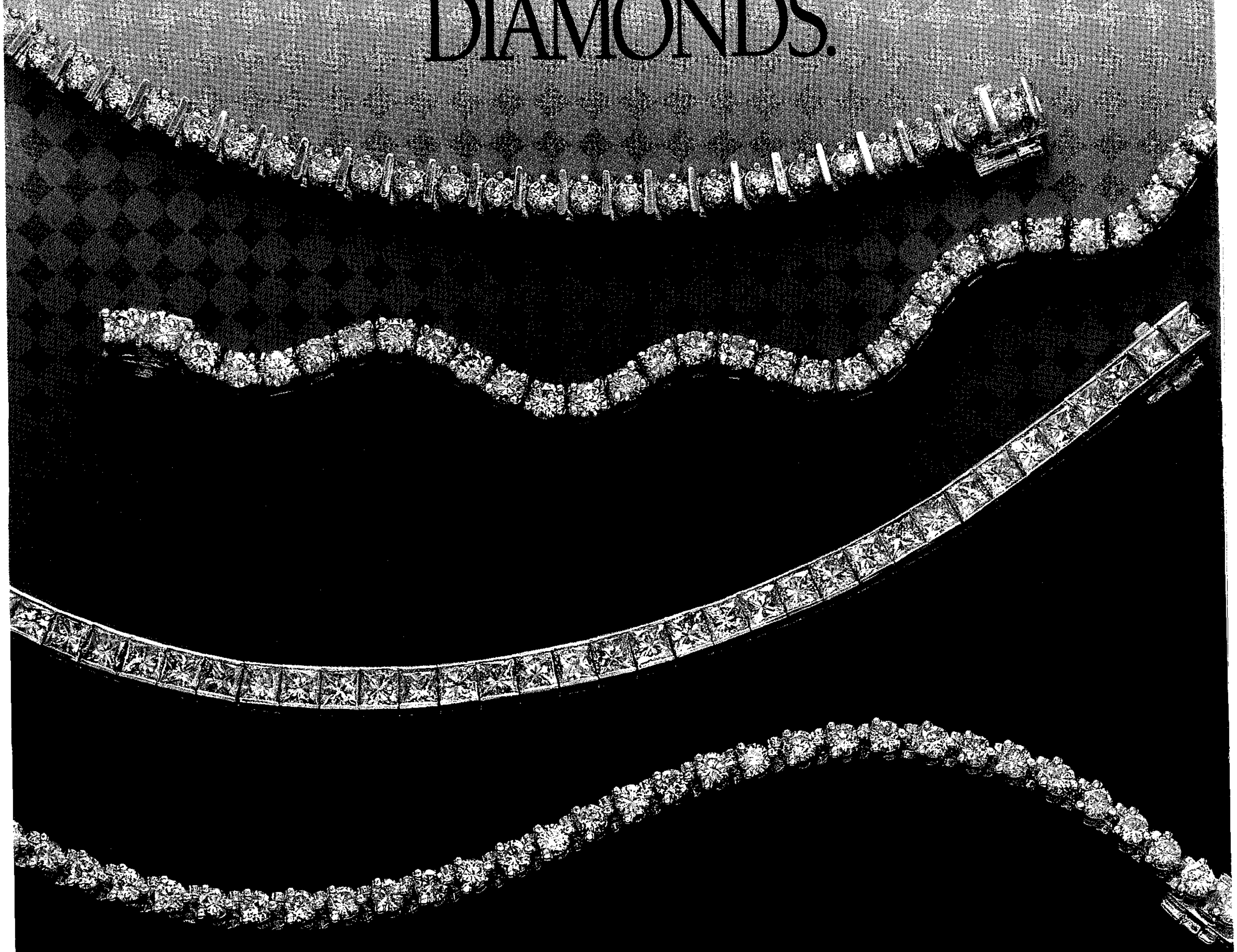

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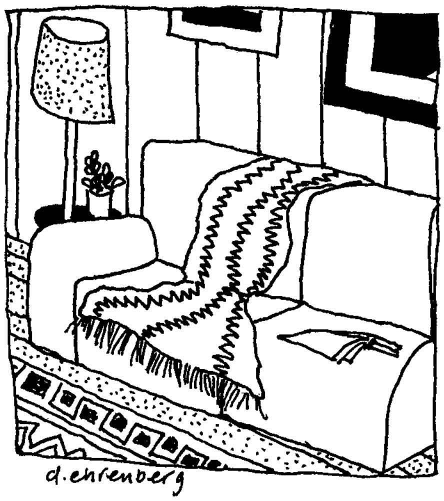
racily translated to accord at the same time with what was being seen. (The opening words were "Come down to the beach . . . The action is red hot," which—except in tone—does more or less represent what Wagner wrote; an older version is "Draw nigh to the shore, where in the arms of glowing love blessed compassion will ease your cares.") Blue text offered aphorisms by Romantic writers—Tieck, Novalis, Goethe, Schiller, Büchner—from whom, Sellars said in a program note, "Wagner drew his conscious and unconscious inspiration." Red text purported to convey the "implicit and sometimes explicit sexual assonances that form the lurid subtext of Tannhäuser's fevered mind." (Much of the double-entendre Mr. Wood discerned was unconvincing; where it does perhaps exist, its force is diminished by reduction to simple-entendre; in any case, "Go stick it up Venus" is no fit way to render "Zieht in den Berg der Venus ein," the conclusion of Tannhäuser's "sermon.") This was an intricate show. One of opera's strengths is its ability to present contrarieties simultaneously. (The historic example is the protestation of Gluck's Orestes that he is calm again while the music gives him the lie. There is also the close of "Das Rheingold;" more about that below.) Here to the possibly conflicting interplay of sung words, music, and actions was added a fourth communicative element: words to be read.

In the supertitles for Elisabeth's Prayer, "Allmächt'ge Jungfrau" was rendered as "Almighty"—a Protestant cop-out for the heroine's plea to Our Lady. But the final cry of Act II, "Nach Rom!," could hardly be mistranslated, and in Act III the charter flight of returning pilgrims had plainly embarked at Fiumicino. Sellars has been chided for muddling televangelism with Catholicism. But he has his finger on the pulse of the world. His productions seem oddly topical and prescient. His Chicago "Mikado," five years ago, coincided with reports of Edward Vrdolyak's Pooh-Bah-like dominance of the Chicago City Council. The morning after "Tannhäuser" opened, the Chicago *Tribune* carried an article about the Roman Catholic televangelist Bishop Sheen, who preached a sermon in the Crystal Cathedral, who—posthumously colorized—is enjoying a revival, and whose "piercing eyes and pregnant pauses were never more telegenic than when he was railing against communism or Freudianism, or defending corporal punishment or Franco's fascism."

The drama was potently enacted. Michael Billington, the drama critic of the *Guardian*, contended in *Opera's* June bout of the directors'-opera controversy that "the lyric theatre has absorbed much of the dramatic theatre's energy and talent: that, to put it crudely, opera now possesses the controversial dynamism and energy theatre had fifteen or twenty years ago;" and he deplored a false opposition of directors' opera to conductors' or singers' opera: "The best producers [directors] are precisely those who release something in their singers." Sellars is such a director. I have never known Richard Cassilly (the Chicago Tannhäuser), Marilyn Zschau (the Venus), or Håkan Hagegård (the Wolfram) to act better—or, for that matter, to sing better. Nadine Secunde (the Elisabeth), who has taken Wagner roles in Bayreuth, Munich, and Vienna, made her American opera début. She was a pure, radiant presence. All four sang expressively, giving sense to each musical phrase, if not with ideal tonal command. Mr. Cassilly, a very experienced Tannhäuser, was as sure and forceful as ever and even more eloquent. Miss Zschau's tones were ugly. Miss Secunde's soprano opened up freely but sometimes in an uncontrolled, untidy manner. Mr. Hagegård was in full, focussed voice but showed no feeling for legato.



There was a first-rate team of Minnesänger (or assistant ministers)—good singers individually, and blended in consort. Ben Heppner was lyrical in Walther von der Vogelweide's "sermon." (The Dresden version was used.) Constance Haumann was a limpid, natural Shepherd. Ferdinand Leitner conducted an account of the score at once ample and beautifully transparent.

That I had reservations about the show must be apparent. But while I watched and listened it was engrossing: filled with accurate observation of human conduct, with buoyant and accurate response (however expressed) to each turn of the music, and with high-spirited, carefully pondered, excitingly created theatrical imagery. It was the first truly alive opera I had seen in this country since—well, since Sellars' production of "Figaro." I cannot take sides in the directors'-opera controversy. Reason says one thing while reaction to what is offered may well say another. Now, if Sellars would dare to tackle, one day, a "straight" production . . .

IN September, Covent Garden embarked upon a new production of the "Ring," its fifth since the war, with "Das Rheingold." Bernard Haitink conducted, Yuri Lyubimov directed, and Paul Hermon was credited with the "design concept." It was planned as a cheap, tourable "Ring": just one set, a dark box with a smallish circular construction, able to rise, tilt, and revolve, at its center, and a backcloth in which apertures rectangular or circular could magically open. During transformation scenes, a "movement group" ran on with panels of parachute silk. Some effects were pleasingly simple: to create the rainbow bridge, Loge pulled a striped roller blind from the prompt box and laid it across the stage; the gods stepped onto it. There was no Valhalla; the canvas strip led to a circular opening in the backcloth. Wotan wore a nineteenth-century dark suit and an eye patch, Fricka a tremendous ball gown. Froh and Donner were clowns—a harlequin twirling a parasol and a burly Piero della Francesca saint with halo attached. The gods resembled a seedy troupe of strolling players, Wotan as manager. Anyone who thinks this an adequate or correct rep-

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resentation of them cannot be hearing the music aright or responding to the scale and stature of the drama. An eminent Wagner scholar of the new school said to me, approvingly, “One must do *something* to undermine the splendor of that finale.” Surely Wagner has done all the undermining necessary to indicate tragic irony in that apparent triumph: Wotan's avowal “*With an evil wage I paid for the* building,” Loge's wry comments, and the Rhinemaidens' cry from the river—the last words of the opera—“False and rotten, what is being celebrated above?”

Lyubimov, a master of striking theatrical images, works a handful of them too hard, and their aptness to the drama is not always clear. Before the evening is over, one has had enough of seeing the backcloth open and close, the circle pop up (or someone pop down through a hole at its center), Loge conjure puffs of flame from the stage floor. The fidgety production is based on tricks in a dull, unattractive set, and not on singers. Very different, Wieland Wagner's “economy” staging of the “Ring” when Bayreuth reopened, in 1951. There, on a simpler set—a fixed circle—thoughtful, powerful, unforgettable stage pictures were created through precision of placing, postures, lights, colors.

James Morris, so promising a Wotan in San Francisco's “Ring” three years ago, seems to have lost his way. Report has it that Hans Hotter, with whom he studied the role, remarked, “If only I had had your voice!” In London, Mr. Morris was a voice only—a magnificent voice, to be sure. He had no presence, no dramatic command of the character; when he was not singing one did not notice him. Helga Dernesch was a grand Fricka, and Jadwiga Rappé the first steady Erda I have heard in years. Ekkehard Wlaschiha's Alberich was trenchant, perhaps almost hammily vehement. Kenneth Riegel's intelligent, incisive Loge dominated the evening, even though he delivered the aria with pop-singer gestures while treading the revolve. Lyubimov had added a member to the company: a medieval Justitia, a gray-clad, diminutive mime who entered between the giants, adjusted the pans of her balance while the gold was being heaped, and in the finale yielded the balance's upright strut to become a sword in Wotan's hand.

In 1961, Solti's first year as the music director of Covent Garden, a new “Ring” embarked on with “Die Walküre” was abandoned, as being plainly not worth pursuing. The following season, the company began again. I wonder whether Mr. Haitink, Covent Garden's new music director, thinks the Lyubimov “Ring” worth bringing to completion. This “Rheingold” *was not unentertaining. It was* “something different.” Mr. Haitink has embarked on a recording of the cycle, with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and—as also in James Levine's Met recording-in-progress—Mr. Morris as Wotan. (A “Walküre” album from each of them—on, respectively, EMI and Deutsche Grammophon—is announced for release this month.) At Covent Garden, Mr. Haitink's view of “Das Rheingold” seemed to be weightier and deeper than Lyubimov's. The Met's old-style production would match it better.

THIS Met production, which began in 1986 with “Die Walküre,” was completed last month with “Götterdämmerung.” The four parts will be assembled as a cycle in April. The “Götterdämmerung” was somewhat dispiriting, but it is too soon to conclude that a straightforward “Ring” can no longer be acceptable. The scenic style is not nineteenth-century but that of Bayreuth in the thirties; some of Günther Schneider-Siemssen's settings closely recall those of Emil Preetorius, Winifred Wagner's regular designer. The palette, however, is mainly browns and grays. The costumes, by Rolf Langenfass, are an uneasy compromise between old and new. The lighting, by Gil Wechsler, seldom allows faces to read clearly: not altogether his fault, since a front scrim cuts off half of his resources. When the soloists, as often they do, move down to the footlights (a term used locatively, not literally, since there are no footlights), vertical light catches their brows, noses, and chins, leaving their eyes shadowed. Such considerations are perhaps trimmings, but they help to explain why a performance that had some good artists in it failed to catch fire. Unlike the Chicago “Tannhäuser,” it evidently had not been carefully, lovingly rehearsed, with every detail of the staging considered. This was a get-by sort of show, a “Ring” opera as routine. It came to life at one moment: in Act II when Brünnhilde, Hildegard Behrens, learned that her Siegfried was now Gutrune's bridegroom. In a passage of twenty-one bars, "Brünnhilde, startled, raises her eyes, sees Siegfried, and fixes her gaze on him in astonishment. . . . She begins to tremble." I have not seen the episode more poignantly enacted. Miss Behrens has presence, she was far enough upstage to be properly lit, and the director, Otto Schenk, had prescribed a freeze around her so that she alone held the eye. One spellbinding passage of theatrical electricity in a six-hour evening!

The Met began with a good idea: to create a traditional "Ring" along the lines of its successful "Tannhäuser" nine years ago. It reëngaged the "Tannhäuser" team, Schneider-Siemssen and Schenk. It created a "Ring" into which Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior, Friedrich Schorr or Hans Hotter, Ludwig Weber could step without rehearsal and be magnificent —even more so if the scrim was pulled out and they were properly lit. When cast and conductor are right, the trimmings seem less important. Singers can transfigure a setting. The "Walküre" of my life was provided by Covent Garden on a provincial tour: half the décor was missing, and the Siegmund and the Fricka were poor, but the cast knew how the "Ring" should go, and Anny Konetzni and Reginald Goodall, the Brünnhilde and the conductor, were inspired. They cast a radiance over the whole.

Those singers worked within a tradition. The Met singers, many of them from the first league of today's Wagnerians, and veterans of all manner of quaint productions, could not command the traditional scenery. They did not relate one to another. They did their own things. Schenk has not found a style for them. Nor has he followed the book—Wagner's book. In the second scene, Siegfried, after he has drunk the potion, should gaze at Gutrune "with suddenly inflamed passion." Thirty-four bars later, he seizes Gutrune's hand "ardently and impetuously." It is probably wrong in any production, and certainly so in this one, for Siegfried to attempt instant rough rape on the woman: one of many stylistic incongruities that impede surrender to the show. I won't go on. There will be a whole Met "Ring" to review next year. This season's preliminary revival of "Das Rheingold" was encouraging. It was much better than before. The production had begun to cohere, to flow both dramatically and musically. Between Siegfried Jerusalem's Loge, Hans Sotin's Wotan, and Franz Mazura's Alberich something started to happen. The ending—the entry into Valhalla—was no longer fumbled.

Miss Behrens' voice, in "Götterdämmerung," had broken into two: the top steady, shining, and confident (though without the amplitude a Brünnhilde needs), the lower and middle reaches a disconcerting yowl. Toni Krämer, the Siegfried, shouted his way through the role, assured and unflagging. He "acted" non-stop, with attaboy gestures—sometimes three or four to a phrase—whether singing himself or reacting to someone else. Miss Behrens amusingly imitated his pet gesture when telling Waltraute about her lover. Christa Ludwig gave a big-number performance of Waltraute's Narration. Matti Salminen, the Hagen, made every word clear. Up to middle C his voice is wonderfully powerful: the Watch was very impressive, the Summoning of the Vassals, which lies higher, less so. Anthony Raffell was a rather stodgy Gunther, and Kathryn Harries an unexpectedly pallid Gutrune.

Mixed feelings about Mr. Levine's conducting. It was big and secure. The orchestral playing was full-blooded and often very beautiful. But there was a certain heaviness about it all. Passages intended to be broad sounded slow, even labored; the Rhinemaidens' music was not liltingly attractive. At climaxes, Mr. Levine encourages the drums to bang and the brasses to bray, and the result is noisy, not grand. Is it a necessity of Met sight lines that its "Ring" conductor, raised high, his head aureoled, his soaring arms backlit, should be the most prominent figure in the stage pictures? —ANDREW PORTER

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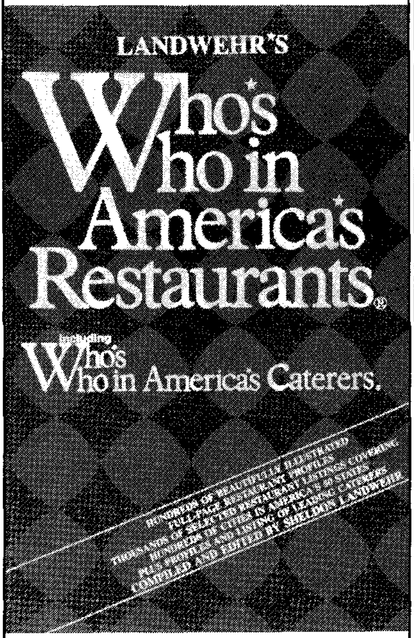
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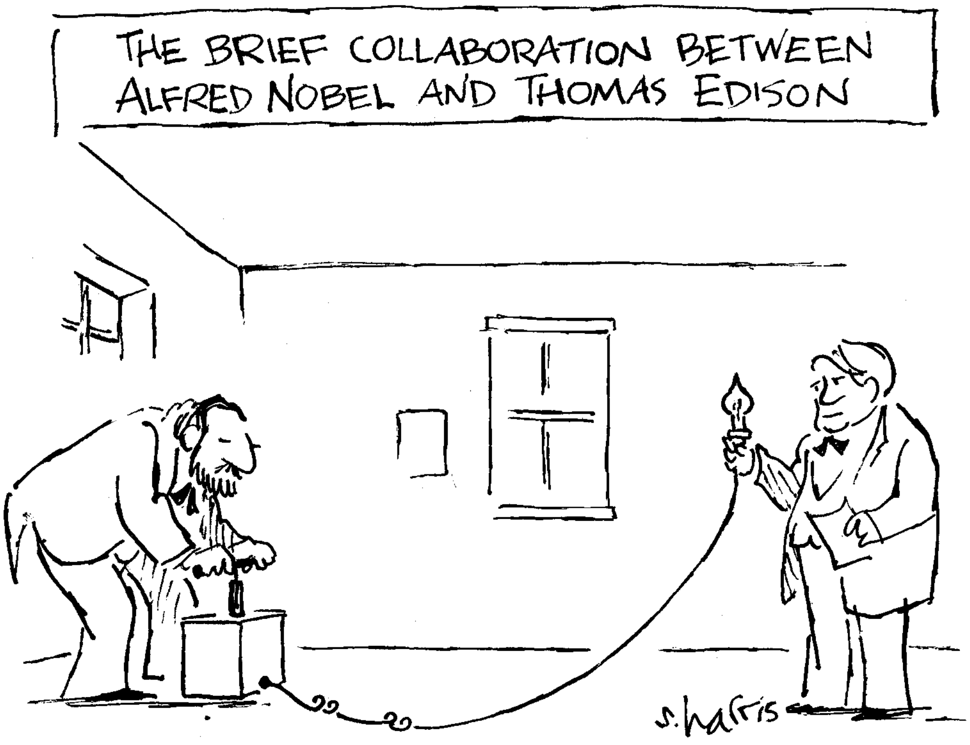
BOOKS

A Nasty Dose of Orthodoxy

"I RECKON you think you been redeemed," Hazel Motes, who is the young hero of Flannery O'Connor's earliest book, the novel "Wise Blood," remarks in the first chapter to a Mrs. Wally Bee Hitchcock, who sits across from him on a train. Hazel's observation, coming as it does out of nowhere—up to this point their scrappy conversation has turned on travel plans and family matters—presents the opening surprise in a tale that eventually unveils a talking ape, a blind man who can see, the theft of a doll-size mummy from a museum case, a breathtakingly cold-blooded murder, a feud between the newly formed Church Without Christ and the even newer Holy Church of Christ Without Christ, and the donning of a barbed-wire shirt. But all these things lie some way off for Hazel Motes, who has just returned to the South after four years overseas in the Army. Hazel is awkward and headstrong and proudly unsuperstitious, and as he watches the landscape roll by, a price tag for $11.98 still stapled to his new suit, he has no inkling of the oddities and reversals in store for him.

I reckon you think you been redeemed is also what, in effect, all of O'Connor's books—"Wise Blood" and her second novel, "The Violent Bear It Away," her two collections of stories, her letters and essays—say to the reader. Hazel Motes proclaims the notion scornfully, since he is an atheist of such impregnable skepticism that he wouldn't believe in Jesus "even if He existed," and O'Connor offers it concernedly but respectfully, since she was a woman who could not, in her own words, "believe Christ left us to chaos," but in each case it comes as a challenge: Motes and his author share a sort of incredulous horror of those people for whom theological questions are not "a matter of life and death." Together, they ask you the reader to appraise your soul; plainly, nothing else will do.

Although O'Connor wrote most of her mature fiction under a death sentence—in 1951, when she was twenty-five and ailing, blood tests confirmed that she suffered from disseminated lupus erythematosus, the incurable degenerative disease that had killed her father ten years before—one hesitates to attribute the soul-searching fervency of her fiction to her physical infirmities. The illness may have compelled her to leave New England, to which she had moved after three years of graduate study at the State University of Iowa, and to settle in her mother's home, in Milledgeville, Georgia; it probably ended any thoughts she had of marriage and children; in time, it crippled her; but it does not appear to have preyed constantly on her mind. The woman presented in the Library of America's new "Flannery O'Connor: Collected Works" (edited by Sally Fitzgerald; $30), which concenters the two novels, twenty-eight stories, eight essays, two hundred and fifty-nine letters, and a helpful chronology, had little use for self-pity, or even for the self-congratulation common to those who believe they have triumphed over self-pity. To an extent that might appear dissembled or contrived if the genuineness of her feelings were not repeatedly manifested within these pages, she accepted her life as a blessing. A few years after the lupus was diagnosed, she wrote to a friend, "I have never been anywhere but sick. In a sense sickness is a place, more instructive than a long trip to Europe, and it's always a place where there's no company, where nobody can follow. Sickness before death is a very appropriate thing and I think those who don't have it miss one of God's mercies." Though she enjoyed recalling a period in her youth when religious doubts afflicted her and she fought her guardian angel—"From 8 to 12 years it was my habit to seclude myself in a locked room every so often and with a fierce (and evil) face, whirl around in a circle with my fists knotted, socking the angel"—she did so with the tranquil savor of someone who has outbraved a grave peril; she remained at peace with God until her death, in 1964, at the age of thirty-nine.



THE BRIEF COLLABORATION BETWEEN ALFRED NOBEL AND THOMAS EDISON

Whatever the ways in which O'Connor's illness may have altered—or failed to alter—her spiritual vision, one can say confidently that no other major American writer of our century has constructed a fictional world so energetically and forthrightly charged by religious investigation. In the main, readers of contemporary fiction are accustomed to seeing religious issues treated obliquely—when they are treated at all—and to having them take shape negatively, as a gradually felt absence. O'Connor's characters, by contrast, confront religion squarely, contentiously, and obsessively. In how many other recent writers might one expect to confront—as one does in "The Violent Bear It Away"—the Devil himself? The spirit that shadows the novel's adolescent hero is not a camp figure of fun, or an allegorical symbol of man's inhumanity to man, or a literary allusion, but a familiar who is very little altered from the one who exhorted Christ to "command that these stones be made bread." He becomes the boy's "friend," and solicitously invites him to demand of the Lord an "unmistakable sign, not a pang of hunger or a reflection of himself in a store window, but an unmistakable sign, clear and suitable—water bursting forth from a rock, for instance." O'Connor's letters reveal, in a tone of amusement whetted by an underlying dismay, her sense of how peculiar is the "de-Christianized" modern reader's inability to "recognize the Devil when he sees him." Our forebears, she suspected, were not so undiscerning. She felt herself radically out of step with the "modern, sick, unbelieving world." In another of her letters she sounds gleeful in describing a literary symposium at which "the Devil had his day" amid talk of "liberal religion" and "new symbology," and she herself "waded in and gave them a nasty dose of orthodoxy."

O'Connor would be only sixty-three if she were alive today, and it seems unlikely that the last couple of decades would have tempered her outrage and foreboding. She would have recoiled, surely, both at the legalization of abortion and—given her continual harping on the aesthetic and moral dangers of pornography—at the legal and social collapse of obscenity prohibitions. In her unbending Catholicism she can make a troublesome ally for the liberal, the feminist, the ecumenicist. On the other hand, her penchant for the grisly, which inspired some of the most hauntingly brutal stories in our literature, and her irreverence toward a wide variety of social conventions prove sizable obstacles for those who would translate her moral conservatism into support of "traditional family values," or anything of the sort. It would be tempting to say that she stood alone, if it were not so apparent that she saw nothing solitary about her spiritual life. Every Catholic, she explained to a friend who was contemplating conversion, is "a part of the Body of Christ and a participator in the Redemption." Her essays and letters display scarcely a minim of impatience with the Church's elaborate strictures and reluctance to change. Quite the contrary. She insisted that the Church "has done more than any other force in history to free women," that its position on birth control "is the most absolutely spiritual" of all its stands, and that writers should welcome religious censorship, since "the business of protecting souls from dangerous literature belongs properly to the Church." She was simply unable to imagine her existence outside of her religion: "I write the way I do because and only because I am a Catholic. I feel that if I were not a Catholic, I would have no reason to write, no reason to see, no reason ever to feel horrified or even to enjoy anything."

What makes this intertwining of her religious and aesthetic beliefs so convincing is, of course, the fiction she produced in accordance with it. A story like "The Artificial Nigger," for instance, speaks at every turn of her piety, even while it traffics constantly in unpleasantness, from its offensive title to its improbable close. It recounts a Southern white boy's first journey to "the city," in the company of his racist grandfather. The two of them, Nelson and Mr. Head, meander lost through black neighborhoods and white. They quarrel, briefly separate, angrily reunite, and are finally reconciled in mutual surprise at the sight, in a white neighborhood, of a lawn decoration: "the plaster figure of a Negro sitting bent over on a low yellow brick fence," eating "a piece of brown watermelon." Neither had ever supposed that the world contained such a thing, and Mr. Head feels challenged by it:

> He looked at Nelson and understood that he must say something to the child to show that he was still wise and in the look the boy returned he saw a hungry need for that assurance. Nelson's eyes seemed to implore him to explain once and for all the mystery of existence.
>
> Mr. Head opened his lips to make a lofty statement and heard himself say, "They ain't got enough real ones here. They got to have an artificial one."
>
> After a second, the boy nodded with a strange shivering about his mouth, and said, "Let's go home before we get ourselves lost again."

But if there is humor in their backwoods benightedness it soon grades into something far more rewarding: a state of holy grace. On the face of it,

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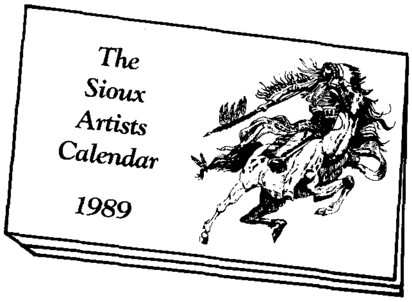

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both grandfather and grandson appear all but impervious to subtle or elevated feelings; the reader knows within a few paragraphs that these are not sensibilities that could ever be uplifted by music, by painting, by the written word. But their minds crackle with wonder at the discovery that some unknown team of manufacturers would actually have undertaken to design and cast and paint anyone so beneath consideration as a black man or boy, and wonder leads the grandfather to a sense of "what mercy felt like," as he "saw that no sin was too monstrous for him to claim as his own, and since God loved in proportion as He forgave, he felt ready at that instant to enter Paradise."

"The Artificial Nigger" is a story as daring today as it must have been when it was written, three decades ago. In fact, I have trouble imagining any non-religious writer, then or now, showing so much of this particular audacity, by which an object at once inflammatory and abhorrent, and ultimately a reminder of slavery, becomes an agency of positive good. The strength that O'Connor showed in writing the story (and in sticking to the story she'd written—she demurred when John Crowe Ransom, who had accepted it for *The Kenyon Review*, asked her to soften the title) was that of a person for whom questions of race, like all other earthly concerns, must remain a secondary matter. If, sadly, a quarter century after O'Connor's death we continue to inhabit a world in which the gap between blacks and whites—or, for that matter, between women and men—can seem unbridgeable, she offers us the liberation of an alternative prospect, where neither race nor sexual identity represents the essential human division. The great divide for her was the one that separates the believer from the unbeliever. In her view, blacks and whites alike, women and men alike, will in time enter Heaven—or Hell. And anyone wishing to ponder a true division would do well to cast an eye upon the differing eternities reserved for the saved and the damned.

ALTHOUGH O'Connor complained little about her crippling disabilities, she lamented often the artistic difficulties she faced as a religious writer in a secular age. She beheld everywhere a decline of religious sentiment, and a chief virtue for her in being a Southern writer was the region's comparatively slow-changing, "Christ-haunted" quality: "Ghosts," she pointed out in one of her essays, "can be very fierce and instructive." To her way of thinking, this sensation of a growing distance between the believer and the unbeliever rendered necessary "ever more violent means" on the writer's part: "To the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures." She found comfort in the notion that, historically speaking, not she but the age was the aberration—that only in recent times would an explicitly religious writer face a "hostile audience." She was linked in this belief to another Catholic, Evelyn Waugh, whose work she admired, and who once made a kindred point in a letter to his mother, while discussing "Brideshead Revisited": "The general criticism is that it is religious propaganda. That shows how opinion has changed in 80 years. No one now thinks a book which totally excludes religion is atheist propaganda. 80 years ago every novel included religion as part of the normal life of the people." (Waugh admired O'Connor as well, even though she, as a woman, a stranger, and an American, was triply suspect to his insular sensibility. Of "Wise Blood" he wrote, "If this is really the unaided work of a young lady, it is a remarkable product"—an observation whose skepticism, as though she might be some sort of female impersonator, pleased and amused her.)

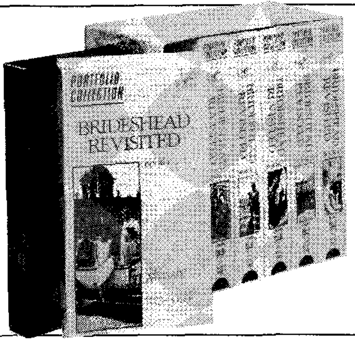
She was like Waugh, too, in frequently stressing the artistic remove of the Catholic artist. She resisted being classified as a Christian writer; she was always brooding about Christianity's "terrible division," and was far more eager to point out differences than to assert similarities within the branches of the Christian faith. She was also fiercely partisan and took to heart her friends' conversions and apostasies. She grieved when the poet Robert Lowell, a friend of hers since Iowa days and a Catholic convert, abandoned the faith. And few things in this world so irked her as critics—especially friendly critics—who treated her religious preoccupations as adventitious or tangential to her artistry. She wrote in a letter to a friend, "Many of my ardent admirers would be roundly shocked and disturbed if they realized that everything I believe is thoroughly moral, thoroughly Catholic, and that it is these beliefs that give my work its chief characteristics." She made a similar point, less coolly and wryly, in another letter, this one written after she received a "moronic" review: "It was a case in which it is easy to see that the moral sense has been bred out of certain sections of the population, like the wings have been bred off certain chickens to produce more white meat on them. This is a generation of wingless chickens, which I suppose is what Nietzsche meant when he said God was dead."

O'Connor was an eccentric stylist. Like the poet Elizabeth Bishop, with whom she corresponded for years, she prized the maladroit. Her novels and stories come laden with constructions that would be routinely excised by most teachers of expository composition. Her ungainlinesses at times reflect the locutions of her characters, who were almost universally the rural poor of the Deep South; at times they serve, with their homespun finish, as a highly effective, covertly sophisticated method of conveying sincerity and rectitude; and at times they seem mere lapses. (For all her endless rewriting, she had difficulty identifying her stylistic overdependencies. She had been "blissfully unaware" of how many "*seems* and *as-if* constructions" had crept into one of her manuscripts until Caroline Gordon, a longtime friend and mentor, uncovered them for her; their removal was, O'Connor observed, "like getting ticks off a dog.") She delighted in the sort of word cluster that, if extracted from its surroundings, looks almost unworkably misshapen: "had he had had," "doing all right with what I was doing with," "got off on was," and so forth. One measure of her mastery of the colloquial is the way in which these virtually unutterable mouthfuls manage to blend in, unobtrusively supporting the longer cadences of her writing.

She could be deliberately rough-hewn, too, in her visual descriptions. She was forever mentioning colors, for the most part in starkly, almost defiantly unadorned terms: the "white moon," the "yellow sun," the "brown soil." One thinks, by way of contrast, of Marianne Moore, who pursued chromatic distinctions of such liminal nicety ("calla or petunia white," "amanita-white," "white with white spots," "ivory white, snow white, oyster white"—to name just one color!) that they seem both risible and heroic. In a story like O'Connor's "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," which may well be her masterpiece, the gruesome action—six people, including two children and an infant, are murdered within its seventeen pages—unfolds in a landscape lit with the vibrancy of a child's drawing. There's scarcely an object that does not come tagged with a pure, crayonlike color. A family from Atlanta—a father, a mother, their three children, and a grandmother, who carries "a big black valise"—leave by car for a Florida vacation. As they are driving down a pink road, between blue trees, the family cat, who has a white face and an orange nose, leaps on the shoulder of the father, who is driving, and a minor accident results. The father has a yellow face and blue eyes. In a few minutes, another "big black" object, this one a "hearse-like automobile," materializes. The car stops and three men get out. The first is wearing black trousers and a red sweatshirt. The second is wearing a blue-striped coat and a gray hat. The third, who is wearing tan-and-white shoes and has a black hat and red-rimmed eyes, is named The Misfit. He's a notorious killer, and he is carrying a gun. All this is as painfully simple as it might be, and equally simple and raw is the ensuing carnage. But the accompanying dialogue is of a different nature entirely. The Misfit may be a psychopath, but he is also, it turns out, something of a theologian.

If this is a common enough literary strategy—the placing of profound philosophical queries in the mouth of a social outcast and near-illiterate—it's also a device that is almost unfailingly destined to seem artificial, condescending, or strained. But—to this reader, anyway—The Misfit's spiritual hunger is as real as his pointy tan-and-white shoes, with which he makes little incision-like holes in the sand, and as unforgettable as his taking the family cat into his arms after shooting the grandmother. He seeks to explain himself before gunning her down:

> "Jesus thrown everything off balance. It was the same case with Him as with me except He hadn't committed any crime and they could prove I had committed one because they had the papers on me. Of course," he said, "they never shown me my papers. That's why I sign myself now. I said long ago, you get you a signature and



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sign everything you do and keep a copy of it. Then you'll know what you done and you can hold up the crime to the punishment and see do they match and in the end you'll have something to prove you ain't been treated right. I call myself The Misfit," he said, "because I can't make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment."

Things are no longer black and white, or even black and white and red and yellow and blue; the colors here are no longer simple. The man is a monster, and—amazingly—one pities him.

THE decision to publish O'Connor in the Library of America, a series that comes as close to embodying an official national canon as anything could in these fractious and revisionist times, is unexpected, even startling. Most of what has already appeared in the series belongs to the nineteenth century, and in order to enlist O'Connor the Library's selection committee had first to leapfrog over a generation or two of commanding literary presences—including Anderson, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, and Lewis. The business of securing rights and permissions for so monumental a series (which advertises itself, incidentally, as "the only definitive collection of America's greatest writers") will naturally create scheduling irregularities, and at this point the shape of the whole can only be guessed at. But in approving O'Connor the committee relinquishes what seemed its staple criterion: the test of time. Hefty portions of this volume—her letters and essays—were published only in the last two decades; their staying power remains unverified. Yet, while greatly troubling as a precedent, the book satisfies as an independent object. O'Connor's work may be unseasoned, but hers are materials that should weather well. And if she is—at least, in the difficulties of categorization she poses for the critic—something of a misfit herself, she appears to line up quite comfortably on the shelf with such misfits as Poe and Melville and Twain and Whitman.

To see O'Connor so prepossessingly assembled in one volume is, however, to raise small but unavoidable doubts about the possible exhaustibility of her gifts. Could she—health permitting—have gone on to write half a dozen fine and varied novels? Did she have another twenty stories resonating within her? How great, in short, was her potential range? One discerns with some misgivings the twinlike kinship of her first and second novels. In each, the young hero is raised in the shadow of a brimstony family preacher, whose teachings he eventually forswears. He leaves home, wanders about, proves an easy mark for hucksters, loudly deplores the meaninglessness of sacred ceremony, and at last commits, as an act of ultimate religious repudiation, a murder—only to discover that even mortal sin is an insufficient refuge from the power of God's calling. The similarities extend to small details—to anecdotes, to metaphors, to quirks of speech. Indeed, in some cases—as in the pivotal significance each novel reserves for the hero's hat—the similarities suggest an endearing act of obduracy: the author appears to be saying, *Well, I liked this touch before and I like it still.*

Even gingerly qualifications of this sort, however, become possible only when one steps back a good distance from O'Connor's work. Up close, she can seem so onrushing—so revolting, so humorous and heartbreaking, so spiritually tempestuous—that the repetitions go unnoticed and one's reservations dissolve. Confronted by the religiosity of her work and the inspiring speed with which her seemingly earthbound characters again and again soar toward infinite divinations, most readers would forgive literary shortcomings far graver than any she displays. O'Connor felt little appetite for most contemporary fiction—she found it empty of soul—and she devoted many of her reading hours to Catholic theology. Perhaps in the end one praises her work most powerfully by acknowledging that it leaves one, if only temporarily, sharing her sense of the inanition around her. When you're under her spell, most other works of contemporary fiction can seem denatured or dilute. They do not satisfy as she satisfies. And whether or not you care to define this dissatisfaction in religious terms, it's momentarily clear that in those other writers something—maybe even everything—is missing.

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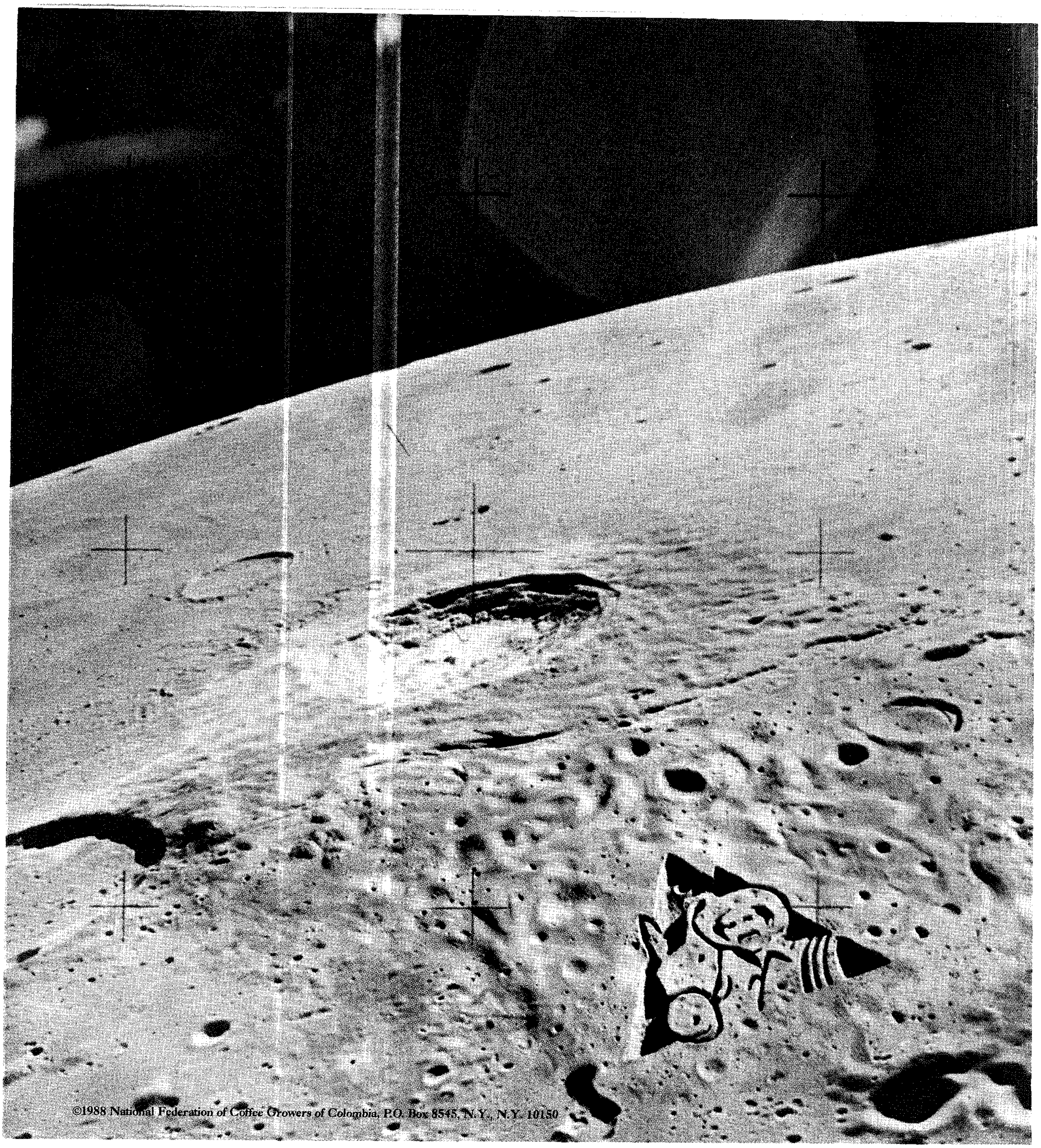

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